

















# The Abbot Courant

January, 1926

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1926



JANUARY — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX

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THE  
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LII, No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.  
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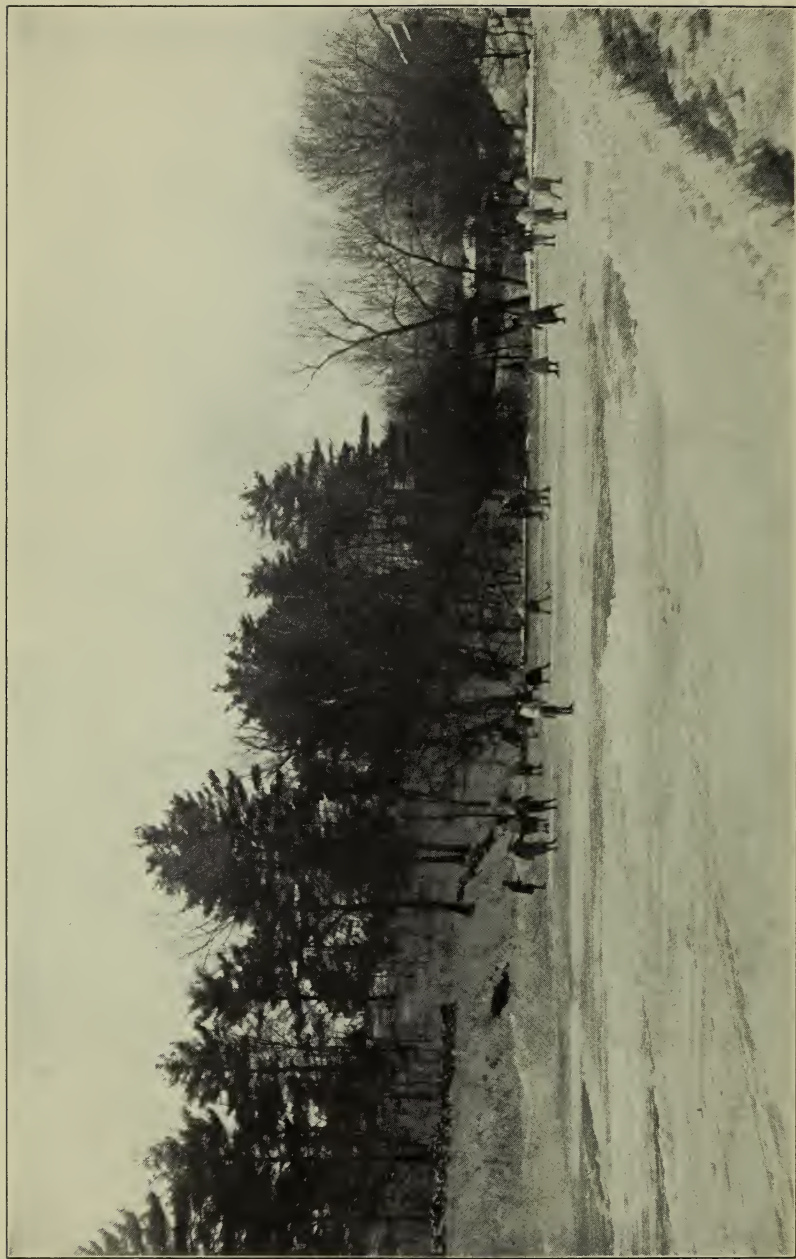
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The price of the COURANT is one dollar and a half a year; single copies seventy-five cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.





THE NEW SKATING RINK  
New Year's Present from the Board of Trustees



# THE ABBOT COURANT

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**No. 1**

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## Editorials

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We have never before wished that we might have Hans Brinker's silver skates, since that would be covetous, but now, when our trustees have given us a glistening and triangular skating rink, "Private — Abbot Academy", we feel that even to desire another's golden skates to use on it would be moral. We have, too, often felt that trustees were intangible persons, to be revered, respected, and petitioned; but we are sure we have never thought they were such human people, such genuine persons as when we feel under our skates this smooth and ice-bound surface and know it to be our very own.

We find ourselves rejoicing that our rink is picturesque, and grateful that it is so conveniently situated: down Abbot Street four houses from the corner, to the right into the field. Old girls know only too well what a disappointingly short time we had to skate those short afternoons of past years on account of the distance to Pomp's Pond. Now in ten minutes we, skates on and all, can be gliding on our own personal and exclusive pond. But old or new, all girls appreciate to the *n*th degree this one of the many marvelous examples of trustees' benevolence.

There are a few places in which a minute's freedom from the world may be found perhaps, but the best way to gain solitude is

to walk in the snow. Get out of the city; go to the woods, if the snow is not too deep, or walk along a country road. It gives you a feeling of unlimited time and space. Others are engrossed in petty everyday duties, while you are out in the great open, unhampered, and free to be your own companion. The cold air makes your mind keen, and the glistening snow all about in its purity makes you seek truths. The beauty of the landscape with its tall trees dressed in white helps you to think clearly. You can put everything in its proper place; unimportant matters are recognized as such. You have been making bugbears of them. You know the remedy now. Above all, you realize how happy you really are, what opportunities you have and how good it is to be alive in this wonderful age! You walk over crusted snow which bears your weight and you muse over the idea of seeking firm principles to hold you up. The conclusions which you draw will very likely be wise ones, and you will return home in a more settled frame of mind and with a renewed store of mental and physical energy.

Last year the class of 1925 gave as a parting gift a large photograph of Miss Kelsey for the senior parlor. Few of us can really appreciate the true value of Miss Kelsey's devotion and spirit in connection with the school. She has a store of delightful and detailed knowledge of its growth from the beginning. Her interest in all of its affairs is unfailing, and she is our one connection with Abbot of the past. Miss Kelsey's spirit here is essential, and through her we have come to take a bigger and broader view of the long line of interests since Abbot's founding.

The new school year opened with a fresh spirit of initiative in the school-body. Last year many girls put a great deal of time and work into trying to introduce a new system of student government founded particularly upon an affirmative instead of a negative basis. Their efforts were rewarded this fall when the system was voted in. The school-body as a whole seems to have taken the responsibility of the change, and to have coöperated in making it a success. It is a system of merits instead of demerits, and the principle is that of losing instead of taking. There is also

a definite loss stated for the individual rules broken and thus a fair decision is always reached. This new plan has made for better morale and more careful conduct in the school and we hope in future years that it may develop as successfully.

The Music Faculty of Abbot have always given to us one of our very great pleasures here, and we with gratitude are conscious of how much we owe to their untiring and careful concern in the field of music.

One of the most highly appreciated gifts made to the music department is the organ presented by Mrs. Dorothy Davis Rimmer in 1912. For over thirteen years it has been a source of joy to the school and community. To this Mrs. Dorothy Davis Rimmer has added this year an initial gift of \$6200 for the enlarging of the organ and the addition of chimes and at least twelve more stops.

Abbot, with deep thanks, feels the significance of this munificent gift. The organ will ever be a tribute to the devoted interest which the Davis family have had in the welfare and progress of this school.

If it were possible that each person realized how large and how contemptible a part prejudice played in his ordinary, everyday life, we should undoubtedly become the most tolerant and unprejudiced of people. We would consider more seriously before we condemned, more deeply before we adored, and more thoughtfully before we adopted. We would meditate upon and absorb this one of many disregarded maxims, that where judgment is weak the prejudice is strong.

When we were children and consequently of weak judgment, we were forever prejudiced, toward a certain blanket, say, against a particular person or breakfast cereal. If we were ideally thoughtful and unprejudiced people, would we bring into use this same weak and childish policy in choosing our friends, our religion, our course of life? Would we consider it wise to judge a friend as we, when five years old, judged spinach, by its appearance? Let us hesitate before we condemn a speaker for his opening remarks; let us read a few paragraphs before we

skip an article whose title does not please us; let us be good sports and give each person, each spinach, each nation and religion a sporting chance!

I have a partiality for clocks — a weakness you may call it — a fondness for these horologes that measure off the sunny hours and cloudy. These instruments of Father Time exist because time is, and would not otherwise; they are inexorable in their toll, definite in every move (I hope all clocks are reliable), and mechanical, yet, not wholly mechanical, for I believe they have a certain sympathy or understanding and some are actually quite sentimental.

There is the old grandfather clock on the staircase with its deep, pompous boom, somewhat raucous, as though grown rheumatic. Then there is the large clock in the McKean Rooms, whose mellow, heavy tone sounds so benevolent, full of jollity and goodwill. The bell-like sound of the clock on the mantel in the library is a happy one, a hopeful tinkle accompanied by sympathetic ticks. Last of all, there is the alarm clock, which finds an honored place on many a bureau, that impertinent instrument with the audacious ring and persistent clamor.

We remember envying, we who must never envy, the business-like and good-looking mail-boxes in the hall at Bradford that memorable November 4th. The Bradford girls no doubt remember gloating over their own boxes when they saw our rack on last Abbot Day. What a dispersion of evil thoughts, what living up to the Ten Commandments when we now no longer envy and they no longer gloat! But no, we do gloat! Our newly inaugurated mail-boxes are subjects of the wildest ecstasies. We glory in wiggling our combinations around — we understand from Miss Bailey the faculty do too; we delight in opening and shutting the doors because of some peek-a-boo spirit left still in our make-up. We adore above all the importance of it! Sixteen, a private box with a personal combination! Nobody but our particular selves can get our own mail. Can't we just feel our competent and private secretaries answering our ring for dictation? And we do most sincerely thank our trustees for this opportunity to be exultant, childish and efficient.



Abbot's gates are ever open to guests, and when Mrs. W. M. Vories, Saye Hirooka's aunt, came to us from the other side of the world, it was with a warm welcome and a friendly interest that we received her.

Mrs. Vories, who was educated here in the United States, is married to an American, the founder of the "Omi Mission" in western Japan. She spoke to us in evening chapel and won our admiration by her sincerity and her frank westernised expressions, coupled with the native poise and delicate grace of her early Japanese training.

On her way across the Pacific, Mrs. Vories attended a conference, held in Hawaii, on the "Peace of the Pacific." All along the route from the western coast to the east among the small groups who have received her she was the unassuming messenger of peace and goodwill between the eastern world and the west. Abbot has a specially cordial welcome for such guests.

Welcome to the class of 1929! It is interesting to think that this year the 1929 class has been organized, and we are as near as that to Abbot's one hundredth birthday. It is a proud class that will have the honor of graduating in the all-important year when Abbot girls of the past and present will celebrate, perhaps all around the globe, the centennial anniversary of the school they love. We all have faith that this class will hold Abbot's standards high, and prove themselves worthy of the honor of their name.

Loyalty, unselfishness, steadfastness, untiring effort for the school we love — these are the things that keep Abbot going, that make her progress, and make her grow. Within the school and outside of it there are people of these qualities who are giving all their devotion and thought to their Alma Mater. Miss Jane Carpenter is one of these, and for years she has tried and succeeded in keeping strong the bonds between our dear old girls and their school. It is through her that the *COURANT* gets most of its material for the alumnae notes, and as editor of the *Bulletin* she keeps the old girls in touch with all the happenings at school. Our appreciation of what she has done is unbounded, and the *COURANT* especially wishes to thank her for all the help she has given it during these many years.

## The Dawn

(December 25, 1925, New York City)

The low, dark night  
Tossed in restless sleep  
Upon the pillows of gloom,  
And ever and anon its fitful groan  
Echoed in vast obscurity;  
When through the grey-blue dawn,  
All cold and chill,  
The winter sun with intrepid front  
Shattered its lance on the armor of night;  
There, in shimmering fragments,  
Scintillating tiles of amber'd light,  
Fell the spear at the portals  
Of the new-born day. . . . .  
Hear that sound of happy bells,  
Chiming bells, triumphant,  
On the clear and frosty air  
Drifting through the hushed ways,  
'Twixt narrow ways, o'er tops  
Of buildings tall  
Towering to the skies,  
Bells that in their frenzied joy  
Ring out,  
"Emmanuel is come today!"

*Fuki Wooyenaka, 1926*

## Old Books

There is, to me, something fascinating about books. It seems almost a miracle that all they contain can be held in so little space, and be available to so many persons. But my particular interest is in very old books. Not those that were new two or three centuries ago, and are now merely out of date and dilapidated. They are, I admit, sometimes interesting, but not so worthy of affection as those that came before them. My favorites are those that were made by the monks before the common people even thought of being able to read or to write.

I love to think of the monks sitting in a cool, bare stone room near a small window where the soft, warm light comes in, and working contentedly and happily on their books. From the beauty of the illustrations and the illumination of the capitals it is easy to see what beautiful thoughts they must have had as they worked, day after day, to finish their books. No wonder, when their lives were as restful as this, that they always seem so placid and serene! All the different parts of the book seem to suggest some phase of their routine life. The very parchment makes me imagine the garden surrounding the monastery, in which some of the brothers might always be seen at work. The illuminated letters and the illustrations make me realize how much they did to preserve art at a time when most men were intent on fighting. When I see the tooled leather bindings, I think of the infinite pains that they took to make their work as perfect as possible. As a whole these books are symbols of the love and lives of these men who spent their lives and gave their best that their works might attain perfection.

Although the prayer books and the other religious books are very, very lovely, I think I like best of all the queer old atlases. The chubby-faced winds peeping down at the earth always delight me, especially the black ones at the south! The sea monsters looped up in the unknown seas are all so ferocious that it's no wonder that the sailors were afraid to do much exploring. Though it is, in a way, logical, the quaint idea of coloring the Red Sea red always amuses and pleases me. Of course the very shape

of the lands is interesting, but what is accuracy or inaccuracy when it is compared to the delightful "extras" on these maps?

I am decidedly fond of books, but the older they are the more I like them.

*Margaret Stirling, 1926*

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### To My Grandmother

Some think that beauty lies alone in youth,  
And sparkles in the young and carefree eye,  
That beautiful are ruddy cheeks and smooth,  
Dimply and soft, that age will long defy.  
They think when once the sterner years are seen,  
Traced by the steady hand of furrowed care,  
That beauty passes with this change in mien;  
It fades far, far away when age is there.  
But dearest little Grandma, old and bent,  
Your understanding eyes, hair white as snow,  
Your wrinkled brow which care-worn years have lent,  
Are beautiful beyond all else I know.  
Your loveliness is radiance of soul,  
Sweet resignation, having reached your goal.

*Patty Goodwillie, 1926*



## Little Caylor

Once there was a little boy named Caylor, who lived on a large estate by the bay of Little Clam. Now Caylor was the son of very rich parents and had almost everything he wished and did almost everything he set his mind on doing. But one thing his father told him that he must never, never do, was to take the *Merrywing*, their sailboat, out on Little Clam Bay by himself. Although he had never disobeyed his father, he often felt a great big something inside rise up to tell his other self that any strong boy of seven years was old enough to sail a boat. Caylor had often sailed with his father and had managed the tiller by himself.

One day Caylor went down to the water and sat on the very last plank of the broad dock. As he sat there, with his feet dangling half an inch above the rippling water and with his little chin cupped in his hands, he glanced up the tall, thin length of the mast. From out the ball on the very tip-top popped a tiny wee sprite dressed in red lobster shells. He snapped his beady black eyes at the astonished Caylor, and as he waggled his two little horns at the child, he sang in a high squeaky voice,

“Caylor, man, you can sail,  
Bring her through the roughest gale!”

“But,” cried Caylor, “Father said I am never to go out alone!”

The little imp, with an impatient jerk at his own tiny self, piped out,

“But with me and you  
There’s not one, but two!”

“I’ve wanted to try for ever so long,” confessed Caylor.

With a stamp of his small pointed foot, the little elf almost lost his balance as he fairly shrieked,

“By the hue of my coat  
You’ll master this boat.  
Show your father you can.  
You’re no lad, but a man!”

At this Caylor forgot that he wore short trousers, and made up

his mind to try at once to be his own captain. So with a heave and a pull he hauled up the heavy white canvas sail. His little companion all the while shinnied up and down, helping the rings slip up the mast. When everything was tied and the ropes coiled, Caylor ran forward and stepped on the dock to untie the boat.

He shoved with all his strength. Farther and farther away the prow slid, until he knew he would have to jump to gain it. Crouching for the leap, he sprang forward. His left leg landed on the deck, the other in the water. Suddenly the boat tipped and pulled Caylor back on the deck. He was very much frightened, but when he saw the sail fill out with wind, he ran aft to steer. The rope tugged and jerked as if to pull his arm out of its socket. The little elf sang in his raspy voice in time to his swinging legs and wagging horns,

“Sough wind, blow breeze,  
Merrywing’s at perfect ease!”

No sooner had he ended, than out of the centerboard bounced a fat, green-clad elf with large darning-needle wings. Squatting on a brass cleat and facing Caylor, he grumbled in a loud tone,

“Beware! Take care!  
A storm’s in the air!”

Caylor looked around and, sure enough, a dark, black cloud was spreading wider and wider over the grey sky. His knees began to knock, knock, knock against each other, but he clutched the tiller all the tighter. Shrilly, above the howling of the wind, the first dwarf called,

“Now is the test.  
Keep her stern to the west!”

Then thundered the mighty voice from the small interior of the green sprite,

“You know naught of this mess  
While your elf, he knows less;  
So obey my com nand,  
Go north toward the land!”

At this, the first elf jumped off the mast-top and landed on the centerboard, next to the other. He spluttered terrible sounds, and cracked his lobster-shell coat above his elbows, while the green ones shredded off his jacket of seaweed. Scratching, buffeting, and kicking, the two little elves rolled over and over along the deck. With his strongest punch Greenie shoved Reddy over the side of the boat. Reddy's armor of shell was so heavy that he plopped into the water and kept going down, down, down, until he reached the bottom, where I am sure his second cousin, once removed, made a hasty meal of him.

Meanwhile the sail whanged and whacked in its crazy arc. Whitecaps smacked their frothy lips over the leeward rail and sputtered specks of foam into the cockpit. The wind twanged weird ominous notes on the halyards, while the rain sleeted in its slacking rage against the canvas.

When he had his breath once more, the little gnome, covered with bruises, jumped on the tiller and told the trembling Caylor how to steer toward an island a little way to the north. They pulled the boat upon the shore and dropped the torn sail. Almost as quickly as the storm had begun, the rain stopped pouring, and the wind stopped blowing altogether. The poor child could not sail home, as there was no wind. He could not walk, for how is a boy to walk on water? The only thing left for him to do was to row. With Greenie's help he placed the heavy oars in the locks. With slow, weary strokes, the little lad urged the boat homeward. To cheer up the boy, the jolly sprite sang,

"Caylor and his new friend gnome  
Find the best port is home."

There was an anxious look on the face of Caylor's mother as she stood on the dock waiting for him. He had hardly landed when he was in her arms. He turned to point out his little rescuer, but the elf had slid down the centerboard to his bed of barnacles. Before Caylor could tell her the whole story, his sleepy eyes closed. So it was that no one knew, until morning, how the little elf rescued him. But if his father and mother could have listened to his dreaming thoughts, they would have known that he had made up his mind that, after all, there is comfort in obeying.

*Lois Kimball, 1927*

## Sunrise on the Desert

A pale grey light appeared in the east. All around me was black and cold. Suddenly the quiet was broken by the long, whining wail of a coyote. He was answered by his mate on a distant ridge and, straining my ears, I heard a third far off in the hills. These sentinels of the morning are always the first to break the death-like silence of the desert. As the sky grew lighter and lighter and the stars in the east faded away, I heard other sounds. There was a stirring in the ranch in the arroya at my feet, and in the dim light I could see the men going out for the horses. When next I looked up I was greeted by a splendor unequalled by anything ever made by man. The sky was a glorious flame of gold and orange in the east, and a delicate pink and purple haze hung about the west. The rugged outline of the mountains, which a minute before had been inky black, was now a deep royal blue — a cold blue which made me shudder. Of a sudden the top of Squaw Peak became a shining gold pinnacle. I watched the flood of gold spread over the mountain and down to the lower hills till the sunlight fell on me, too. All was a bustle in the ranch now. In the corral the men were fighting the wiry little broncs, who were most actively protesting against the saddle and bit. In the kitchen I could hear the old Indian cook banging about in his kettles and pans. On the desert, too, there was a movement. Long-eared Jack rabbits could be seen bounding through the sagebrush. An old owl went hooting off to his nest in a Palo Verde. A Sonora dove over my head began to coo to his mate and a spry little lizard dashed across my boot and skuttled behind a rock. Suddenly I was startled from my dreaming by something warm and soft nudging against my neck.

“All right, little pony, it’s time we were off.”

*Betty Aller, 1927*



## Colchester, England

This summer my father and I had the opportunity to visit the very old town of Colchester, in Essex, England. This fascinating place has been in possession of Roman, Saxon, and Norman, as was pointed out to our party from the English Speaking Union by the very proud inhabitant of Colchester who escorted us around the town.

The British name of Colchester was *Camulodunum*, called the seat of Cymbeline, the British king immortalized by Shakespeare. The Romans took possession of Colchester in 50 A.D., making an important colony of it. They built here the "Temple of Victory," dedicating it to the Emperor Claudius. The foundations of this temple are still to be seen. The Roman colony existed throughout the four centuries of Roman possession of Britain. Afterwards, the Saxon inhabitants called the town *Kair Colon*, later *Colonceastre*, and from that comes its present name, *Colchester*.

The town, which has had a remarkable history for 2,000 years, is reputed to be the birthplace of St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great. She is said to have been the daughter of a British ruler named Coel, who has come down to us in that favorite of nursery rhymes, "Old King Cole." St. Helen's image, on the ancient seal of the borough, is still used on the Borough Seal today.

It is said that no other town in England has such a wealth of Roman relics as Colchester. There one may still see a great part of the long Roman town wall with bastion and postern gate, and between its stones and down its sides trails green ivy, and bits of moss. The age of it all is incredible.

The Colchester Museum, in the old Norman Castle, contains thousands of treasures — coins, statues, funeral inscriptions, carvings, instruments of various kinds, vases and urns of glass and earthen ware, and possesses the largest Norman keep in Great Britain. This castle, though of Roman materials, was built by the Normans on a Roman site, in about 1070, four years after the great Norman conquest of England.

The Norman Priory church of St. Botolph's is a beautiful

example or Norman architecture, and, though crumbling with age, gives a clear idea of what it must once have been like. When I saw it, the rays of the late afternoon sun were slanting through the decaying arches, making pathways across the soft green carpet of moss and grass. The columns that must once have upheld a great roof, still stood, massive and tall, holding up a blue vault, tinged with sunset's breaking bubbles of color.

The 15th century Gateway of the Norman Abbey of St. John was in wonderfully good condition. It was founded in 1120.

There are many other fascinating things in and about Colchester, but what impressed me most was seeing a Roman floor actually being excavated. It had been dug down to, and was being carefully swept and measured. It was a lovely bit of mosaic work. If I was in such a state of excitement on seeing a thing like that, I can easily understand with what a thrill an archaeologist first looks upon a valuable discovery of his own, and with what a feeling of possession and of joy his heart swells.

*Edith Bullen, 1926*

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### £ad

A spirit full of cheerfulness  
And friendship without end,  
Who fills a home with happiness,  
Who's loyal to a friend.

A little spirit wrapped in fur,  
Eyes that give love whole;  
And yet they call my pet a "cur,"  
A dog without a soul!

*Lois Kimball, 1927*

## Retribution

It was late on a summer afternoon. The sun had crawled over toward the west and cast a warm, still radiance over the hill and valley. The crickets had stopped their chirping. Not a breeze stirred. It did not seem that anyone in this calm tranquillity could be anything but quietly happy, yet the heart of the girl who pushed her way a little impatiently through the long grass toward the hilltop was not at peace. Sara was furiously angry and had come to this quiet place to fight out alone her battle with herself. Why should she be kept at home when her two sisters, not much older than she, had been allowed to go to the city to study? She knew she had more talent than they. All her life long she had dreamed of going away to be taught by some great master, that she might come back and paint the valley as it lay below her now in the sunset haze. True, her mother was an invalid and needed care, but her father could well afford to have a nurse for her. Her mother's disposition, once so sweet, had been soured by long illness and pain so that she was always fretful and ready to complain. Sara sometimes thought her mother must lie awake nights thinking up more petty tasks for her to do. And she would allow no one else to attend to her many needs. Today she had been in a particularly bad humor, requiring each little thing to be done over and over, until Sara could stand it no longer and flung herself out of the house. Naturally she turned to her beloved hilltop, where all her life she had come to dream her dreams in solitude.

The sun sank out of sight. The valley lay dimly blue and violet now. A cool breeze blew up from the fields scented with new-mown hay and fanned her face as she lay, her chin in her hands, brooding over the scene. Suddenly the feeling came to her, borne on that cool breeze, that she could never leave this place, even to make her fondest dreams come true. She loved it too much now — the fields laid in squares, like a checkerboard, with the green hedges between, the soft fragrance in the air, the drowsy chirping of crickets and the peace and solitude never to be found in the crowds and the rush and the smoke of cities.

And how could she have thought of leaving her mother who needed her! At that thought she sprang up and almost ran down the hill toward home.

Her father met her at the door and his face was strangely white. "Your mother is worse," was all he said, but in his tone Sara knew and whispered, "She is dead."

*Margaret Creelman, 1927*

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### Eady Night

The soft rustle of the dresses  
Of the dark.  
Mystery of the sighing wind  
In tall grasses,  
Like blowing hair.  
A patch of moonlight—  
Her dropped handkerchief.

*Alice C. Abrahamson, 1926*



## I Am Now a Fad, and Now a Fashion

A fad am I and a short-lived thing. First I am and then I am not. I blossom out in society; everyone gives me what is called a "rush"; then I die a natural death. It is a cruel world that is so fickle. At present I am a boyish bob. Every day I get bolder and bolder and go higher and higher, closer and closer; soon I shall become so ugly that I shall have to die.

When I was a Mah Jong set, dinner parties, luncheons, costume parties were all given in my honor. Long hours were spent in painting richly-colored cards to keep my score. Ladies stored away their mending on top shelves or in obscure corners and made heavily embroidered covers with large gold dragons heaving across their satiny surfaces. I reigned supreme over all, yea, even bridge; but the world soon felt I had served long enough as a Mah Jong set, so I faded away like the star at dawn.

Then I became a Cross Word Puzzle. Parties were given for me; books were written in my honor; a special page in the newspaper was reserved for me; dinners became cold while Father, Mother or Brother pondered over my unknown, unheard-of words. But, suddenly, like the falling of a tree, I toppled to death — and joined other bygone fads in the cold, still cemetery.

A fashion am I, and still shorter-lived than a fad. All of a sudden, I come into prominence and am surveyed up and down all the Fifth Avenues and Main Streets, and am put at the highest possible price. Then, like a flash, I become common, and I am sold at half price and then I am given to the poor. Now, I am stripes going up and down, now stripes going around. Earlier, I was circles big and little. A little while ago I was ruffles, and now I am pleats. Today I am plain, but tomorrow I may be fancy. Whatever I am, whether long skirts or short, long hair or no hair, ostrich feathers or monkey fur, I am in style and out before the season's up.

*Sally Tate, 1927*

## Hunting

Our first thought on this subject is very likely to be, "Hunting is an unnecessary, cruel sport." But when the bird is roasted and placed brown and sizzling on the dinner table, there are probably very few who refuse to eat it. So let us consider the point of view of a hunter with the spirit of adventure.

On a cool, crisp morning in October when the leaves are golden brown, he starts out into the woods with his gun and his dog. The whole day is before him. He imagines the success that will be his, for what doesn't a man feel capable of accomplishing when he starts a new day! He is soon in the midst of the beech woods, where everything is quiet except the soft sounds of nature, for he and his dog are well trained to walk with noiseless footsteps. Suddenly a loud flapping of wings stirs them into action. He takes aim quickly and shoots. The bird falls to the ground as an omen of good luck for the rest of the day.

It is not, however, my purpose to follow this man through the day, but merely to give a few personal ideas and feelings on hunting as an abstract subject. Always connected with hunting is a mystery and thrill, a breathless anticipation of what the day may bring. Our search has no limit, because we cannot set our aim at a definite goal. We may spend day after day in the same pursuit and there will be no natural end, except the call from our associates back to the outside world. While we are here, we can put aside our problems and worries and we can have thoughts in harmony with this deep silence.

Hunting may be compared with life. Just as the hunter sometimes gets nothing during the day, so we fail and fall far short of our expectations, and as he is disappointed at nightfall to have nothing to show, so in dark moments we are discouraged. But, best of all, as he in the early morning starts anew with the day ahead of him, so we may start again, leaving the past behind, looking hopefully ahead into the future, and living better lives today.

*Ruth Perry, 1927*

## On Bayswater Road

On Bayswater Road there runs a wall  
That's human-lined at even-fall,  
Where all night long the hopeless scum  
Of London's paupers, homeless, come.

I wonder what it is they think  
Here, as from Bobbie's eye they shrink,  
And wrap themselves more closely in  
Coats that couldn't be more thin.

One holds a small tin cup outstretched,  
Rattling the tuppence it has fetched,  
Mumbling, murm'ring, nodding head —  
How much better were he dead!

Two old hags in drunken sleep  
Wake, and waking needs must weep;  
Weep, for they have no more gin  
To drown their wretched sorrows in.

Glittering eyes and straggly hair,  
Tattered rags and filth are there,  
Some asleep, and some half dead,  
Some, whining, beg for next day's bread.

On Bayswater Road there runs a wall  
That's human-lined at even-fall,  
Where all night long the hopeless scum  
Of London's paupers, homeless, come.

*Edith Bullen, 1926*

### Where, O Where?

Where are the sculptors, painters, poets,  
Where are the athletes strong and bold,  
Where are the Greeks of yesterday,  
Of whom so much we have been told?

They have gone, but where we ask,  
Won't we see them anymore?  
Are they the ones who sell us squashes,  
And come a-peddling at the door?

Surely Tony cannot model  
Little dolls made out of clay.  
So again, again, I ask you,  
Where *are* the Greeks of yesterday?

*Suzanne Loizeaux, 1926*

## The Elizabethan Age

The years like autumn mists have rolled away  
From out the golden splendors of an age  
When merry England knew Queen Bess's sway,  
And Britain's court held warrior, seer and sage.  
For lo, the glorious pageantry of years  
Moves onward with a stately step and slow,  
Clothed in regal pomp, and in our ears  
Still sounds the herald trumpets' martial flow.  
Her gallant fleets have swept the Spanish main  
And now have blended into common dust,  
Where troops that fought in smoke and steel have lain  
'Midst faded banners' folds and armour's rust.  
Still lives that splendrous day and motley throng  
Through those who glorified that age in song.

*Fuki Wooyenaka, 1926*

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## Sir Philip Sidney

On the battlefield in years long past,  
Harsh fate did snatch in early life  
A soul whose memory will last  
For its nobleness in earthly strife.

A man of high and noble birth,  
He starts his life midst royalty;  
Glorious achievements prove his worth,  
Knighthood repays his loyalty.

Always aiming at higher ends,  
As poet, counsellor, soldier, knight,  
With eagerness his strength he bends;  
His was an honest, well-fought fight.

*Emily Lyman, 1926*

## The Prize

Thoughts like autumn leaves  
Which whirling  
On the grasp of wintry gale  
Uselessly resist and finally  
Fall, like dead things, to the earth.  
Restlessness.  
Resistance.  
Pain.

Happiness in little  
Things, in  
Quietness and pleasant thots.  
Fear is vanquished, calm is victor  
In his kingdom of resignation.  
Peace of mind,  
But youth is  
Gone.

*Ray Ellis, 1927*

## Memories

I open wide the golden gate of treasured memory ;  
I gasp to see the wonders there, and riches — all for me ;  
No prince in mystic fairyland, nor king of Orient,  
Nor Midas, in his sumptuous court, on hoarding gold intent,  
Had treasures half so rich as those on which my eyes are bent.

The mem'ry of a new-born moon, set in a darkening sky,  
While 'bove the trees the evening star shines iridescently ;  
The mem'ry of an eve in spring, when on the gentle breeze  
Are wafted perfumes delicate from blossoming apple trees,  
When frogs, to lull the birds to rest, pipe quiet melodies.

Before my marveling eye appears a generous, noble deed ;  
The kindness of a loving friend in time of grief or need ;  
The mem'ry of inspiration and exalted, lofty thought,  
Of sweet, divine contentment by great sacrifices bought.  
These riches all belong to me — unbidden and unsought.

*Elinor Colby Mahoney, 1926*



## Orion

Now burns Orion in the wintry sky  
And in his course swings through unending space;  
That strong and beauteous one with hunter's cry  
Pursues along the starry wilds the chase.  
He bears a sword of clearest liquid fire,  
A girdle of three stars about his waist,  
And on those shoulders broad that cannot tire  
A tawny lion's skin in crystal chased.  
Those stars are farther, vaster than they seem,  
Still farther than the human mind can go,  
For at the very gates of heaven they gleam;  
Our human hearts look up from here below,  
Behold the beauty of a starlit night,  
And cannot comprehend the smallest light.

*Fuki Wooyenaka, 1926*

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## Autumn Revelation

I have walked again familiar ways,  
After the season's change has turned the hills,  
And all the red-gold meadow tangle fills  
My slow remembrance of the dim spring days,  
Where now the wind rifts up the wood-smoke, greys  
The lemon-silver poplar lights, and stills  
The spring-mad caroling of thrushes' bills,  
And autumn weaves her fire-dreams in the haze.

Old broken memory of fragrance white  
In blossom curls, and grass blades in the sun,  
Drifts back to me in April's wing-soft tread,  
Bringing the train of thoughts, new-shaped and bright,  
That spring once moulded for me, one by one, . . .  
Now useless to my heart — the spring is dead.

*Emily Gage, 1926*



### December Mood

The frozen earth lies tense and still.  
The maple trees cut black shadows  
In the chill air,  
And the sky is grey metal, and cold.

But as the snow begins to fall,  
Flake after flake, in leisurely aimless fashion,  
The cold earth sighs and relaxes,  
And the sky draws closer,  
Whispering words of peace.

The snow lies white on the blackness  
Of the maple branches,  
But to my frozen heart  
Will come no comfort  
Till the bluebird calls from the orchard trees again.

*Margaret Creelman, 1927*

## Tension Before the Season's End

The wind  
shies at the wall,  
rattling the broken ivy  
like thin, dead stones against the pane.

Black wind-holes  
open out into the night,  
where the stars  
glitter thru a moment, raw and yellow —  
and blow out.

Trees shriek  
as the last hard-curved leaf of life  
twists off their branches,  
leaving  
gaunt open limbs, skeleton twig-fingers  
to brittle death. . . .

The grey moth, Autumn,  
turns over slowly in my hand,  
wings frozen thin. . . .  
and bitterness creeps with the night  
around my heart.

*Emily Gage, 1926*

## Faculty Changes

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There have been many changes in our faculty this year, and we miss the old familiar faces that have left us. One of our great losses is in Miss Howey, who is now teaching in the Katharine Branson School in Ross, California. We are glad to learn that she is well and strong after her serious operation in June, and that she is thoroughly enjoying her teaching. She has found a comfortable house and a competent housekeeper, and sends back cheerful and interesting letters. But how much we miss her!

Miss Sweeney, for two years our director of Physical Education, is another one of the "old familiar faces" we miss so. Under her reign sports flourished at Abbot, and a great deal of corrective work was done. We hate to feel that the last one of the Sweeneys has left us, but since Miss Sweeney is now living at her home, which is in Methuen, we at least can see her sometimes. We wish she would come over oftener.

A lovely wedding took place on July eleventh at Falmouth, Massachusetts, in which Miss Hague, who was our teacher of biology and chemistry for two years, became Mrs. Nelson Montgomery. At least three "Abbotites" have seen the Montgomerys since their marriage, for they had supper with Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason soon after, and Gretchen Vanderschmidt, our senior president, visited them this fall in their apartment in Buffalo. We can't wish Miss Hague anywhere but just where she is, but we certainly miss her a great deal. Her address is: The Windsor, West Ferry Street, Buffalo, New York.

Miss Marceau left us soon after the opening of school to become the bride of Colonel Frank M. Gunby. They were married on the fourteenth of November. Though we know that Mrs. Gunby doesn't have much time to think of us, still we hope that every once in a while, in the midst of her housework, her thoughts turn back to Abbot. We think of her often and of all that she has done for us, both in work and in play. She is living at 206 Riverway, Boston.

We received a very pleasant New Year surprise when we came back from Christmas vacation and found that Miss Morgan is

now Mrs. Chester Winfield Gray. She was married in Middletown, Connecticut, on the twenty-fourth of December, but we certainly are glad that she can come to us as before to teach the Elocution classes, and to coach the plays. Just try to imagine the senior play or the senior-mid plays without Miss Morgan as coach. We're relieved we don't have to!

Miss Josephine Hammond is our new English and History of Art teacher. She is a graduate of Teachers College, Columbia, and has taught in public high schools in Boston and Roxbury. She was professor of Literature in Reed College, Oregon, and Head of Speedwell Day School in Danvers. Miss Hammond lives in Danvers, and drives over every day to her classes, but although we can't have her with us all the time, still we feel well acquainted with her through the lecture and the three readings she has given us. In reading us the plays and poetry of modern writers, Miss Hammond is trying to encourage more reading of this sort among the girls, and the quiet Sunday afternoons when she comes to us are looked forward to with the greatest anticipation.

Miss Marceau's position as Latin teacher has been very ably filled by Miss Camilla Moses, whose cheerful personality and enthusiasm are an example to those of us who are feeling rather "down-at-the-mouth" as the days of reckoning approach. Miss Moses is a graduate of Radcliffe, and has taught in high schools in North Brookfield, Wakefield, and Winchester.

Miss Mary Carpenter has taken Miss Sweeney's place as athletic coach. Miss Carpenter is a graduate of the Boston School of Physical Education, and has taught in Sweet Briar College, Virginia. Last year she taught with Margaret Speer in Martha Washington Seminary, Washington, D. C. Her vivacity and capability have quickly won for her a place in the hearts of all the girls.

A graduate of Bradford, our friendly rival, is now a member of the Abbot faculty. She is Miss Doris McDuffee, a recent graduate of Boston University, and is a teacher of Latin and Mathematics. Miss McDuffee is a fine musician, besides, and has given a great deal of her time this fall to help in the school orchestra. She plays the violin and viola.

Abbot girls have many splendid opportunities, and one of the latest ones is that of having a teacher of violoncello at school. Miss Ruth Masters is a very valuable addition to the music department, and her playing in the Faculty Recital this fall, when she appeared for the first time, was greatly enjoyed.

For some years Miss Grimes has been instructor in Domestic Science, and has come to Abbot from Lawrence. We have been very glad to be able to welcome her this year as a "full-fledged" Abbotite, since she is now living at school.



## Items of General Interest

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Miss Bailey has been to New York several times since school opened to attend committee meetings of the Head Mistresses' Association, of which she is treasurer.

On January thirteenth Miss Kelsey was a guest of Mrs. Edith Jones at lunch at the Women's City Club of Boston. Mrs. Jones, who is president of the Alumnae Association, entertained the vice-presidents of the organization.

Miss Friskin gave a recital in Jordan Hall, Boston, on November third. It was recognized in the press as being of unusual merit, and the *Transcript* especially spoke of the delicacy of her tone, her contrasts, and her climaxes.

Mr. Howe was recently honored by having one of his compositions, "Outside the Tent," chosen, with five others by American composers, to be played at the Eastman School of Music, University of Rochester. He has also been appointed organist of the First Parish Church, Meeting-House Hill, Dorchester.

Madame Riest spent the summer in France, and stayed quite a long time in Paris. Afterwards she travelled in the south of France, in the Hautes Pyrenees and in Spain. Her trip was made all the more delightful by the fact that she was not bound by any set itinerary, and when she found a place that she liked particularly well she could stay there for an indefinite length of time. She was so interested in the old Basque village of St. Savin, in the Hautes Pyrenees, that she was there for three weeks.

We were delighted to hear of the arrival in Paris, on October 30, of Charles Samuel Duits, son of Marion Pooke Duits. He is named for his two grandfathers, and is reported by his mother as being a very remarkable baby.

Miss Janet Davison, whom old girls will remember as former librarian at Abbot, was married on Christmas day to Dr. Edgar Dane Bassett. They will live in Columbia, Missouri, where Miss Davison has been working for two years.

During the Christmas holidays word came from Mrs. Frank Sherman, who is living in Hanover with her daughter Margaret. She sent her love and said that she wished she could drop in for a minute some day!

Miss Rachel Dowd was maid of honor at the wedding of her sister, Frances, when she was married to Mr. Edward A. Chittenden. The wedding was a very pretty one, and took place at Madison, Connecticut, on October third.

A few days afterwards the sad news came of the death of Mrs. Dowd, the grandmother of Rachel and Frances. During the years 1896-1912 she shared the housekeeping in Draper Hall with Miss Kimball, and old girls will remember them sitting at the little round table at the end of the dining room. Mrs. Dowd was a most efficient housekeeper, and a very agreeable and interesting woman.

A number of girls went to see Tony Sarg's marionettes when they came to Phillips Academy on the thirtieth of October. They also enjoyed hearing Alfred Noyes read some of his poetry at the Academy, December seventh.

Four of the alumnae, Miss Alice Twitchell, Miss Flora Mason, Miss Jane Carpenter and Miss Evelyn McDougall, last year's senior president, talked to us in chapel on October twenty-second of what Abbot meant to them when they were here. These chapel talks by the alumnae are always very inspiring, and as for the alumnae themselves — we love to have them with us!

Riding has been started again at school. For many years it was a regular sport, but when the Andover stable was closed it was given up. This year the girls go to Winchester for their horses, and in spite of the inconvenience they find it very well worth their while.

The girls of Miss Hammond's art class, and one or two other groups of girls went in to the Art Museum in Boston this fall, to see the very remarkable collection of Sargent's paintings that were on exhibition there.

A gratifying number of arm bands were given out to those girls who had taken the prescribed twenty-three walks. Two girls received bars for having taken the walks seven times. The athletic council has decided to give bands and bars for the walks when taken between Christmas and Easter vacations.

Gifts to the library include, "Yule Fire," a collection of Christmas poems, from Miss Josephine Hammond of the Faculty, and nearly three hundred postcard views of buildings in Paris and elsewhere in France, presented by the French department from the proceeds of the play of last year.

The very acceptable present of a Stromberg and Carlson radio has been given to the school by Mrs. Lucie Locker of Duluth, mother of Lucie Locker of the present senior class. It has been installed in Abbot Hall.

Miss Helen Bean, and her sister, Mrs. McDuffee, have presented a very valuable collection of fossils to the geology department. These fossils are beautiful specimens of land plants, for the most part ferns, and were found in Mazon Creek, Illinois, by Miss Bean's grandfather. They belong to the carboniferous period, and illustrate some forms of plant life which existed about one hundred million years ago. This wonderful gift is appreciated more than can be said.



# School Journal

## Calendar

### SEPTEMBER

- 16 School year opens.
- 19 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey.
- 20 Bible Group Tea for the New Girls.  
Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Prayer."
- 22 New Girl - Old Girl Dance.
- 26 Hall Exercises. Miss Carpenter on "General Hygiene."
- 27 Chapel. Dr. Burnham on "The Cure of the Cross."
- 28 Morning Chapel. Dr. Burnham.
- 29 Senior Picnic at Haggett's Pond.

### OCTOBER

- 4 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Trusting in God."
- 11 Chapel. Mr. Stackpole on "Combining Ability and Effort."
- 13 Corridor stunts.
- 17 Mr. Alden G. Alley on "International Peace."
- 18 Chapel. Rev. Charles W. Henry on "Service."
- 20 Senior-Middle Picnic at Pomp's Pond.
- 21 Faculty Reception.
- 24 Hall Exercises. Dr. Littlefield. First lecture on "Hygiene."
- 25 Chapel. Rev. Ralph Harlow on "Friendly Relations Committee."
- 27 Faculty Recital.
- 31 Hall Exercises. Dr. Littlefield. Second lecture on "Hygiene."  
Chapel. Mrs. Vories on "Founding of Omi Mission."

### NOVEMBER

- 4 Bradford Day.
- 8 Chapel. Dr. Charles H. Cutler on "Sense of Property and Sense of Beauty."
- 10 Joint Music Faculty Recital.
- 14 Hall Exercises. Dr. Littlefield. Third Lecture on "Hygiene."
- 15 Chapel. Miss Kelsey on "Founding and Growth of Abbot."
- 17 Hallowe'en Masquerade.
- 19 Mrs. John Arthur Hopkins on "Egypt."
- 20 Morning chapel. Mrs. Hopkins on "Self Expression."
- 21 Hall Exercises. Mrs. Edith Maclure Patterson on "How to Buy."
- 22 Chapel. Mrs. Franklin Warner on "Ways of Travel Here and There."
- 28 Hall Exercises. Miss Hammond on "How to Study."
- 29 Chapel. Mr. McGiffert on "Ships."
- 30 Mr. W. Ellsworth on "Queen Elizabeth and Her Times."

### DECEMBER

- 1 Morning chapel. Mr. Ellsworth on "The English Bible."
- 5 Miss Suzanne Keener's Recital.
- 6 Chapel. Rev. Fletcher Parker on "Self Giving."
- 8 A. D. S. Play. "Why the Chimes Rang."
- 12 Christmas Tree for Andover Children.
- 13 Christmas Service. Miss Bailey.
- 16 Miss Bailey's Birthday Party.
- 17 Christmas Recess begins.

## JANUARY

- 7 Winter Term begins.
- 9 Violin Recital. Alexander Blackman. Arthur Bassett at Piano.
- 10 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Power, Love, and Discipline."
- 12 "A" Society Sleigh Ride.  
Corridor Stunts.
- 14 Miss Helen Fraser on "Art in Citizenship."
- 17 Rev. Frederick A. Wilson. "New Year's Resolutions."
- 19 Senior-Middle Plays.

## Lectures

On October 17th we were very fortunate in hearing an excellent speaker on International Peace. Mr. Alden Alley has had wide experience in world affairs, and having been recently in Geneva, the extremely interesting and essential information that he gave us of the League's concerns was made very realistic. The World Court also has hitherto been more or less an imaginative tale to most of us, but through this invaluable lecture we are awakening to something real that we ourselves may take part in in a short time.

On Sunday, November 15th, Miss Kelsey gave one of her delightedly anticipated talks on Abbot's Founding and Growth. She spoke particularly of Abbot Hall, its former position, and gave a description of the interior in early days. She awakens us always to the realization that there is a history to many of the things that we are so accustomed to and which go by unnoticed. Our appreciation of her is always deepened when she brings up realistically the incidents of the past and excites our interest over connections between the present school and the girls of former days.

Mrs. Hopkins, on the evening of November 19, introduced to us an Egyptian woman, a modern young Egyptian girl, and last but not least, a desert Sheik. A display of several Egyptian carpets and ornaments lent the talk an atmosphere well befitting her subject on the land of pyramids. Mrs. Hopkins, besides giving a brief history of Egypt during the last century, made her lecture lightly interesting by instances of her own personal experiences in Egypt last summer.

On the following day Mrs. Hopkins spoke to us in morning chapel and visited the English classes, where she gave us very valuable suggestions in the field of short-story writing.

On November 30th, we heard the long-anticipated lecture of Mr. Ellsworth on "Queen Elizabeth and Her Times." Mr. Ellsworth's humour and delightfully interesting style of speaking made Queen Elizabeth live for us, and lifted the hazy veil from her brilliant contemporaries and the incredible development of her flourishing kingdom. Lantern slides pressed colorful impressions on our minds, and Shakespeare's England blossomed for us almost overnight. In chapel the next morning Mr. Ellsworth gave a brief but exceedingly valuable talk on "The English Bible," connecting it with the subject of the night before. Mr. Ellsworth certainly left with us a vivid background of that great unrivaled age.

On January 14th, Abbot welcomed back Miss Helen Fraser as a well-known friend and speaker. Our D. O. G.'s can tell us of her inspiring message during the war from our close ally, England, and this time she brought a rich thought to us that is becoming world-wide in its popularity. "Art in Citizenship" may signify a great deal. Nations today are beginning to realize a little of a strong ideal that can grow from the true art in citizenship. Her tales of

the model villages in England that are becoming such an interest seemed akin to us, a few miles from the model village of Shawsheen, and the concrete steps that she pointed out for us to take for our personal art in citizenship made real and close this problem of the present day.

## Concerts

The first of a series of faculty recitals was given by Mr. Howe on Tuesday, October 27th. He played selections from Corelli, Franck, Brahms and Reger. West's Sonata in D Minor was interesting and rendered with a very fine interpretation. The rest of the program included some less serious compositions from Lopartz, de Malingreau, Reuchsel and Jones. Greatly as have Mr. Howe's past recitals been enjoyed, this one was of very marked beauty.

On December 15th, Miss Suzanne Keener, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a very charming song recital. Raymond Putnam, who was at the piano, gave some selections from Chopin, Scarlatti, Lischetizky, and Strauss-Tausig.

Miss Keener's program, besides lyrical songs, included some Scandinavian folk-songs, sung by Miss Keener in costume, and a group of French songs, also in costume, ending with "Regnava Nel Silenzio" from "Lucia di Lammermoor" of Donizetti. Miss Keener's voice, which was very strong, showed the result of careful training; its clear and flexible qualities were a fitting medium for the light pieces which she sang; her charm of interpretation won no little enthusiasm and applause, to which she responded with generous encores.

The Second Faculty Recital was given November 10th by the entire music department. Mr. Howe opened the program on the organ with the Suite Gothique of Boëlmann. Miss Nichols and Miss Friskin, piano and violin, played a charming sonata of Brahms. Mrs. Burnham's "Visions," accompanied by Miss Nichols and Miss Masters, gave an unforgettable touch of beauty to the concert. The next three selections were piano, violin, and Miss Master's "Hungarian Rhapsody" on the violoncello. Mr. Howe closed the program on the organ with Shelley's "Concert Etude." The recital was unusually vivid and can well be called one of the outstanding concerts of the season.

Mr. Alexander Blackman's sonata recital, given with Mr. Arthur Bassett accompanying, on January 9th of last month, was exceedingly interesting, especially to the lover of sonata music. Our fickle youth demands more variety, perhaps, in selection; even if the composers of the respective sonatas were Saint-Saens, Strauss and Stoessel. Although Mr. Blackman is from Russia and has received his excellent training there, we feel that Mr. Bassett, a skilled and finished pianist, quite outshone the Russian. We are confident, however, that Mr. Bassett's playing would be even more appreciated in a solo recital and we hope that he will find it agreeable to give us one in the near future.

## Entertainments

There was great originality in the costumes which the girls got up for the masquerade held in Davis Hall on the seventeenth of November. The prize for the most original was given to Miss Grimes and Helen Dyer, who came as a clothes line. Lois Kimball, who was made up as an old man, received the prize for the best costume. A white monkey, an advertisement for tooth paste, a crazy doll, two tramps, and a jockey riding upon a curiously human-looking horse were notable among the many clever costumes which appeared that evening.



On the evening of Tuesday, October 13th, the Homestead, the third floor wing, and the fourth floor front gave us a demonstration of their varied and original ideas.

The Homestead showed us their quaint "family album" with its old-fashioned dames and stiff gentlemen, who complained of the faults of this new generation.

The fourth floor front was generous in its contribution, for it first gave a tragedy called "Ah," consisting of the sigh of a ravishing maid, the cry of the love-smitten swain, the revengeful "ah" of the rival; then a tragedy in a lighthouse, where the lively imagination could see the actors climbing up and down the toilsome, winding stairs of the tower.

A very exaggerated fire-drill was presented by the third floor front, where sleepy victims laboriously toiled to the appointed place with ridiculous articles mistaken for treasures, and curl papers topped woefully rueful faces.

If anyone should doubt the ingenuity and originality of school girls, an evening spent here on "stunt night" would be thoroughly convincing in favor of the ability of the aforesaid girls. The first group of corridor stunts of the new year was given on the evening of Tuesday, January 12.

Sherman Cottage's "Abbot at Dinnertime" was realistic, but happily not true to life.

"Abbot Fairy Tales," acted by the fourth floor wing, were such wonderful tales that reality was too cruel for words, for when, O when, shall we ever rise at mid-day from downy sleep and strut "the Circle" wrapped in furs?

The evolution of the Terpsichorean art, from the cave-man's wild prowls to the nervous jazz-steps, was presented with success by Sunset Lodge.

The second floor wing demonstrated the morning exodus from the dining-room, and Miss Kelsey's office hours, where ludicrous requests for going down town were made. The final scene was the Senior gymnastic class, where a noisy but eager class, entirely lacking in discipline, vigorously displayed their physical prowess.

The Abbot Dramatic Society presented the play, "Why the Chimes Rang," on the night of December eighth. The scenery was very simple, and yet in the cathedral scene it was remarkable what a realistic effect was produced by the "glass" windows, which were made some time ago in our art department. All the members of the society took part, and the acting was so beautifully and impressively done that the audience was filled brim-full of Christmas spirit and enthusiasm.

*Characters*

HOLGER, A PEASANT BOY	Ellen Faust
STEEN, HIS YOUNGER BROTHER	Jane Ruth Hovey
BERTEL, THEIR UNCLE	Ruth Copeland
AN OLD WOMAN	Katharine Clay
THE PRIEST	Sydna White
THE CHOIR BOY	Sylvea Shapleigh
THE RICH MAN	Gertrude Drummond
THE COURTIER	Gretchen Vanderschmidt
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN	Pauline Humeston
AN OLD MAN	Ruth Copeland
A LOVELY YOUNG GIRL	Marjorie Knowlton
THE KING	Frances Flagg
THE ANGEL	Gracie Griffin

The entertainment given by the Senior-Middlers on the 19th of January was undoubtedly a triumph, as the enthusiasm of the audience proved, for the three one-act plays were enjoyed very greatly.

"A Fan and Two Candlesticks" was a very pretty little play in verse. It was acted with great dignity and with the delicacy that should be found in an old-fashioned play.

What a gift it is to be young again in heart, at will, and to enjoy something so fanciful, yet subtly humorous, as "Sir David Wears a Crown."

"The Trysting Place" a farce in one act, delighted the younger generation and amused the older people.

*"A Fan and Two Candlesticks"*

NANCY . . . . .	Marjorie Knowlton
HUGH . . . . .	Dorothy Spear
RALPH . . . . .	June Hinman

*"Sir David Wears a Crown"*

PROLOGUE . . . . .	Ruth Nason
DEVICE BEARER . . . . .	Mary Knight
YOU-IN-THE-AUDIENCE . . . . .	Alice Stonebraker
POPULATION . . . . .	Priscilla Chapman
SOLDIERY . . . . .	Helen Dyer
THE MIME . . . . .	Elizabeth Whitney
MILKMAID . . . . .	Margaret Creelman
BALLAD SINGER . . . . .	Harriet Sullivan
TRUMPETER . . . . .	Marion Ireland
THE KING . . . . .	Lucy Sanborn
COUNCILLOR . . . . .	Ruth Perry
QUEEN . . . . .	Ruth Harvey
THE KING'S GREAT AUNT . . . . .	Margery Murray
HEADSMAN . . . . .	Jean Frederick
SIR-DAVID-LITTLE-BOY . . . . .	Nancy Kimball
HIS MOTHER . . . . .	Gertrude Drummond
THE BLIND MAN . . . . .	Edna Marland

*"The Trysting Place"*

MRS. CURTIS . . . . .	Persis Goodnow
LANCELOT BRIGGS . . . . .	Harriet Nash
MRS. BRIGGS . . . . .	Pauline Humeston
JESSIE . . . . .	Elizabeth Aller
RUPERT SMITH . . . . .	Lois Kimball
MR. INGOLDSBY . . . . .	Sydna White
MYSTERIOUS VOICE . . . . .	Alice Mitchell

BRADFORD DAY

As we crowded out of the street cars after our impatient ride to Bradford, and sang our songs to our hostesses, it seemed to us that nothing could stop us from coming through the day with an overwhelming victory. Our enthusiasm was unbounded, and — the weather could not have been more perfect! Soon after we had met our cordial Bradford girls we were watching the exciting tennis matches, and cheering "loud and long." Bradford won both the singles and doubles after closely contested sets, in which Harriet Nash played singles, and Lucie Locker and Anstiss Bowser doubles. Bradford again came through the winner in the croquet tournament, when Marion Ireland and Jean Swihart represented the Blue and White. Virginia Gay was our heroine and

saviour. She captured the match in clock golf, scoring the only points that Abbot received all day, though perhaps we are getting too far ahead of our story. After we had had luncheon, and both schools had exchanged songs and cheers, Bradford held the finals in its archery contest, which was extremely interesting. Hockey and basketball followed, the final events of the day, and in both the strong Abbot teams succumbed to the superior playing of the stronger Bradford teams.

### Honor Roll — first Semester

Edda Renouf	93
Frances Merrick, Lucy Sanborn	92
Margaret Creelman, Emily Gage, Virginia Gay, Evelyn Glidden, Ruth Perry	91
Dorothy Pease	90
Shirlie Austin, Anstiss Bowser	89
Louise Anthony, Frances Flagg, Jean Frederick, Patricia Goodwillie, Lucie Locker, Margaret Nivison, Ruth Stafford, Gretchen Vanderschmidt	88

### Alumnae Notes

1846

Died: In Pleasantville, N. Y., June, 1925, Susan O. Kittredge, wife of the late Dr. George C. S. Choate, and sister of Sarah Kittredge, 1845, and Hannah A. Kittredge, 1849.

1847

Died: In New York City, June 7, 1923, Jane Sweetser, wife of the late Joseph P. Brooks.

1853

Died: In Los Angeles, Cal., December 27, 1924, Ann Maria Bittinger, sister of Rev. Joseph B. Bittinger, Principal of Abbot Academy 1849-50.

1854

Died: In Lawrence, March 25, 1924, Sarah F. Shattuck, wife of the late Henry H. Bailey.

1857

Died: In Exeter, N. H., April 10, 1923, Harriet C. Peaslee, wife of the late Charles H. Kent.

1858

Died: December 29, 1924, Anna Currier, wife of Charles E. Foster, of New York City.

1859

Died: In Billerica, November 5, 1925, Susanna T. Whitman, aged 85.

1864

Died: In Andover, November 10, 1925, Mary K. Boutwell, sister of Parthenia Boutwell Holt, 1854, Lucy Boutwell Wiswall, 1847, and Louisa Boutwell Merrill, 1858.

1867

Died: In St. Davids, Penn., August 13, 1925, Frances E. Adams (Mrs. Leuben Leland).

1868

The resignation of Rev. Francis E. Clark as head of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, after forty-four years of service, has given occasion to

many appreciative tributes in the public press, recognizing the importance of the movement among the young people, not only of this country but of the world. One editorial concludes with this opinion: "It is wholly within the bounds of conservatism to say that the formation and spread of the society which Dr. Clark founded was the greatest single religious movement of the century." Since Dr. Clark has never received a salary from the Endeavor Society, it is now proposed to raise a Clark Recognition Fund of \$100,000, the income to be used for the personal benefit of Dr. and Mrs. Clark during their lives and afterwards for missionary campaigns of the Society.

Mrs. Clark has just set sail again with her husband for a foreign tour, expecting to visit the Holy Land and Europe. She gave a racy account of previous experiences at the meeting of the Boston Abbot Club on January 13. She said people sometimes said to her as she started off, speaking quite without knowledge of the difficulties and responsibilities of such a trip, "Don't you expect to have a lovely time?" Others say "Won't it be very hard for you?" "Those are the ones," she went on, with a merry look, "who think I am too old to go. Well, I expect to have a lovely time, and I know I am too old to go!" Without such a brave spirit she could never have accomplished so much for the good of the world.

Died: In Boston, July 27, 1925, Mary Louise Greenleaf.

1873

Died: In Andover, January 1, 1926, Mary Delight Twichell Hall, wife of the late Rev. Alfred H. Hall, and sister of Olive Twichell Crawford, 1876, and Julia E. Twichell, 1879, and mother of Delight Hall, 1901.

Abbot Academy never had a more devoted daughter than Mrs. Hall. As president of her class she fostered loyalty for over fifty years, she was punctilious in fulfilling her obligations, and was always ready with wise counsel when, as often happened, her advice was asked by Association workers. Her affection for her friends as for her school was deep and true. Though frail in body, she was dauntless in spirit, and her strong faith, and quiet, gracious influence touched many lives both near and far, many more than she realized. Her keen sense of humor, and her quick appreciation of beauty in nature were constant sources of enjoyment to her friends. Those who knew her can best treasure her memory by passing on to others something of the enrichment that came from association with her.

Died: In Saranac, N. Y., July 1, 1925, George C. Riggs, husband of the late Kate Douglas Smith Wiggin. "Kate Douglas Wiggin, as Her Sister Knew Her," is the title of a new book by Miss Nora Smith, written in delightfully intimate style, with a surprising wealth of material supplementing "My Garden of Memory."

1874

Died: January 10, 1925, Clara J. Potter, wife of Charles C. Hopkins, of Lansing, Mich.

Mary W. Green has retired from music teaching, and has spent much time since then travelling in Europe. She is now living in Newton Center.

Died: In Chicago, September 29, 1925, Susan M. Hayward. Mrs. Phebe Curtis Vilas, 1886, of Chicago, writes of her: "Miss Hayward taught fifty years in the grade schools of Chicago, and made many good Americans from the boys of foreign parentage who were in her classes. She loved everything fine and good, kept up to the times, had great executive ability and a keen sense of humor. We were all very fond of her and admired her." Miss Hayward left a legacy of \$1000 to Abbot Academy.

1876

Died: In Boston, July 14, 1925, Mabel F. Wheaton, wife of the late Charles E. Barney. She was teacher in Abbot Academy 1884-87.



1885

Lieutenant-Commander Porter H. Adams, son of Jeannie Porter Adams, has succeeded Rear Admiral W. F. Fullam as membership head of the National Aeronautic Association.

1886

Died: In Ann Arbor, Mich., December 1, 1925, Frances Berry, wife of Professor Arthur W. Smith.

1890

Died: In Greenwich, Conn., October 17, 1925, Esther Anne Kuhnén, sister of Mary Kuhnén Van Patten, 1885.

1892

Died: July 12, 1925, Sara L. Quimby, wife of Louis F. Mongeon, of Lexington.

1893

A memorial full of practical helpfulness has been made possible by the friends of Alleine Hitchcock. A collection of books, called simply "Alleine's Library," is doing good in her memory at Palms Spring, California, a health resort. Some of her Abbot friends may be glad to help on this kindly ministration.

1894

Florence Whitaker Smith was recently married to Herbert Hill Nickerson. Only two months later Mr. Nickerson died. Mrs. Nickerson spent last winter in Boston, but is in Warner, N. H., in the summer.

1895

The class president, Mrs. Gertrude Haldeman Kelsey, could not be present at the reunion in June, but sent a beautiful recognition of the anniversary in the shape of twenty-five dozen pink and white peonies from the flower farm which she and her husband have in Mendenhall, Pa. These were used for decoration at the Commencement festivities.

1897

Died: July 7, 1925, Agnes Coburn, wife of Dr. George B. Allen of Lowell.

1899

Died: In Augusta, Ga., July 24, 1925, Dr. James R. Littleton, husband of Mary K. Marland. Dr. Littleton was much respected in Augusta, and had been mayor of the city.

Estelle Greenough Easton sent Miss Kelsey at Christmas a photograph of her new house on Coeur d'Alene Lake in Idaho. It is an imitation of a New England colonial mansion of very beautiful proportions. She says, "You can see how my early New England influence has asserted itself."

On January 14, Catharine Sandford sailed on the Franconia for a cruise around the world. She will reach Japan in cherry-blossom time. She will spend May in Honolulu and June in Alaska. Before leaving she made arrangements for her COURANT to be sent to her.

Elizabeth Paine Collins is living in France, as her husband's business is there. Address Hotel Windsor, Cannes. She was visiting near Boothbay Harbor last summer, and dropped into Miss Kenniston's shop one day in August to inquire about the Abbot picnic. Surprised to learn that it was **only** two hours away, she skurried back (by launch) to her island, made ready, and returned in time to make one of the happy party.

## 1900

A letter has come from Alice Boutwell Pease in Portland, Oregon, giving four good reasons why she could not come East for her class reunion in June. They are: Bradford 13, Barbara 11, John 9, Ruth 5½ — four live wires.

## 1901

Evelyn Carter is in Europe for the year, spending the winter with a friend in North Holland. Her address is care Coutts and Company, The Strand, London.

## 1907

Married: Hawkes-Taylor. Maria Pillsbury Taylor to Harold William Hawkes. At home, 80 Magnolia Terrace, Springfield.

## 1908

Married: Hanchett-Soule. Cora G. Soule to Junius Tilden Hanchett, of Hyde Park. Address, Antrim, N. H.

Louise Sweeney is teaching Latin and Spanish in the Bishop's School at La Jolla, near San Diego, California.

## 1909

Frances Wright (Mrs. Sherman Kimball) has bought a new house at 904 Cowper St., Palo Alto, and Beulah McCarty Canterbury recently designed a house for herself and was her own contractor.

Louise Norpell Meek is planning to send her three daughters to Abbot.

Helen Weber has sold her house in Canton and is going abroad this January.

## 1910

Engaged: Clarissa Hall to Mr. Harold Wilson Hammond of Brookline.

## 1911

Frances Pray was studying last year at Teachers' College, Columbia, and is now teaching at the University of Maine, Orono.

## 1913

Marion Martin Teeson has moved from New Haven to Southbridge, Massachusetts. (63 Everett St.)

Married: Gullifer-Kimball. In Arlington, November 14, 1925, Beatrice Emma Kimball to Dr. William Harry Gullifer.

Margaret Wilkins's address is 2019 East 115th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Edith Wade is teaching at the Anable School, New Brunswick, N. J. For two years she has been assistant to the geographer of the Institute of Politics during its sessions at Williamstown and enjoyed very much the contact with leaders of thought in public matters.

Mildred Bryant Kussmaul has for some years conducted a private school in the William Cullen Bryant homestead in Brockton. The school has outgrown its quarters and an airy, well-lighted new building is being erected, with rooms for the kindergarten and primary grades. Mrs. Kussmaul gathers her children in a big green bus. She will continue to teach the kindergarten and supervise.

## 1914

Married: Jones-Burk. In Philadelphia, September 19, 1925, Helen Darlington Burk to Willard Clayton Jones.

Married: Chittenden-Dowd. In Madison, Connecticut, October 3, 1925, Frances Miner Dowd to Edward Augustus Chittenden.

Born: September 27, 1925, a son, Robert Selden, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. McDuffie (Katharine Selden), of Lawrence.

Born: March 19, 1925, a son, Earnest Alfred, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Alfred Nordon (Eleanor J. Hale), of West Medford.

Born: June 1, 1925, a son, John Tyler, to Mr. and Mrs. Dominic W. Rich (Helen E. Gilbert).

Lucretia Lowe Douglas is now living in Bloomington, Indiana. Her husband is teaching in Indiana University.

Alice Sweeney is shipping clerk in the Selden Mills in Methuen.

Born: In Lemon Grove, California, July 25, 1925, a daughter, Susanne, to Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Horace E. Spruance (Elsie Whipple).

## 1915

Married: Clark-Nordenstierna. In Woonsocket, Rhode Island, October 23, 1925, Vera E. W. Nordenstierna to Wilder Crawford Clark. At home, Schumacher, Ontario.

Born: In West Roxbury, November 18, 1925, a son, Theodore Peters, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore P. Whittemore (Mattie C. Larrabee), of Roslindale.

Marion Brooks is working two days a week at the Diocesan House on Joy Street in Boston.

## 1916

Married: Shaw-Foster. In Peabody, October 17, 1925, Rachel Foster to George Warren Shaw.

Married: Sicard-Cole. In Andover, June 20, 1925, Dorothy Cole to George Goodyear Sicard.

Born: July 26, 1925, a son, Thomas Bradbury, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Bartlett (Dorothy Pillsbury).

Born: September 7, 1925, a daughter, Marie Catlin, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Larrabee (Emma Stohn).

Marion Selden is one of the secretaries to the Dean of Radcliffe College. She and her mother have taken an apartment in Cambridge for the winter months.

Lucy Squire has a position as secretary in the office of the Woman's Board of Missions, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

Charlotte Eaton is working for the Children's Department of the Providence District Nursing Association. She has 200 babies under two years whose care she supervises.

## 1917

Married: Chellis-Bacon. In Newton, at the Eliot Church, October 31, 1925, Miriam Manning Bacon to Myron Seth Chellis.

Louise Bacon Fuller, '18, was matron-of-honor, and Suzanne Loizeaux '26, was maid-of-honor. A bridesmaid was Mary Martin, '19. Little Anne Fuller was flower girl.

Married: Boothby-Willson. In Lowell, October 7, 1925, Marion Crosby Willson to Ira Milliken Boothby.

Married: Richards-Cooper. In Brookline, May 23, 1925, Kathryn Davis Cooper to Dr. Lyman Richards.

Married: Falvey-Curran. In Swampscott, June 6, 1925, Lidwine Genevieve Curran to Donald Falvey.

Ruth Jackson French (Mrs. Gerald Dean French) writes from Sierra Madre (108 East Central Avenue) where she has been living for five years with her husband who is ill. Her little daughter Martha Jane is now in kindergarten, preparing for Abbot. Marguerite Dunaway Baldwin and her husband spent a day with her in June, and Martha Lamberton Osmer lives only 40 miles distant.

The address of Betty Bacon (Mrs. Donald N. Swain) is P. O. Box 517 B, Sydney, Australia.

We were much interested in the arrival of little Charlotte Chen, who was born in China last May, and named for Tsing Lien's friend and schoolmate, Charlotte Fleming. Tsing Lien writes that Charlotte is a very good baby, and we know that she will be brought up very carefully by her doctor mother.

Born: May 29, 1925, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. William Norbert Hill (Elizabeth Graves).

The Bartlett sisters, May 1917, Sally 1920, Nathalie 1923, are spending the year in travel and study in France.

## 1918

Margaret E. Speer, fulfilling her ambition and hope of many years, has gone to China and is teaching in Peking University.

Married: Smith-Proudfit. Natalie Hasbrouck Proudfit to Dudley Smith.

Married: Van Dyck-Meigs. In Fabius, New York, October 12, 1925, Helen Louisa Meigs to Louis Bevier Van Dyck.

Born: July 7, 1925, a son, John Gilbert, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett D. Reese (Martha Grace Miller).

Born: June, 1925, a son, John Russell, to Dr. and Mrs. John Russell Carty (Mary Peirce), of Boston.

Born: July 9, 1925, a son, William Henry 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Clausen (Margaret Morris), of Philadelphia.

Ruth Allen, who was last year at the Nursery and Children's Hospital, New York, is spending this year in study, travel and work in London and Paris.

Died: In Amherst, July 8, 1925, by automobile accident, Grace A. Cowan.

Louise Colby has left the University of Kentucky and is librarian in the college library of Oberlin College, in Ohio.

## 1919

Engaged: Elizabeth Grover to Dr. Samuel T. Evans.

Married: Atkinson-Holt. In Boston, January 13, 1926, Jane Carpenter Holt to Theodore Mayo Atkinson.

Married: Noble-Kepner. In Aurora, Missouri, June 4, 1925, Grace Myra Kepner to Rev. Charles Casper Noble.

Married: Fox-King. In Springfield, October 10, 1925, Helen Dorcas King to George Marshall Fox.

Married: Leach-Hamilton. In Toledo, Ohio, November 7, 1925, Eva Josephine Hamilton to J. Gardner Leach. At home, 108 Pine Street, Belmont.

Born: June 7, 1925, a son, Henry Willis, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willis Day (Mary Elizabeth Cole), of Kennebunk, Maine.

Elisabeth Luce has an excellent position in the publishing house of Charles E. Merrill Co., 440 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Born: June 17, 1925, a son, Charlie Bill, to Mr. and Mrs. Lyman K. Stuart (Harriet Sanford).

Eugenia Parker is again making a long stay in Honolulu, having gone out this fall to meet her friend, Miss Williams, who has a duck farm. Eugenia is allowed to help in the packing and the shipping of the ducks.

Miss Williams has discovered an almost quackless duck which she is now raising.

Harriette Harrison and her mother are spending the winter in Italy. They will go to Switzerland and Paris, and sail for home about the first of April.

Ruth Hathaway Webster is now in the telephone service department at Filene's in Boston. Janet Warren is working in the same department.

## 1920

Engaged: Charlotte Vose to Andrew LaRue Fairleigh.

Engaged: Margaret E. Worman to Robert Keith Thompson, Princeton 1925. She took the training course for store executives at Jordan Marsh Company's last year.



Engaged: Rosamond Patch to Harold Scott Pym.

Engaged: Virginia Miller to Harold Smucker of Newark, Ohio.

Married: Parsons-Neelands. Margaret Eleanor Neelands to Edward Parsons.

Born: January 11, 1925, a son, Arthur Shaffer, to Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Evans (Margaret Stohn), of Chicago.

Katherine Kinney is on a tour around the world on the steamer Empress of Scotland. The party left New York December 3, spent Christmas Eve in Bethlehem, and a group of seven, Katherine among them, according to a newspaper account, "welcomed the New Year atop the great pyramid."

Constance Ling and Paula Miller are studying in New York this year and living together at 77 Irving Place. Paula is doing graduate work in Fine Arts, and Constance is continuing her work in Rhythmics.

Elizabeth Hawkes is doing medical work in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Helen Walker is Industrial Secretary in the Worcester Y. W. C. A.

The Allens — Hope and Jane's family — have moved from New Rochelle to Jamestown, Rhode Island. Hope and Jane have a small apartment at 155 Medway Street, Providence.

Elsa Baalack is teaching at the University of Florida and is at the same time studying for her Master's degree.

#### 1921

Engaged: Frances Gasser to Richard Kitson Stover.

Married: Bigelow-Kimball. In Andover, September 19, 1925, Marion Rich Kimball to David Hardwick Bigelow, of Andover.

Married: Fassett-Knight. In Gardiner, Me., September 1, 1925, Katherine Hill Knight to Norman Carter Fassett of Leominster.

Married: Mitchell-Palmer. In Bangor, Maine, September 5, 1925, Elizabeth Boutelle Palmer to James Edward Mitchell.

Married: Holmberg-Bartlett. In Detroit, Michigan, November 19, 1925, Millicent Doane Bartlett to Earl Ludwig Holmberg. At home, 13577 Turner Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Married: Chandler-McDougall. In Rockland, Maine, September 16, 1925, Sarah Elizabeth McDougall to Marcus Patterson Chandler. At home, 3 Eaton Ave., Camden, Maine.

Married: Patton-Rugg. In St. Louis, Missouri, September 9, 1925, Jessamine Damsel Rugg to Charles Hill Patton.

Married: Houg-Crossman. In Berkeley, California, October 6, 1925, Ruth Alden Crossman to Orville Adlai Houg.

Born: October 4, 1925, a daughter, Natalie Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. William W. Henderson (Agnes Titcomb), of Kennebunk, Maine.

Born: September, 1924, a son, Charles J., 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Dunn, Jr. (Lora Barber).

Born: September 8, 1925, a daughter, Betty Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Shepard N. Cothran (Cathleen Barnett).

Helen Norpell Price has left Massachusetts to live in Chicago, and her Marblehead house is now for sale.

Lydia Kunkel is teaching in Harrisburg, Penn.

#### 1922

Married: Adams-Root. In Pottstown, Penn., June 25, 1925, Susanne Cofrode Root to Faneuil Adams of Cambridge. At home, 7 Phillips Place.

Married: Lee-Brown. In Dallas, Texas, January 7, 1926, Isabelle Brown to George Terry Lee. At home, 3525 St. John's Drive, Dallas, Texas.

Born: October 18, 1925, a daughter, Carolyn Christine, to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vance (Christine Olive Howard), of Roxbury.

Born: May 23, 1925, a son, Harold Jackson, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jackson Lauver (Mary E. Fuller), of Detroit, Michigan.

Born: August 13, 1925, a daughter, Joan Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. Mason (Catherine P. Damon), of Cranford, New Jersey.

Anne Whinery is attending the Merrill Palmer School in Detroit.

#### 1923

Engaged: Rosamond Martin to Sherman Clifford Parker.

Married: Bacon-Mitchell. In Andover, May 23, 1925, Olive Mitchell to Douglas MacDonald Bacon.

Married: Swenson-Throckmorton. In Caldwell, New Jersey, October 10, 1925, Mary Estella Throckmorton to Lawrence Elton Swenson.

Married: Cory-Stevens. In Kenilworth, Illinois, August 29, 1925, Martha Stevens to John Aumock Cory.

Married: Lyon-Hunt. In Duxbury, October 24, 1925, Ruth Alden Hunt to Charles Woolsey Lyon, Jr. At home, 131 Corona Ave., Pelham, New York.

Sally Finch and Rose Lobenstine have been taken into Shakespeare Society at Wellesley.

Esther Wood is studying at the University of Michigan. She is the energetic secretary of the Detroit Abbot Club.

Elizabeth Thompson has been elected to the Glee Club at Smith.

#### 1924

Engaged: Marion Shryock to Jack Chesney.

Engaged: Dorothy Hallett to Robert Cunningham McLeod.

Married: Jameson-Brewster. In Hartford, Connecticut, July 11, 1925, Priscilla Clara Brewster to Dr. Harold Jameson.

Married: Sadler-Fläther. In Nashua, New Hampshire, June 6, 1925, Ruth Fläther to Paul Sadler.

Married: Bowler-Smith. Susanna Jackson Smith to Charles W. Bowler. Address: 99 Orchard St., Leominster.

Married: Barringer-Robbins. In Bay Shore, Long Island, October 8, 1925, Eleanor Marie Robbins to John Alfred Barringer.

Margaret Bush has been elected chairman of the costume committee of the Barnswallows' Association at Wellesley College.

Adelaide Hammond spent a very delightful summer in England.

#### 1925

Married: Doehne-von Culin. In Hartford, Connecticut, November 2, 1925, Doris Huff von Culin to George Doehne, 3rd. At home, 310½ East Market St., Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

#### REPORT OF CLASS OF 1925

Smith claims Dorothy Beeley, Charlotte Hanna, Barbara Nelson, Lila Rich, Hildred Sperry, and Margaret Caverno and Ruth Connolly who are rooming together. — Margaret Daniell, Barbara Donnell, Theodate Johnson, Natalia Jova, and Elizabeth Lincoln are at Wellesley; Natalia Jova is Freshman representative to Student Council and was also on the Freshman Hockey Team. — Eleanor Bodwell is at Bradford Academy. — Frances Howard and Manon Wood are both attending the Katharine Gibbs School. — Hildegard Mittendorff is at Stowe's Business College, Reading, Penn., taking a secretarial course. — Sarah MacPherran is at "Pine Manor." — Alfreda Stanley is taking the Classical and Music course at B. U., and recently joined Alpha Delta Pi. — Charlotte Kitchin is at Mt. Holyoke. — Ruth Davies is at Technology. — Marion Quain is at the University of Wisconsin. — Annie Dunn Estes is at the University of Texas, and pledged to Zeta Tau Alpha. — Elizabeth M.



Ward is at the University of Illinois. — Evelyn Bailey is at home, taking music. — Madelaine G. Boutwell returned recently from abroad. — Jean Gordon has been visiting in Iowa. — Lillian Grosvenor is studying French in Geneva. — Elizabeth Righter is engaged in social Welfare Work in East Orange, N. J. — Elizabeth Burtnett is at home doing Girl Scout work, hockey, tennis and basketball. — Doris von Culin married G. Doehne and is living now in Pittsburgh. — Virginia Thompson is at home. — Eunice E. Hunstman we hope will return to us for the second semester. — Evelyn McDougall is at home studying music. — Phyllis Yates has a position in the Shepard Stores in Boston. — Vassar claims Mary Simpson and Helen Sagendorph; the latter joined the French Club. — Margaret Hawkes is living at home.

### Calendar

#### 1925

September 16,	Day Students register at 9 A.M.	
September 16,	Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
September 17,	Thursday, 9 A.M.	Fall term begins
November 26,	Thursday	Thanksgiving Day
December 17,	Thursday, 12 M.	Fall term ends
	Christmas Vacation	

#### 1926

January 6,	Boarding Student register before 6 P.M.	
January 7,	Thursday, 8.30 A.M.	Winter term begins
January 30,	Saturday	First semester ends
March 25,	Thursday, 12 M.	Winter term ends
	Spring Vacation	
April 8,	Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
April 9,	Thursday, 8.30 A.M.	Spring term begins
June 8,	Tuesday	School year ends

## Abbot Academy Faculty

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- BERTHA BAILEY, B.S., PRINCIPAL  
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences
- KATHERINE ROXANNA KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL  
Mathematics
- NELLIE MARIA MASON  
Physics, Chemistry
- REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, B.A.  
History, English
- MARY ETHEL BANCROFT, B.A.  
English
- JOSEPHINE HAMMOND, B.S.  
Literature, History of Art
- RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.  
Latin
- OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS, B.A.  
Spanish, Bible; Supervisor of Day Scholars
- HELEN DUNFORD ROBINSON, B.A.  
Latin
- RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.  
French, German; in charge of Sherman Cottage
- MRS. MARIE (DE LA NIEPCE) CRAIG  
French
- HELEN DEARBORN BEAN, B.A.  
History; in Charge of Draper Homestead
- HELEN FRANCES BURT, B.S.  
Mathematics, Astronomy, Geology
- MME. LOUIS RIEST, BAC.L.PH.  
French
- CAMILLA MOSES, B.A.  
Latin
- DORIS McDUFFEE, B.A.  
Latin, Mathematics
- BERTHA A. GRIMES, B.A.  
Household Science, Chemistry
- MARY CARPENTER  
Physical Education
- EDNA BARRET MANSHIP  
Rhythmic Expression
- BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN (m. 1925, Chester Winfield Gray)  
Vocal Expression
- WALTER EDWARD HOWE, B. Mus.  
Director of Music
- KATE FRISKIN  
Pianoforte
- MRS. RUTH THAYER BURNHAM  
Vocal Music
- MARIE NICHOLS  
Violin
- RUTH MASTERS  
Violoncello
- MRS. BEATRICE WHITNEY VAN NESS  
Drawing, Painting

FANNY BIGELOW JENKS, B.A.  
 Secretary to Principal  
 JEAN HOPE BAYNES  
 Financial Secretary  
 DOROTHY HOPKINS, B.S.  
 Librarian, Curator of John-Esther Art Gallery  
 FLORENCE BUTTERFIELD  
 House Superintendent  
 MARY BISHOP PUTNAM  
 Supervisor of Cottages; in charge of Sunset Lodge  
 CHARLOTTE E. JOHNSON, R.N.  
 Resident Nurse  
 MARION CURTIS LITTLEFIELD, M.D.  
 Examining Physician  
 JANE BRODIE CARPENTER, M.A.  
 Keeper of Alumnae Records

### Lecturers

MR. ALDEN G. ALLEY  
 MRS. JOHN ARTHUR HOPKINS  
 MRS. EDITH MACLURE PATTERSON  
 MR. W. ELLSWORTH  
 MISS HELEN FRASER

### Speakers

DR. BURNHAM	DR. CHARLES H. CUTLER
REV. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE	MRS. FRANKLIN WARNER
REV. CHARLES W. HENRY	REV. FLETCHER PARKER
REV. RALPH HARLOW	MR. MCGIFFERT
MRS. VORIES	REV. FREDERICK A. WILSON

### Concerts

MISS SUZANNE KEENER  
 { MR. ALEXANDER BLACKMAN  
 { ARTHUR BASSETT

# School Organizations

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## Senior Class

<i>President</i>	GRETCHEN VANDERSCHMIDT
<i>Vice-President</i>	FRANCES FLAGG
<i>Secretary</i>	ALICE COLE
<i>Treasurer</i>	PRISCILLA PERKINS

## Senior Middle Class

<i>President</i>	PAULINE HUMESTON
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARGARET NAY
<i>Secretary</i>	ALICE STONEBRAKER
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY AYERS

## Junior Middle Class

<i>President</i>	NANCY SHERMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	SARA HAZEL KIDDER
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANCES GOULD
<i>Treasurer</i>	SUSAN RIPLEY

## Junior Class

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

MAY 1926



MAY — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX

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THE  
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LII, No. 2

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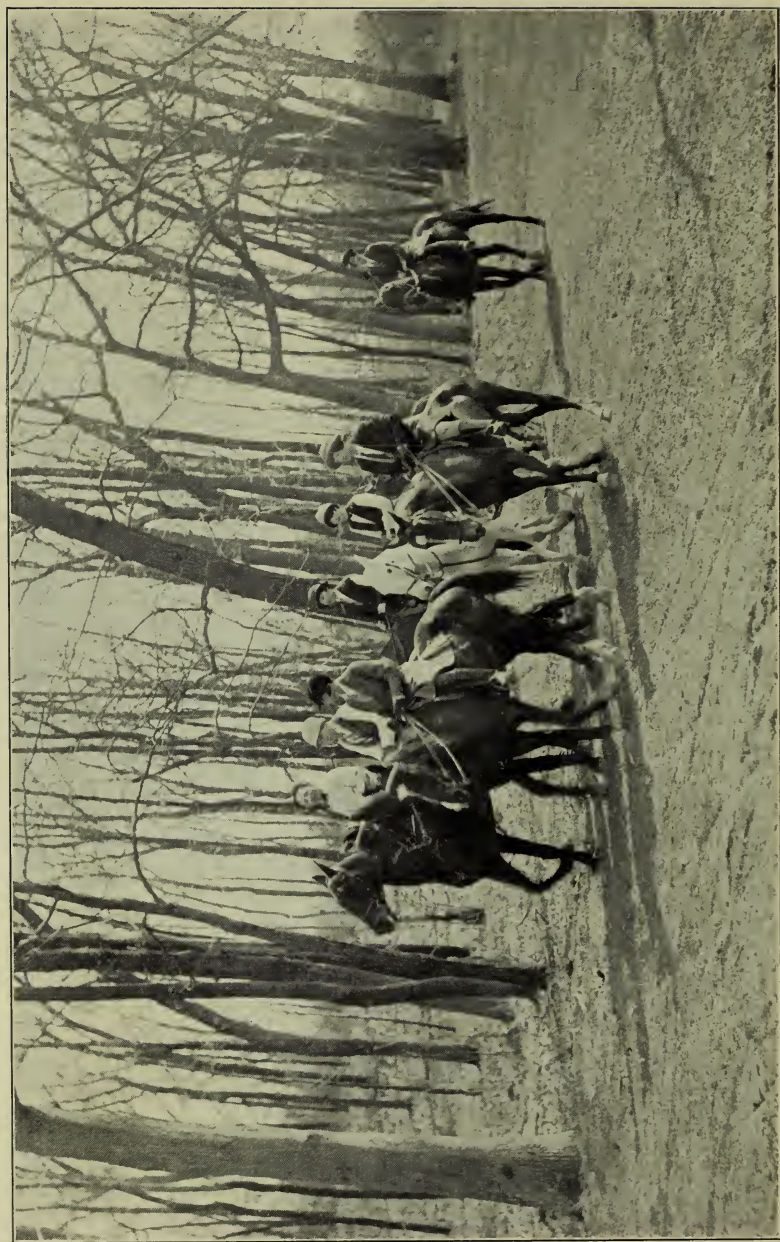
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The price of the COURANT is one dollar and a half a year; single copies seventy-five cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.







RIDING IN THE GROVE

# THE ABBOT COURANT

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FUKI WOOPYENAKA, 1926

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### Assistant Business Editors

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Vol. LII

MAY, 1926

No. 2

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## Editorials

When there is a genial sun shining and the spring air is tantalising, who does not want to ride! How the blood courses through our veins, how madly thrilling it is to see the blue, blue sky above, the arches of branches fresh with young leaves bending over our heads! The wind tosses our horses' manes and we feel the pure joy of motion as we canter or trot along the roads of West Parish, or past Haggett's Pond and over the long, pleasant ways about Andover. As we draw up our horses a-quiver with life, can we not then pause to say with the poet:

"How good is man's life, the mere living — how fit to employ  
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

This spring there has been quite a change in our athletics. Instead of continuing the heavy fall sports we have dropped basketball and hockey for riding, track, and volleyball. This will give a great deal more time to devote to track and will produce a more finished product in the events of field day! It also gives the riders more chance to excel in their horsemanship, and the hockey and basketball players a way to be proficient in the baseball nine or on the volleyball field. On the whole, for outsiders and for us it will create a difference and new interest in field day.

We have all felt the power of song in uniting and inspiring a group of people; but Miss Bailey has felt this power and our need for it far more than we. She therefore inaugurated the henceforth annual song competition, the first appearance of which was made on Saturday evening, May 1. Each corridor and cottage was requested to compose one school song and one serenade (to Miss Bailey), set to selected tunes, and then, on the night of the contest, to appear with individual costumes and cheerleaders to sing these songs. The outcome of that evening was astounding. The songs of every group were so fine and melodious, the costumes so unique and clever, the function itself so orderly that, aside from the fact that four good songs were chosen, everyone feels that this institution of competing for school songs and serenades is the finest and most beneficial one of many good ideas. Miss Hopkins, Miss Carpenter, and Miss McDuffie were the faculty advisory committee for this song competition; to them goes the credit for organizing it into its splendid lasting form.

It is amazing, upon due consideration, how greatly we are always indebted to the students of the art department. For it is they who furnish the amusing but informing illustrations for the Class Book, who give exhibits of their various skillful works, and it is they who do the many exquisite posters for every occasion. We have appreciated and recognized our poets, our scientists, our actresses, our debaters, our athletes; but it was not until the formation of the society of *Les Beaux Arts* that we officially acknowledged our artists.

This society, *Les Beaux Arts*, has been founded for the purpose of studying the many great masterpieces of the world and of finding wherein their greatness lies. We cannot help feeling that the artists' ultimate aim, though it is unasserted, is to create equal masterpieces; and we, knowing their supreme skill, entertain no doubts of their success. Although this year the society is limited to six members, its future policy is to increase this number and ultimately raise the prestige of *Les Beaux Arts* as high as that of any other society. We must realize what an important movement this is for our artist colony and for our school; and how favored we are to be able to boast a complete group of such



skilled artists as these. We, of the COURANT, would like the members of *Les Beaux Arts* to feel that they have the fullest support of every other society and of all other students, and we add, with our greatest thanks, that our splendid new cover is done by one of the members, indeed the president, of *Les Beaux Arts*.

You are all engaged in the study of art, or the appreciation of music; but who of you devotes any moment of her time to the study and appreciation of the COURANT? You pick up a copy, turn its pages. Editorials: "Horrors, those things! The only people who ever read them are commuters!" You continue through the many stories, essays, and poems, skimming but not stopping. Is it possible that you have never really appreciated these here-apparent works of art, that you can be ignorant of the genius lodged in the contributors and editors of the COURANT? Is there no gleam of kindred feeling in your warm young hearts for those diligent members of the board who try to make lectures sound interesting, or to present alumnae notes attractively? And our contributors, do they not merit your appreciation?

The erudite staff of COURANT editors exhort you to choose one work in its production and hand that one, with tongs if need be, together with your criticism of it, to an editor. This action will, we promise, be kept wholly secret from any government or faculty official, nor will it face you, glaring, on the Judgment Day.

We may in exercising our philosophies say that we dislike routine, but the fact remains that once we are separated from these daily rounds we immediately take the most keen interest in them. So through the infirmary windows do those whose infirmities prevent them from taking part enjoy the most everyday affairs. The thrill that comes in hearing the dinner bell and watching the gaily clad damsels flock down the stairway to partake of a repast, in watching the white stockings march up the chapel steps, wondering with whom and in which class you would be if you were among them, or wandering mentally over familiar walks in afternoon recreation with the clock at 4:45 on your mind, and late at night watching the lights fade out along the rows of rooms. The thought of returning to these daily common-

places becomes a vivid pleasure, and then on our welcome back there is a new joy in all the old familiar tasks. Routine is one of the things that lends atmosphere and is the structure around which our memories cling when we leave.

Abbot appreciates music — that no one can deny. But there is one form that she is not at all enthusiastic over, and that is the music which issues from the practice rooms of Draper Hall in the springtime! We usually get the most striking effect of it when sitting quietly in class room on the Draper Hall side. Someone begins to play a Bach chorale and we listen, enraptured; but suddenly a soulful voice breaks in, just one note higher than the chorale, and goes through a series of trills, accompanied by a Chopin Polonaise from some other aspiring contributor. The medley which is produced is agonizing, but who is to blame? The windows are the guilty ones, for they simply must be kept open these warm spring days!

She comes with twilight-sandalled feet and steals across the countryside, dancing with lithe grace among the forest trees, bending to whisper to the springing hedge-rows. She is like a graceful faun veiled in grey and purple mists; she sings low songs to us under the eaves. Her fingers warm and fragrant caress the opening buds and lure the sleeping flowers to a life outside their close-curved sheathes. — She brings with her the peace and magic of silence into man's heart. — How lovely is spring-rain!

There is a gentle grace in old trees and dignity in venerable oaks. We love our old oak that is so full of beauty. In spring its awakening boughs capture the melodies of tangled wind-songs; when the leafy summer comes we can almost hear the low sound of a Dryad's peal of laughter in its shady foliage. October skies shatter the golden dome of leaves with sapphire tiles of living blue; when the winter moonlight makes weird marks with leafless branches and casts fantastic shadows on the trackless snow the tree is dreaming of May.



It is with regret that we take up our pens for the last time as editors. We are now superannuated editors as one might say, and it is with reluctance that we honorably surrender the welfare of our foster-child, the *COURANT*, to those who will take our places next year. The well-being of the *COURANT*, its attractive appearance biennially in a bright Abbot-blue cover has been (we admit), a source of hectic anxiety, and it has been ever with a certain trepidation that we send the magazine into a coldly smiling world.

Abbot has ever received it with a benevolent good-will and this more than once has flushed our literary brows with a pride akin to parental or foster-parental (if this is possible) satisfaction. Again we commend the *COURANT* to other hands and wish it a splendid future.

## A Prayer and Answer

"O God! unloose my soul, unlock the door  
Where my soul struggles, yearns to be expressed,  
Longs to take wing, and to the star-mists soar,  
But ever must within me lie suppressed.

"Help me to catch the wind's song in the rushes,  
The sunbeams stealing through the darksome glade,  
The sweet melodious note of nesting thrushes,  
The throbbing mystery of evening shade."

Thus did I pray, and quick as flashing arrow  
The answer came, and chilled me far within,

"Expression's bounds are limitless or narrow

"According as your inner life has been.

"Expand, and make your life full, rich, and broad,

"Release must come from *you*, and not from God."

*Patricia Goodwillie, 1926*

## William Morris's "The Earthly Paradise"

William Morris was an English poet, artist and socialist. His early love for nature was encouraged by his environment, for he lived in the romantic region near Epping Forest. Educated at Marlborough College, and at Exeter College, Oxford, he mingled little with his fellow students — but read swiftly and widely, building up a strong treasure house of knowledge, to be greatly drawn upon later.

He soon became interested in architecture and painting; later still, he and Burne-Jones and Dante Gabriel Rossetti set up an establishment in London for designing and manufacturing artistic furniture. As time went on, he took up the manufacturing of tapestry, dyeing, and book-illuminating and printing. It was because of this later interest, no doubt, that he founded the famous Kelmsote press in Hammersmith, where many beautiful books were printed, and many of his own were issued in prose and verse. It is, then, not hard for us to understand how this man, artistic to his very finger-tips, should produce lines so laden with delicate beauty as, for instance,

"And like a dream, the fair, slim woman slaves,  
Who laid her in the fair bed where she slept  
Dreamless, until the horned white moon had slipped  
Over the fresh, pine-scented hills again."

This particular bit is from "The Earthly Paradise." This work of William Morris's is of particular interest, being a cycle of twenty-four narrative poems and a prologue, which tells how mariners from Norway, desirous of discovering the much-heard-of Earthly Paradise, sail for a long time in search of it. They finally reach it, to find it inhabited by a people descended from the ancient Greeks, inheriting the rich, poetical traditions of the Greek race.

When the Norwegians had bided with them for a time, they were addressed by the chief priest, who said to them,

"Dear guests, the year begins today;  
And fain are we before it pass away

To hear some tales of that now-altered world,  
 Wherefrom our forefathers in old time were hurled,  
 By the hard hands of fate and destiny,  
 Nor would ye hear perchance unwillingly  
 How we have dealt with stories of the land,  
 Wherein the tombs of our forefathers stand.  
 Wherefor two solemn parts shall be  
 In every month at which some history  
 Shall crown our joyance."

This is the scheme provided for the story-telling, and for one year the native elders alternate with the Nordic wanderers in recounting legends.

There are three books of "The Earthly Paradise": The first, containing the prologue, and tales for six months; March, April, May, June, July, and August, is called "Spring — Summer." Between each exchange of legends is a short poem about the month, written, no doubt, to denote the lapse of time between banquets and to show that life was not all feasting and story-telling! The second volume, containing tales for September, October, and November, is called "Autumn," and the third, "Winter," December, January and February, with the epilogue and l'envoi.

These tales of years gone by, related in one year's time, are so charmingly written that if one becomes immersed in them it is difficult to rise to the prosaic duties of life. The smooth lines, the delicate phrases with their well-chosen, euphonious words so descriptive in themselves, all combine to make "The Earthly Paradise" a sort of glorified saga.

I can think of no one better fitted to write "The Earthly Paradise" than William Morris, whose skill in weaving these fascinating old stories together must have harked back to his weaving of storied tapestries.

*Edith Bullen, 1926*

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 Charles D. Warner.

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"The Earthly Paradise," William Morris.

## On the Line

"Hello, Central?" said I. Of course I knew it wasn't Central whose voice I heard on picking up the receiver, but I was born an optimist and it takes more than three summers on a party line in the country to cure me of that trait.

"Ay-eh, and she had a real cute hat, with a wreath of daisies on it," said the voice I had heard. ("Ay-eh" by the way is New English for "yes".)

"Your Jane has a cute hat this year."

"Yes, ain't it pretty? She got it at Sears Roebuck's for three ninety-eight and there was a real cute one for two ninety-eight but she wanted this and so her pa said 'let 'er have it'."

"That's right. Gals do love pretty things."

"Say do you know, my Jim has gone in town today to get us a furnace. We jest decided what kind of heatin' we want and —"

"Hello," said I, hoping to make my wants known. "Central?"

"No, steam radiators," said the voice.

"Ain't that nice? We wanted steam heat last year but I needed a range more. I don' know what I'd do 'thout it now."

"That minds me. I jest put some cake in the oven 'n' it'll be done in a few minutes. You'll remember me, won't you?"

"Sure. What kind of cake are you makin'?"

"Angel cake. Fer my young angels you know."

"Ginger cake 'ud be more like it." Appreciative laughter from both. "But I says to Jim the other day 'Mrs. Jones' kids are so bright and lively and yet good y' know and he says —"

"Did you now? Well, I try to make 'em mind but I know now when Geordie was little he uster —"

"Mrs. Jones," I interrupted in desperation, "I can smell your cake burning."

"Oh, I must run. You come over some time, won't you?"

"Ay-eh. I will. And mind you're goin' to give me your receep for ginger-cake."

"Sure. You jest come over some time —"

"I will. Goodbye."



"Well. Goodbye."

I jangled the receiver impatiently until I heard the welcome "Number please." At last I had been granted a hearing at the supreme court of appeals.

"Two-seven ring one-four," I recited.

"The line is busy," said the merciless voice and with a click broke the connection.

*Margaret Creelman, 1926*

## The Trojans See the Cyclopes

A TRANSLATION FROM THE AENEID

Next morning when we looked from out our ships,  
A sight most strange we saw upon the land,  
For Polyphemus on a mountain top  
As shepherd moved amidst his flocks and herds,  
A horrid monster, hideous to see.  
His steps he guided with a pine trunk huge,  
For he was blind, his only eye was gone.  
His sheep came after him. He loved them all;  
They were the comfort of his darkened life.  
He made his stumbling way down to the shore  
To wash the cruel blood from out his eye,  
And all the while he gnashed his teeth and groaned.  
And when he took but one step from the shore,  
It carried him far out, he was so huge,  
And yet the water did not touch his side.  
Alarmed, we hastened to untie the ropes  
And set the oars in motion on the waves.  
The giant heard us, turned, and toward us came,  
And when he saw he could not follow us,  
He oped his mouth and sent across the sea  
A shout that echoed loudly from the shores  
And caused the earth to tremble with the blast.  
Then all the Cyclopes from the mountains high  
Came rushing to the shore with one accord,  
To see what caused the noise which they had heard,  
And stood and watched us as we sailed away  
To search for fairer lands across the sea.

*Rosalie Gibby, 1926*

## The Palace of the Sun

A TRANSLATION FROM OVID'S PHAETHON

The lofty palace of the mighty sun  
Was bright with columns made of solid gold.  
Its roof was ivory intricately carved.  
Of purest silver were the glittering doors  
Which shone and sparkled in the sun's great light.  
When Clymeneia's son had reached the gates  
Of Phoebus' wondrous palace long he stood,  
For he was blinded by the brilliant light  
That crowned the head of his disputed parent.  
There Phoebus, clothed in flowing crimson robes  
Was seated on a throne of rarest gems.  
To right and left the Days and Months and Years  
And Centuries and Hours side by side  
Were standing, ever watchful for their time.  
There youthful Spring stood crowned with garlands green,  
And merry Summer with a golden sheaf,  
And autumn, sprite of harvest, with his lips  
Still redder with the juice of crimson grapes,  
And last of all, old icy Winter stands  
With tottering knees, and hoary hair and beard.

*Edda Renouf, 1926*

## The Hour of Dreams

The sun is low in the sky, reflecting a shell-like yellow glow on the pale tea-cups where we sit languid on the stone verandah listening to the last stragglers punting on the old soccer field. The students saunter up the distant cloister — it seems a time of reverie. In the air is the lingering perfume of hot grass and drooping locust flowers.

“Shall we walk?” My father and I stroll out towards the malu, the great clay road running down toward the bund over the river. Lonely rickshaws are lined up beside the deserted fruit stands and far down the pig-tailed children scream at tag, the water coolies splash past, or a vender cries hauntingly across the dusk and disappears. The sun curls up dreamily into the blue-distant hills and the curling city roofs glimmer a moment and blow out, grey. As the dying light falls across the river the junk sails burn — and fade. The cry of boatmen echoes strangely over the opalescence of twilight on the slow water. Over the city from where the students wandered through the cool cloisters comes the clear chapel bell, musing, distant, marking the hour of dusk.

Lights flicker slowly from the huts along the water front. Night comes beautiful, stealthily fog-like around the shoulders of the mountain Yolo Shan and stretches darkly toward the waiting city. Somewhere a wonk, the watch dog, barks sullenly yet keeps his distance. The fishermen are strolling back into the sombre streets and to the right the junks loom black over the noiseless moving river.

We turn finally from our still, spring twilight reverie into the city, homewards. The narrow streets glare with lamps set in the wooden counters on the street's edge, where the shopkeepers look out bland-faced and whiff at their opium pipes. Everywhere is the shrill tinkling of venders' wares and the “hoi” of the rickshaw men as they bump past. Gold characters sway and glimmer dustily from the hanging sign boards above our heads. Pigs squeal, children scream and scuttle past, women nag and scold or laugh crudely, and tired, half-clothed men sit on the doorsteps

and dream, gossip, and smoke. Noise and smell and muddy cobblestones—those are the Chinese city streets in the night, hemmed in everywhere by great stone firewalls cutting off all vistas of sky or star.

We have crossed the malu, leaving this all a black hunch in the dark, and through the gates of the college slightly outside the city. Night is soft and grey-green over the trees and plotted lawns. The moon, ruddy and oriental, swings up from the strange dark country beyond. Stars trill into the sky, faint and white. The city thrums and whirs out of the night and distance. There comes a drumming and the plaintive cry of stringed instruments on the wind. The locust flowers lift their heavy lavender fragrance through the dark. There is mingled peace and unrest in all this beauty — weird spring twilights on the other side of the world.

*Emily Gage, 1926*

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### Dawn

The world,  
A battleship of grey  
Plowing through a sea of mists  
In silence,  
Glides into the sunlight,  
A bubble  
Drifting among the spheres.

*Katherine L. Parker, 1926*



## Perhaps a Tale

This is an ordinary story — probably a dream, because life may be a story or a dream — of an ordinary girl — she may have been a Princess — who lived near the sea, and life may be a sea. She was young and perhaps she was beautiful. Her home was a little white cottage with pots of geraniums in the windows; it may have been a palace with white roses on a green terrace. All that, of course, makes no difference; she was happy.

The tale goes on. There was an ordinary young man — he may have been a Prince. He was young and perhaps he was handsome. He was fabulously wealthy — he may have been poor. All that, of course, makes no difference; he was sad. People believed that he was searching for an ideal and they shook their heads.

"Youth seeks the unattainable," they said.

But the young man — he may have been a Prince — told his Mother — she may have been a Queen — that it was not an impossible thing which he sought. He wished only an ordinary maid who could love him for himself alone, and would give him her heart.

"I will search the world," he said.

The Mother told him "You are selfish. I don't think you see, my son. You need not go so far. If you are truly deserving, there is love and truth near to you." And she was wise.

He was an ordinary young man, you remember, and all this happened today; it may have been yesterday. So he set out in a little boat — perhaps in a gorgeous yacht — on a beautiful but dark sea, and life may be a sea.

"Happiness is coming at last, if I search in far lands," he mused.

When he had gone only a short way, a storm came up. His boat was damaged and he had to stop in a beautiful harbor for repairs. Then he saw a little white cottage — it may have been a palace — and he decided to go there.

He was cordially greeted by the girl and they were soon laughing and talking together.

"How lovely she is," thought he, "and how good. But I must seek a heart in far countries."

"How handsome he is," thought she. "I might love him."

Then he told her that he sought a maid who would give him her heart, and that he was tired of idle flattery. She sighed and told him lightly that he might find such a one "if there really were any in the world." Then she was surprised when he looked at her and said, very slowly, that he knew there was one — "in a far country."

When the storm was over, the young man did not go directly. Strangely he was not in a hurry to set out again. They went outdoors and sat under a tree on a soft little lawn; it may have been a huge green terrace. They talked as only youth can talk. Then the young man became very drowsy, and the maid told him to sleep for a time on the grass. She amused herself by looking at him and dreaming, for you see *she* had fallen in love.

"I will give him my heart," she thought, "for I love him truly, and then he will stay." So she went down to his boat and prayed that the gods would keep him from going.

When he awoke, he went down to the sea where he found the maid in his boat.

"I must go now. Thank you for your kindness," he said. "I am going to search for a heart in a far country."

"Goodbye then," said the girl. "Shall you never come back?"

"No," said he. Then he got into his boat to go away. He waved to the girl — she may have been a Princess — and he wondered vaguely and manlike why she looked so sad.

"She is lovely, very lovely, but I am going to a far country." Just then he saw something glistening in the bottom of the boat.

"What a beautiful star fish! Yes, it is the color of a star fish," said the young man — he may have been a Prince — "but it is shaped strangely like a heart." He tossed it into the sea.

*Alice Abrahamson, 1926*

## Letters of Walter Hines Page

I was glad of this opportunity to make Mr. Page's acquaintance through his letters which have so often been recommended to me. I see now why the collection is of universal interest. Mr. Page gives a vivid, detailed account of his pleasures and his duties, his joys and his trials, while serving as America's ambassador to England during the years when each great nation kept a suspiciously watchful eye on her neighbors. The letters not only mirror the times but the character of Mr. Page as well. He had the greatest respect for the English people and he spent all his efforts in establishing with them a firmer faith in American ideals. His loyalty to his own country and to President Wilson never wavered even though he was called upon to handle the most delicate situations with a noticeable lack of coöperation from the state department in Washington.

Mr. Page describes the scarcity of cigar stores and the peculiarities of English telephones with as much interest as the formalities of court. We get an intimate view of the life and customs of the English people and an excellent review of the World War's background together with the author's humor and charming style. I recommend the Letters as a most fascinating type of history.

*Miriam Houdlette, 1927*

## A Characteristic Incident

A count! A real Italian count! And she ran no risk of not meeting him, for was she not the prettiest daughter of a prominent family? Really more than pretty, Rosamond decided as she adjusted her dainty garden hat before the mirror. It was fortunate that the Hendersons were giving a garden party for their guest since large hats were so becoming and made her seem quite old, much more than sixteen. On hearing a third call in an impatient tone from the lower hall, she took a last affectionate survey of her reflections, decided that she looked quite slender — almost, and went slowly downstairs to join her exasperated older sisters.

The short drive to the Hendersons' home gave Rosamond just enough time to determine where she would stand in order best to impress the august personage; this was the most important event that had taken place in her short, snobbish life, and she meant to make the most of it. Perhaps the broad steps leading from the terrace to the lower garden would be the best place, and she would not need to say much; beautiful people never said much. By now she was beautiful. After greeting the hostess she managed to leave her sisters, for she preferred not to be seen with them. Sometimes she thought that her belonging to them was all a mistake; they were so sensible and commonplace, while she could already write charming poetry and was never at a loss for rhyming words. When she finally saw the count, seated with several admiring ladies, she felt a shock of disappointment. The count was small and quite bald! Natalie Henderson had told her that he was old — but bald! She told herself that counts were always charming, no matter how old they were.

Groups of people were leaving and Rosamond was almost despairing when she finally saw that faithful friend, Natalie, leading the great man toward her, as she had promised to do. Quickly Rosamond slipped to her place, where she stood swinging her hat from its ribbon, evidently much interested in a convenient rose-bush. From the corner of her eye she could see the gleam



of the late sunshine on a lock of her golden hair, and it gave her courage to chat quite composedly with the genial guest for a few moments before he passed on, leaving her with a pleasant sense of fulfilled ambition. As she was taking her triumphant departure, however, she was seized by the giggling Natalie, who was able at last to explain that she had something marvelously funny to tell, but was afraid to.

"What do you mean?" Rosamond demanded suspiciously.

"He — the count said," gasped Natalie, "when he saw you, 'Who is that fine, sturdy child?' " She gave in to unrestrained mirth.

Rosamond laughed loud and unnaturally and turned away. O, it was too cruel! "That *sturdy child!*" For five minutes she told herself that she could not bear it, then, suddenly, she understood. It was all clear now; he had never said the dreadful words at all. Natalie had made them up; Natalie was just jealous!

*Katharine Keany, 1927*

### The Chant of Fate

I give the fool a blackened domino;  
He bawls for green.  
I give him one with silver ruff and wrist-bands;  
He fawns upon me.  
Why curse me if I give him a white suit  
Which soils right quickly?

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### Seen When the Wind Blew

A clinging morsel of mist  
On a fern-curl.  
Goldness.  
Gossamer, iris and brine-green  
Crystallized in the moon-threads;  
And a gnarled old toad-sire  
Drowsing under his umbrella  
And croaking that it will rain.

*Ray Ellis, 1927*



## Despers in the first Church of the Universe

The most beautiful religious services that have ever been given are those which are presented each morning and each evening in the Church of the World — a church that is not weakened by different opinions. It is very large, but it is divided into sections for convenience.

The morning prayers are bright and cheery to inspire the parishioners to do wonderful deeds during the day, but the evening services are by far the more beautiful, for their purpose is to rest and console those who have not succeeded in completing their visions.

The evening chapel can be described as a cathedral because it is so magnificent. The Gothic arches are formed by huge trees which stretch their wiry fingers to hold aloft the heavy mass of blue. These exhibit very rare and exquisite carvings by the best masters — Age and Nature.

At the bases a heavy emerald carpet is stretched, worn bare in patches and showing the rich brown earth. There are no visible pews but there are a few ivy-covered tree stumps for the few human beings who worship here; there are benches of gray stone covered with a thin, fragile mantle of green that crumbles and vanishes into the air when it is disturbed.

The rippling stream close by supplies the music, with notes softer and sweeter than those of any organ — and which in the rivulet's mad race to the ocean becomes heavier and more spirited. The symphony is augmented by the sound of the little musical brook that winds its way down the hillside.

There is no minister in this great place but there is a feeling of utter reverence and solemnity that is often missing in the churches which have preachers.

The evening birds, who are in the choir, pour forth their songs in unison, accompanied by the droning of the crickets and the low bass notes of the bullfrogs in the neighboring marshes.

As the notes fade away the chancel comes into evidence; an altar that is not to be compared with the most beautiful one that

has ever been made by man. No one has been able to paint it with all its beauty. The heavy rich draperies shading from bright flame-red to a pale shell-pink streaked here and there by ribbons of yellow and orange, as if painted by some great artist, and with banners of heavy purple floating triumphantly in front, are a rich background for the heavy ball of fire, which hangs, like a great altar-light waiting to be drawn over the horizon by reverent hands. When it disappears it leaves no trace but the curtains reflecting the rays and scattering them in trembling masses of gold and pink to the earth. In a few minutes even these are completely covered by a deep purple-black veil which hides the beauty of the chancel as the service draws to an end.

As the choir drowsily sings its late vesper song and gradually drops away, the whip-poor-will pours forth his plaintive song, bidding the world good-night.

*Polly Francis, 1928*

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### And What to Us Remains?

When through the thin warm dusk of early June  
I see the Chinese lanterns glow so gay  
Like fire-red eyes, "Their life will end so soon,"  
I think, "This loveliest portion of the loveliest day  
Will soon be gone, for all life's fairest things  
Must pass away." And what to us remains?  
The cool clear darkness, where the night-bird sings,  
God's stars, the eyes of night, that pierce our earthly stains,  
All these are ours; The full-leaved shadowy trees  
That whisper sadly, like dark cloistered nuns,  
When through them, shyly stirring, comes the breeze  
To touch them gently, ere it softly runs.  
And who would not these things prefer, I ask,  
To daytime's striving, noisy, *endless* task?

*Virginia Merritt, 1926*

## Life and Death

The tiny funeral procession drew nearer and nearer. It was raining and the swish of the rain on the dark sea added to the melancholy of the whole scene. Nature, at most times so unsympathetic with the sorrows of man, seemed for once to be in accord with him and mourned in unison. It was in Norway among the mountains towering above a fjord, and even with the shining light of a bright day it would have seemed awesome, but now it was fearful and indescribably lonely.

A solemn procession of peasant folk was winding down the narrow path which was almost perpendicular. Four men were carrying the tiny wooden casket of the two-year-old child heaped with fragile, tender wild flowers. They finally reached the row-boats lying at the foot of a row of rough-hewn stone steps and laid the casket gently down. The women were dressed in black and white with shawls with long black fringe over their heads, some in wooden shoes, others in heavy black leather ones. The men wore dark wool homespun suits and held their black felt hats in their hands. The mother, a young woman with very sensitive, delicate features and a faint color in her cheeks, seemed quite out of place in the picture and looked almost like some Madonna of an Italian painter with the black of her shawl about her face only making her blond loveliness the fairer. The village priest stepped in the boat first, then the mother and family. Then the father picked up the oars and the solemn procession headed for the tiny, cross-filled cemetery across the fjord. For a while the monotonous click of the oars sounded in my ears, then that died away and I could only see them as diminutive as though seen out of the small end of an opera glass as they slowly got out of the boats and filed in a solemn, narrow procession up the steep path to the cemetery.

*Sylvia Shapleigh, 1926*

## The Schooner Races with Apollo

Still and silent in her rest  
She lifts and dips her aged prow  
Over and down each lilting crest,  
As, moored, she makes her morning bow.

Before the sun starts on his whirl  
From silver depths to mountains gray,  
The sleepy schooner's sails unfurl  
To catch the breath of early day.

With mizzens set, and jibs full-blown,  
She sprays her way through seething seas,  
And humming in triumphant tone,  
Her spars swoop arcs in *hard-a-lees*.

Before the sun averts his face,  
The schooner makes her final bound,  
Winks at her rival in the race —  
Slips from sight in the cosmic sound.

*Lois Kimball, 1927*

## An Essay on Appreciation

Most of us get along easily with some people, but to get along with all people of all ages is indeed difficult. We, as the younger generation, find ourselves constantly called upon to get along with older people. In our own homes and in those of our friends we come upon old ladies whose chief lament is of our immodesty, our levity, her lost beaux. Toward them we must maintain a demure, ingenuous pose, sympathizing with their point of view on the difference of things in their day, professing a little knowledge of philosophy and the higher arts (indeed, this might help to convince your grandmother that her stock was not declining, and that there was still some of her starch left in the family blood; — a gratifying thought!), listening with grave attention to the tales of her so-called wild youth, fetching and carrying, humoring and appreciating a little this delightful bit of lavender so rarely found.

Old grandfathers and other no longer youthful gentlemen find especially attractive the flattery and pretty youth of their grandchildren. To make these susceptible individuals believe they are still young a little flirtation is an excellent policy, some well-directed flattery superb; but best of all, the art of listening reverently, for hours if need be, to the golden words of wisdom which fall from the mature and experienced lips. This latter method is especially taking in boys, for dear old Grandpa loves to profess himself to have been a "gay dog" — in safe company, and then to moralize upon his subsequent virtuous behavior. It is well for you, if your grandfather plays golf, to play also, though not well enough to beat him frequently; or else to be totally ignorant of the game so that he, again more knowing, may teach you. The arrangement of her elder's boutonniere is also considered in excellent taste for the jeune fille.

Perhaps young people of our own age are the most difficult to keep on speaking terms. A grandmother or aged uncle may find and appreciate your ingenuous charms, but a contemporary may never discover these hidden fascinations in you. For



instance, the clever girl whom you so admire has never seen your endearing qualities! And that brilliant girl may say, "She, over there, would not find me all Latin syntax if she delved. Why does she not?" The dignified find it almost impossible to unbend, the light-hearted to be serious. But we are all new worlds for ourselves to conquer; we care not so much for others in our youthful egotism. An old lady has lived her eventful life and is now in a fit mood to sympathize with and appreciate our little troubles and charms, however petty. May we not glean from this appreciation and understanding of us by the sage that did we stop more often to sympathize, to give confidence, to condole, we would get along more easily with all and especially with our own kind.

*Jean Frederick, 1928*

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### Boston

Boston, my quaint and charming friend,  
Seems to me to be a well-bred lady  
With a few old-fashioned manners.  
There are times when she is friendly,  
Intimately friendly: then again  
She stands aloof, showing all her haughty pride.  
Often in her moods of high decorum  
She surprises me by some capricious turn of nature.

*Alice Cole, 1926*

## Your Words Came

Your words came  
Like smooth pinioned winds  
Brushing the chords of my heart . . .  
And now it is vibrant  
With melody.

*Fuki Wooyenaka, 1926 (Odeon)*

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## The Cross on Mt. Rubidoux

The air was dry,  
And down below everything seemed hot and tired,  
The rust-colored groves,  
The too-blue river,  
The dust-colored houses,  
Even the rocks on the mountain —  
But the cross rose over them all,  
And gave courage and strength to everything.  
They must have known that it would —  
Those old Spanish monks —  
When they set it there,  
High up,  
So that everything could see,  
And be refreshed.

*Margaret Stirling, 1926*

## An Indian Legend

We were seated on the edge of a huge cliff leaning against a peculiar bright yellow stone which glistened in the sun. Below us raced a mad river foaming and beating itself against the rocks as if in a frenzy to escape. The blue sky smiled down upon us and the earth seemed to have been made for us.

"How wonderful it is to be alive," I breathed. "Rocks, rocks, as far as you can see above us and below and yet just beyond is the green grass and the rest of the world. See this rock back of us. What an odd color and how it shines in the sun!"

"Yes," answered my friend and guide. "That rock is wonderful and is called the sun rock. There is a very curious legend" —

"Oh, do tell it to me," I cried, greatly excited at the prospect of a story.

"I'll try to remember it," my companion's face clouded a moment in thought. "An old Indian told it to me ever and ever so long ago — Let me see — Well, I will begin as all old stories should. Once upon a time —"

"Yes," I whispered.

"There lived a beautiful Indian princess. She had long black hair and lovely eyes that shone like two stars. When she smiled it seemed that a beautiful light came and as she smiled a great deal the people began to think that she was the daughter of a sun god. Everyone loved her and whoever was with her became happy.

"Now there lived at the same time another princess in a neighboring tribe who was not a bit pretty as she wore a continual frown on her face. She was very jealous of the sun princess and constantly plotted for her destruction. Each attempt, however, had been in vain.

"One morning bright and early the sun princess started out on her morning walk. It happened that she came to this very cliff and stood looking dreamily into the clear, rippling water far below her."

I glanced down at the madly rushing river and then questioningly at my storyteller's face, but did not interrupt.

"Suddenly," continuing the story, "she turned and beheld the wicked princess standing motionless behind her.

"'Ah!' hissed the frowning maiden. She drew from the belt of her gown a knife. It was over in a second. The murderess looked triumphantly at the unconscious form and bent over it. The lips of the sun princess formed a smile and a wonderful light came to her face which blinded the wicked maiden. She stepped back one step, two steps, three, four and then with a wild, piercing cry which re-echoed from all the rocks she disappeared."

"Did she fall into the river below us?" I shuddered.

"Yes, and you now see the once calm and peaceful river, angry and sullen always seeking the lives of innocent people."

"And this?" I asked pointing to the glistening rock.

"Is said to be the princess," continued my friend. "Since that time it has been called the sun rock and will sparkle in the sun for ever and ever."

*Helen E. Leavitt, 1928*

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### My Little Lad

Dear little Lad steals up behind me,  
Small grimy hands close over my eyes.

"Can you guess me?"

Sweet childish voice assuming a mannish tone —

"Oh goodie you can't!" Mannishness forgotten.

O be careful, dear Lad, your voice and your arms  
Have tangled my thoughts into a troublesome knot.

*Alice M. Cole, 1926*

## The "Roman de la Rose"

The "Roman de la Rose" is a poem in two parts, written in the thirteenth century by two Frenchmen, Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung. It is particularly interesting because of the absolute contrast in the character and view point of the authors as shown in their style, and in the substance of their work.

The first part is written by Guillaume de Lorris, who imagines that he is dreaming, and in the course of a walk comes to a garden surrounded by a high wall. Pictures of Envy, Avarice, and Old Age, painted on the walls, attract him to enter the garden, where he falls in love with a beautiful Rose representing a young girl. Against the advice of Reason he steals a kiss from the Rose. Slander and Jealousy are greatly incensed at this liberty, and build a tower where they imprison the Rose.

The first part ends here at the death of the author. It is written in rather an affected style, but it is fine enough to be called a masterpiece of the French language. It is really an explanation of the art of loving, expressed in story form. "The commands of the God of Love are a fixed code of gallantry and of "savoir-vivre", as for example:

"Aie chaussures et souliers a lacets  
Souvent frais et nouveau.  
Ne souffre sur toi nulle ordure.  
Lave tes mains, cure tes dents.  
Si tu as la voix claire et belle,  
Tu ne dois chercher d'excuse  
Pour chanter, si l'on t'y invite."

Forty years later Jean de Meung took it upon himself to finish the story. It takes nearly eighteen thousand lines of very uninteresting details to arrive at the climax, when the hero at last succeeds in picking his loved Rose. This second part is quite inferior to the first, and the contrast between the two is absolute. "Guillaume de Lorris is an elegant courtier, an admirer of women. He addresses his poem to a public of nobles and of great lords. Jean de Meung, a vigorous and often vulgar poet, an enemy of women, of the clergy, of the King, speaks to the common people."



In spite of its defects the "Roman de la Rose" was very popular in the Middle Ages. It was translated into Italian and Flemish, and Chaucer translated nearly a third of it into the English language. Ronsard, that great French author, considered it to be the most remarkable example of the old French literature.

Sources: "Leçons de Littérature Française, by L. Petit de Julleville.

"Histoire Illustrée de la Littérature Française, by Ch.-M. Des Georges.

"Cours de Littérature" by Madame Craig.

*Patricia Goodwillie, 1926*

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### Impressions of a Storm at Sea

The surging, seething waters  
Pound the relentless cliffs,  
Infuriated, foaming.  
With mighty rush, and caught up by the winds,  
They rise in prismatic pillars of spray.  
The clouds, like warriors at the battle-cry,  
Assemble in close ranks  
And make the onslaught ready.  
All boats have fled the writhing sea  
Save one, that struggling with the vengeful wind and waves,  
Vainly strives to reach the land,  
Fearful of being swept upon the shoals.  
The gulls, rocking like white-caps on the waves,  
With piercing cry, start up, and circling  
About in the darksome sky,  
Find shelter in the caverns of the sea.

*Elinor C. Mahoney, 1926*

## A Family of Diverse Temperaments

I, with some pride, consider myself the family bumper or shock absorber. This is a precarious position, fraught with perils of shipwreck on the rocks of domestic dissension; I am the keystone of the family's structure of peace, the proverbial oil upon troubled waters. By being a shock absorber I mean that I am the family's unperceived diplomat. I take upon myself the duty of preventing and avoiding the impact of totally different temperaments. My sister Mehitabel is like a flash of light, brilliant, careless, inclined to argumentation and she never owns defeat; she is like an impertinent prick to brother Ebenezer's stolid, slow, patient and careful ways. Father's brisk and careless ways are quite a contrast to the enduring patience and immaculate exactitude of my mother's nature.

To manipulate with exceeding dexterity on occasions where two opposing natures have reached a point on the verge of domestic strife, is very important. As a physician uses different prescriptions for various ills, so I take my stand in varied positions; sometimes with tactful indifference or absolute neutrality or as the sagacious adviser (I am the eldest of the children and more to be respected by right of years) or in most cases as the final judiciary court. In all circumstances I strive to keep the even tenor of our lives.

The reactions are always interesting, a few weak flares and all is over, or calm comes like a flash (this very rarely though) or the storm abates in the distant roll of harmless thunder.

*Fuki Wooyenaka, 1926*

## The Pyrenees

In the spring of 1918, when the air-raids were becoming too frequent and dangerous for the safety of the inhabitants of Paris, we migrated and went down to spend the summer with some friends in the Pyrenees. We left Paris amid numerous trains of wounded soldiers, and all night long were constantly side-tracked so that they might be rushed through. As a result we reached Bordeaux five hours late the next day, a common occurrence in war time. But the trip from then on was perhaps the most delightful train ride I have ever taken. Mile after mile of pine-land (known as the Landes) stretched in sombre majesty on all sides of us. Now and again we passed flocks of sheep quietly grazing here and there, watched over by an old shepherd who stood on his high stilts leaned up against a tree knitting. It was such a peaceful, calm, and beautiful stillness that the shrill toot of the train whistle seemed almost a desecration. Soon mountain ranges appeared in the distance and we began to go more and more slowly, as the engine puffing and panting drew the long train of cars up the steep incline. At last we reached Bagnères de Bigorre, and were driven in a perfect deluge from the station to our new home. Our first impression of the place was anything but favorable as we went to sleep that night lulled by the patter of raindrops and the gurgling of the Adour.

But the next morning we awoke in a new world. The sun shone bright, the air was clear and sharp, the mountains surrounding us on all sides were green with the freshness of spring, and the Adour right in front of the college, swollen by the melted snows, bounded and splashed over the rocks sparkling in the sunshine — the kind of morning on which one loves to be alive. It happened to be Saturday morning and market day, so we were at once taken out to see the sights. And a sight it was indeed. The market place was packed solid with humanity buying and selling every kind of wares imaginable: sheep, cows, donkeys, pigs, wool, wooden shoes, wearing apparel, market produce and what not. On the side lines the taverns with their little tables out in front

were doing a good business. The loud nasal "patois" of the shrewd "basque" men and women trying to drive their bargains, mingling with all the barnyard noises one has ever heard, made a positively deafening din.

There are many delightful walks that can be taken in the near vicinity of Bagnères, but we had higher aspirations and soon graduated to the mountain-climbing class. Up, up, we'd go for two or three hours, and when we reached the top what a panorama lay spread out before us! Down there a little village with its tiny clusters of red roofs and patchwork of green fields and, on the other side, the mountains, their slopes dotted here and there with grazing cattle, the musical tinkle of whose bells was wafted to us on the spring air.

One after another they pointed skyward until they mingled with the sky in the distance. Or again our "but de promenade" would be some particularly charming water-fall, or a hidden lake reflecting the blue skies and surrounding peaks in solitude. It mattered not in which direction you turned your footsteps, nature always seemed to do her best to surprise and delight you with some new charming aspect of herself.

Bagnères de Bigorre, though it is a resort town and is known for its mineral waters, is not overrun with tourists. The people and the town itself have retained a charming quaintness and rustic simplicity which make them seem about twenty years behind the times. On our tramps we rarely met anyone unless a few of the natives. Perhaps it would be a peasant woman riding on a donkey taking her milk to town who would nod to us a cheery good-day, or a lonely shepherd watching his flock, or a group of children gathering wood in the forest.

The whole atmosphere of the region is one of wholesome contented happiness. The bracing air and sunshine are so invigorating that they fill one with new life. Never have I so loved a place as that small town nestled away up there in the mountains. The nine months that we spent there were all too short and their pleasant memory keeps within me an ever growing desire to return some day.

*Katherine L. Parker, 1926*

## Music

I hear it when the gray of dawn is breaking,  
God's feathered creatures greet me with their song;  
It stirs me, and my pleasant bed forsaking,  
I wander out to listen, live, and long.  
The patter of the rain upon the rooftops,  
The sighing of the wind among the trees,  
The rustle of dry grasses when the toad hops;  
I hear it in the buzzing of the bees.  
I hear it in the chirping of the cricket,  
The evening curfew brings it to my ears.  
The scamper of the rabbit in the thicket  
To me is music — joys throughout the years.  
For music stirs my soul with thoughts divine —  
Sweet music makes a life worth living mine.

*Harriet Nash, 1927*



## Thoughts of an Important Realization

To me life is a collection of puzzles, one increasing, another answered, or most likely both put aside for yet another more insistently clamoring for thought and attention. But puzzles can not be suppressed for long, and sooner or later they push their way up to be reincarnated into some other form and worked over again. The most conspicuous one just at present was, to be exact, brought up by a certain incident only yesterday. From that moment the *usual* run of things became quite the *unusual*. To most of us it is a rather belated realization that we have wasted and are *still* wasting a valuable part of our existences in reaching the point at which others have left off. It is a trick of human nature, no doubt, and an incurable one at that. We are all for getting life through experience; no second-hand knowledge will do for us. As a result, in we start at the very beginning of things, for the facts we are willing to accept from others are but few. This beginning isn't altogether faulty, for it develops our powers, and stimulates our interest into action. The pity is that we should *lose* this all-important part of our lives in the wheels of learning, for in the end it is merely a preliminary to the big things of the future.

I'd be interested to know how many people live from day to day, taking this or that as it happens to come along, tired of school, bored with studying and yet are not touched by the slightest realization, large or small, of what life has in store and just how much has slipped through their fingers. I've asked myself the reason why I've been bored to death at times. I think it has been because I had no definite end in view. I was letting myself grow dull and sleepy by believing life to be a monotonous repetition. It has taken me a long time to realize, yet perhaps only partially, that every prosaic lesson contains an enormous number of points well worth looking into, one's choice, of course depending somewhat on an indication of individual taste.

I know little of anyone else's aim in life. But from now on mine is: to get the widest general knowledge and enjoyment out

of life, not through advanced and lengthy research, but through association with people, and wide-eyed absorption in the minutest things.

*Elizabeth Whitney, 1928*

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### Message

When once my heart's at peace, and all the world  
Pauses in reverie beneath a star,  
And a spell of chanting leaves and blossoms pearled  
Faintly as night shimmers . . . then afar  
Over the windy hollows dark and still,  
Wildly sobbing in its friendless plight,  
Shrieks the train whistle from beyond a hill,  
Shattering the brood and silence of the night.

And suddenly I start — and in the deep  
Dim distances the smothered scream recedes,  
Leaving my memory shaken from its sleep  
And wandering restless where the sea-wind leads . . .

Re-echoing in my heart the whistle calls,  
And madly I struggle against doors and walls.

*Emily T. Gage, 1926*

## Tsung Gua

"Tell me a story, Mother, about China."

I love to think about China and dream about it. Some day I should like to go back there. I wonder if it is as it impressed me when I was very little. I wonder if I really remember anything about it all, or if I just imagine that I do.

"I went through a Chinese city once all alone. That was before I could speak the language very well. Mrs. Allen was sick and wanted me to come to see her. As your father was away that day, I hesitated to go without him. But my rickshaw coolie was a good runner so I decided that it would be safe.

"The city was filled with a great din of colors and of voices. A water-crier with a goatskin bag whined incessantly. Children and dogs scampered about, almost under the wheels of the rickshaw. Gay banners fluttered in the dusty air. Suddenly a little boy ran out into the street and lay down right before my coolie. He stopped and I told him to pick up the little brat. At this the child started to scream at the top of his lungs and a crowd of people gathered about us. One woman kept crying! 'He is dead! You killed him! He is dead!'

"I motioned to the coolie to go on, but the crowd would not let him pass. 'Pay a poor woman whose son you have brutally killed. Ah, my poor son! Pay her, so that she can have him buried!' The child had gotten up, thinking his task was done, and had run to his mother.

"'Are you crazy?' I called to her. 'Don't you see that the child is all right?' But still she insisted and crowded ever closer to my rickshaw, shrieking like a spirit from Hades.

"'She wants money, Tai-tai, and it would be safest to give her some,' my coolie told me.

"'But I have none. Run on if you can.' The little that I understood of the woman's fiendish gibberish was so insulting that I lifted my dragon-headed cane and beat right and left as hard as I could. Immediately they all rushed off like a flock of cackling hens, and my faithful coolie ran quickly on."

Isn't it strange how it all comes to me? It is as if I had been there just a few years ago. The foreignness of it is what I love. Sometimes it seems as though I were homesick for it, as though it belonged to me and I had to experience it all again. How strange that an atmosphere should take possession of me so! I cannot believe that I was a mere baby when I left China, and that I never was in a Chinese city. For I seem to be familiar with that Chinese clamor, that Chinese smell. And I love it in spite of all its dirt. For far back in my mind it seems like home to me, my home, where I was born.

EDDA RENOUF, 1926

## Establishment of a Chapter of the Cum Laude Society at Abbot Academy

On May 10, 1926, a charter was granted by the Board of Regents of the Cum Laude Society, constituting the Abbot chapter of the Society. The charter members are Miss Bailey, Miss Kelsey, Miss Mason, Miss Chickering, Miss Robinson, Miss Baker, and Miss Hammond.

The Cum Laude Society was founded at the Tome School in 1906. "Its object is the encouragement and reward of high attainment on the part of students in secondary schools, and the means it employs to accomplish this object are similar to those of the Phi Beta Kappa Society."

In accordance with the provision in the constitution that a chapter may elect as members students of the highest class who have had an honor record up to the time of the election and stand in the first fifth of the Class, the following nine members of the senior class were elected on May 17 to membership in the Cum Laude Society: Adelaide Black, Anstiss Bowser, Frances Flagg, Emily Gage, Evelyn Glidden, Elinor Mahoney, Frances Merrick, Edda Renouf, Ruth Stafford.

The ceremony of initiation of the new members will take place as part of the Commencement exercises.



## Items of General Interest

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We were extremely pleased to hear of Miss Kelsey's appointment this winter as school historian. We feel that there is no one in school so capable of filling the position as she, since she has been intimately acquainted with school life since the nineties when she first came here to teach. Miss Kelsey will carry on the history which was started by Miss McKeen and continued by Miss Means.

A meeting of the New England Library Association with the New England Association of Teachers was held at the Pierce School in Boston on the thirteenth of March. Miss Hopkins, who attended the meeting, spoke on "Teachers I Have Known."

The Abbot Dramatic Society has presented fifty dollars to the school from the proceeds of the play, "Why the Chimes Rang," which they gave before Christmas. The money is to be used for new scenery!

Before faculty meeting one Thursday afternoon Madame Riest gave a very delightful tea for the faculty. For almost everyone the Parisian honey cake which was served with the tea was a novelty, and it was enjoyed immensely. Madame Riest is going to Middlebury College this summer to teach French at the Summer School.

During the spring vacation Miss Jenks went to Miami, Florida, to visit Dorothy Bigelow.

There have been three very worthwhile exhibitions at school this year. The first was "Printing as a Fine Art," containing examples of the artistic work of Norman T. A. Munder of Baltimore. Mr. Philip Cole of the Andover Press came during the exhibition to explain the processes of printing to the Seniors, who later visited the Press at Mr. Cole's invitation.

The second was an exhibition of beautiful little figures carved out of Ivory soap for the contest which the Proctor and Gamble Company recently held. They were grouped in three classes: those made by professionals, by girls and boys over fifteen, and by girls and boys under fifteen. The exhibition inspired quite a few at school to try their hand at the art of sculpturing!

The last was a perfectly delightful exhibit of pastels made by Kate Leah Cotharin of Boston. Pictures of the sea, woods, and fields charmed those who saw them with the beauty of their rich, warm colors. One especially seemed to attract everyone: a picture of dawn spreading over the harbor of a small seaport.

In June Miss Marian King is sailing for Europe, where she will travel in Austria, Switzerland, and Germany.

During the first week of May conferences of the Progressive Education Association took place in Boston. Miss Bailey attended all of these, and Miss Kelsey, Miss Chickering, and Miss Nichols went with her to one of the meetings.

The radio which Mr. Scannell built this winter under Miss Mason's direction has been installed in the physics laboratory. Although the instrument is small, it is so powerful that Miss Mason has been able to hear stations all over the country.

The faculty has at last got a mascot — a beautiful big cat. By rights it belongs to Miss Baker since it followed her home from the skating rink one day, but the rest of the faculty feel so attached to it that they have even accorded it the privilege of attending their Thursday afternoon meetings. There they say the poor thing turns right over on its back, and goes promptly and impolitely off to sleep!

Miss Burt took the girls of the geology class on a picnic to Nahant on the twelfth of May. They could not have had a finer day to go, and were all enthusiastic over the trip.

The girls who are planning to enter Wellesley next year went to the college with Miss Bailey and Miss Mason on May twelfth. They had a very interesting day, and saw quite a few of the old girls.

"Northfield Night" was the subject of the program which Mrs. Gray gave at the South Church in Andover on May fourteenth.

A meeting of the League of Women Voters was held at Abbot on April twenty-eighth. Members of the school were invited to be present, and seniors and senior-middlers were especially urged to take advantage of the great opportunity offered them.

Miss Bailey and Miss Mathews went to a Bible conference at Wellesley on May ninth. There was a discussion of the advisability of making Bible a requirement of the College Entrance Board examinations.

Word has been received from Miss Howey that she is hoping to come East this summer.

# School Journal

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## Calendar

### FEBRUARY

- 1 Seniors go to Intervale.
- 2 Party for Day Scholars.
- 4 Seniors return from Intervale.
- 7 Chapel. Mrs. Arthur Brooks on "The Summer School at Bryn Mawr."
- 9 Concert by Miss Friskin.
- 13 Alumnae Luncheon at Boston.  
Chapel. Rev. Clarence A. Barbour on "Lincoln at Gettysburg."
- 14 Miss Elizabeth Ross on "The Hindman School."
- 16 Recital by Mrs. Gray, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."
- 20 Washington's Birthday Holiday.
- 22 Return from vacation.
- 26 Mr. Baumgardt on "The Frontiers of the Universe."
- 27 Pupils' Recital.
- 28 Chapel. Miss Mary Blauvelt on "The Beatitudes."

### MARCH

- 7 President Marshall on "Jesus the Man."
- 9 Evening of Vaudeville.
- 13 Recital by Miss Beatrice Harpham.
- 14 Chapel. Dr. Park on "The Art of Sympathy."
- 16 Senior Play, "As You Like It."
- 20 Second Pupils' Recital.
- 21 Bible IV Travelogue.
- 25 Spring vacation begins.

### APRIL

- 7 Spring Vacation ends.
- 11 Easter Service. Rev. Markham Stackpole on "Appreciation of Beauty."
- 13 Senior-middle class presents original dialogues.
- 17 Pupils' Recital.
- 18 Dr. Stone at evening chapel.
- 20 French Play. "Celui Qui Epousa une Femme Muette."
- 25 Chapel. Mr. Bigelow on "Prayer."
- 26 Q. E. D.-Philomatheia Debate.
- 27 Recital by Miss Nichols.
- 28 Essex County School of Citizenship at Davis Hall.  
Gymnastic Exhibition.

### MAY

- 1 Song Competition.
- 2 Miss Kelsey on "Three Festivities in Past History."
- 3 Advisory Board speakers in chapel.  
Joint Faculty Recital.
- 4 Abbot's Birthday Celebration. Spanish cabaret.
- 9 Rev. Markham Stackpole on "The Meaning of Mother's Day."
- 11 Recital by vocal expression students.

- 12 Miss Burt takes Geology students to Nahant.  
Miss Bean takes History II class to see "Ben Hur."
- Miss Bailey and Miss Mason take Wellesley preparatory Seniors to Wellesley.
- 14 Society Banquet.
- 15 Rhythmic Pageant.  
Chapel. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton.
- 19 Field Day.

### BOOKS SUGGESTED FOR SUMMER READING

#### NOVELS

*Perennial Bachelor* — Anne Parrish.

*Soundings* — Hamilton Gibbs.

*The Cathedral* — Hugh Walpole.

*The Rover* — Joseph Conrad.

*Drums* — James Boyd.

#### BIOGRAPHIES

*The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page*

*Margaret Ogilvie* — James M. Barrie.

*Queen Victoria* — Lytton Strachey.

*From Immigrant to Inventor* — M. Pupin.

*Study of Dickens* — Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

*My Education and Religion* — Dr. George Gordon.

#### TRAVEL BOOKS

*A Wanderer Among Pictures* — E. V. Lucas.

*So You're Going to Paris* — Clara E. Laughlin.

*Black Sunlight* — Experiences in the Arctic — Earl Rossman.

*Castilian Days* — John Hay.

#### SCHOOL SONGS

Tune: *Mandalay*

Fair Abbot, we are marching,  
And we sing a lusty song  
That will ring through all the ages,  
For we sing it loud and long;  
We'll be true to you forever,  
For we bear your standard high,  
And to all the world your praises shout,  
Till the end of the world draws nigh.

EDITH BULLEN

#### First Prize School Song

Tune: *Washington*

Fairest school, our Alma Mater,  
Praises now we sing to thee,  
School so high in aspiration  
For thy daughter's destiny.  
Strong thy faith as ancient mountain,  
Pure thy soul as morning dew,  
Purpose clear as crystal fountain,  
Mother gentle, wise, and true. (*Fine*)

Like the sun and stars arising  
 Shines thy ever-growing fame,  
 Strengthening with inspiration  
 Loyalty to thy dear name.  
 May we ever in life's journey  
 With thee for our light and guide,  
 Onward press and never falter,  
 Keeping ever by thy side. (D.C. *al fine*)

HARRIET NASH

Second Prize School Song

### SERENADES

Tune: *Baby Coon's Prayer*

Miss Bailey, here we gather round  
 To sing to you our praise,  
 Our hearts attuned to every sound  
 That echoes Abbot days.  
 Our happiness while we live here  
 Is in the school to stay,  
 Because to you it's always dear  
 Good cheer lasts through the days!  
 Your light of love is shining  
 Through all the length of years,  
 It keeps the bond of union,  
 And comradeship endears.  
 Why have you given your best to build  
 Our youth so firm and true  
 While forward urging us? It's just  
 Miss Bailey, 'cause you're you.

SYDNA WHITE

First Prize Serenade

### Lectures

It is strange how we of the newest and most recent of generations, care so little about beneficial innovations of any sort. But when Mrs. Edwin Mead lectured to us on January 23 about "The New Learning," we are sure that there has never been given us a stronger incentive for taking new and wise customs to heart. Mrs. Mead waxed very eloquent on the evils of chemical warfare, the barbarous prejudices of seemingly civilized nations, and was especially moved that we, the United States, had not at that time joined the World Court. And she made it very clear to us that our particular duty was to train ourselves and our children to overcome idle prejudices, desire for heinous warfare, and to bring about World Peace through our own individual ethics and efforts.

On February 26th Mr. Baumgardt repeated his lecture here of two years before on "The Frontiers of the Universe." This remarkable lecture was illustrated by lantern slides which had been procured from famous observatories throughout the world. He led us out of our lilliputian selves into a vast realm of thought and truth and dreams that had hitherto been but a star-sprinkled sky. Mr. Baumgardt has an inexhaustible delicious humour that wins him the hearts of his audience immediately, and a deep sense of poetic seriousness that brings his audience to a true understanding.



## Concerts

The last of the series of Abbot Academy recitals was given by Beatrice Wheeler Harpham, mezzo soprano, formerly of the Chicago Opera Company. The program was a varied one of selected groups in Italian, German, French, and English. "Lied vom Winde" was a vivid song. A weirdly effective number in French was "La Danse Macabre," and "Go, Lovely Rose" was appealing in its quaint old-fashionedness. Mrs. Harpham's fine voice showed personality and a full reserve of strength and richness. To our encores she responded graciously, playing her own accompaniments. This was one of the concerts to which we looked forward with interest and which fully rewarded our expectations.

Concerts by our Miss Friskin are always the most appreciated of any we have, nor does Miss Friskin ever disappoint us. Her recital of February 9 was a most delightful and varied one, the composers ranging from Haydn, Schubert-Liszt, Debussy to Abeniz, Dohnanyi and Schumann. The dread sonata she carried off to our highest enjoyment; and the running, liquid measures of Debussy achieved a success beyond any expectation. We are indebted even more for the encores — on urgent request — of a Gluck aria, and, upon second appeal, of the Chopin waltz. Miss Friskin's frock of orange, her flowers, and, crowning all, her ability have never had a more appreciative audience.

Recitals were given by the music department this spring on February twenty-seventh, March twentieth, and April twenty-seventh. In two of these, quartettes of first and second violin, viola, and 'cello added a new and fascinating touch to the programs. The majority of girls who took part in the recitals had real talent and ability. Of these Sydna White, who sings, Harriet Nash, who plays the piano, and Susan Ripley, who plays the violin, have been called upon on various occasions to take part in school programs.

In the celebration of Abbot's 97th birthday, there was loyalty, pride, and devotion for Abbot in the hearts of the alumnae, the faculty, and the students. The music faculty evidenced their deep feelings for Abbot by giving a joint recital in honor of this 97th anniversary of the school. Miss Masters, Miss Friskin, Mrs. Burnham, Miss Nichols, Mr. Howe, Susan Ripley and two assistants, contributed their finest to their recital, which has been considered one of Abbot's most noteworthy.

And also in the birthday celebration, the students of this our Alma Mater exerted themselves in a way not to be compared with any former effort, in creating and carrying off as an immense success a Spanish Cabaret, on the afternoon of May 5. Unknown before to Davis Hall were its decorations of Spanish moss, or such entertainments as were there lavishly provided. The proceeds of both these evidences of Abbot patriotism will go to the Laura Watson Memorial Art Fund for the perpetuation of Abbot's artistic streak.

Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray, of our faculty, gave on Tuesday evening, February 16th, her long anticipated and promised reading; and, we may say, it fell nothing short of any expectation. Mrs. Gray chose *The Dawn of a Tomorrow* as her reading, and it is only fair to Mrs. Gray's ability and technique to say that there were not a few sniffles and tears in certain parts of the audience (notably, surely, among the elders who are thought to have harder hearts than emotional school-girls!). We think, and justly, that Mrs. Gray's impersonation of Glad, a London street-urchin, put her among the best of readers, and hope she may give us further opportunity to enjoy her readings.

We have always considered that for sheer amusement and pleasure a good vaudeville performance is by far most satisfying, and of such an opinion we became doubly sure when we were entertained by our own vaudeville troupe, on Tuesday evening, March ninth. There was an excellent take-off on the Duncan sisters, an Appache dance, songs of home invention and significance, a representation of the Spirit of '76, a selection from the *Taming of the Shrew*, a scene from a department-store counter, a street dialogue. Above all we must mention the success of our most popular contraltos, popular in that they have no voice at all, in rendering several song hits. Truly we wish that the energetic Entertainment Committee would act in this way more often.

The Bible IV Travelogues given in Abbot Hall March 19, were very interesting and much enjoyed.

### THE SENIOR PLAY

The quiet humour and kindly spirit of Shakespeare lives especially in his comedies, and the presentation of "As You Like It" by the Senior class on the sixteenth of March made us a little more acquainted with "our gentle master, Will Shakespeare."

Under the splendid coaching of Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray the play was staged with great success. Ah! The lovely heroine, was Gracie Griffin, and the gallant young Orlando, handsome to be sure, was none other than Ruth Copeland. Touchstone, the merry jester, we found in the person of Gretchen Vanderschmidt. Due praise is to be accorded to the rest of the cast who contributed greatly to the success of the play, but we speak especially of Rosalind and Orlando, for "all the world loves a lover."

#### YE PLAIIERS

DUKE, living in exile . . . . .	Priscilla Perkins
FREDERICK, his brother and usurper of his dominion . . . . .	Suzanne Loizeaux
AMIENS } Lords attending upon the exiled Duke . . . . .	{ Katherine Clay
JACQUES } . . . . .	{ Edda Renouf
OLIVER } . . . . .	{ Louise Douglass
JACQUES } sons of Sir Rowland de Bois . . . . .	{ Sylvea Shapleigh
ORLANDO } . . . . .	{ Ruth Copeland
LE BEAU, a courtier . . . . .	Carlotta Sloper
TOUCHSTONE, a clown . . . . .	Gretchen Vanderschmidt
CORIN } shepherds . . . . .	{ Helen Larson
SILVIUS } . . . . .	{ Jean Donald
CHARLES, a wrestler . . . . .	Alice Perry
ADAM, servant to Oliver . . . . .	Jane Ruth Hovey
WILLIAM, a country fellow in love with Audrey . . . . .	Gertrude Craik
A PERSON REPRESENTING HYMEN . . . . .	Virginia Spear
ROSALIND, daughter to the exiled Duke . . . . .	Gracie Griffin
CELIA, daughter to Frederick . . . . .	Edith Bullen
PHEBE, a shepherdess . . . . .	Ruth Stafford
AUDREY, a country wench . . . . .	Frances McDougall
LORDS . . . . .	{ Edith Ireland
PAGE . . . . .	{ Ruth Katzmann
LADIES . . . . .	{ Frances Merrick
FORESTERS . . . . .	{ Saye Hirooka
	{ Florence MacDougall
	{ Dorothy Gillette
	Lucie Locker, Ruth Deadman, Katherine Parker, Alice Perry, Dorothy Pease

On Tuesday, April 13th, the Senior-Mids gave us the unusual pleasure of watching several dramatized dialogues which had been written for Miss Hammond's English IV class. It is not only interesting to see amateur theatricals

but it is particularly so to feel that you are watching the creation of some person that you personally know. The dialogues themselves were clever and well done and the atmosphere and acting added a great deal to the excellent effect. We suspect that Miss Hammond had quite a bit to do with its evident success.

"Celui qui Epousa une Femme Muette," which was presented by the French department on the twentieth of April, was a great success. The girls had only a short time to rehearse, but you would never have believed it from the ability with which they entered into their parts. Gertrude Drummond and Edda Renouf, who took the leading roles, did remarkably good acting. A great deal of the credit for the success of the play goes to the girls of the Department of Domestic Science who made the costumes, and to Miss Baker and Madame Riest who planned them. The coaching was done by Mme. Craig.

The cast was as follows:

MONSIEUR LEONARD BOTAL, juge . . . . .	Edda Renouf
MAITRE ADAM FUMMÉ, avocat . . . . .	Ruth Perry
MAITRE SIMON COLLINE, médecin . . . . .	Josephine Paret
MAITRE JEAN MARUGIER, chirurgien et barbier . . . . .	Helen Dyer
MAITRE SERAPHIN DULAURIER, apothecaire . . . . .	Ruth Nason
LE SIEUR GILLES DE BOISCOURTIER, secrétaire de Monsieur Leonard Botal . . . . .	Harriet Nash
AVEUGLE QUI CHANTE . . . . .	Harriet Sullivan
CATHERINE, femme de Mousieur Leonard Botal . . . . .	Gertrude Drummond
ALIZON, servante de Mousieur Leonard Botal . . . . .	Sally Tate
MADemoisELLE DE LA GARANDIERE, orpheline dépouillée de ses biens . . . . .	Katherine Clay
UN VILLAGEOIS QUI VEND DU MOURON . . . . .	Gracie Griffin
UN VILLAGEOIS QUI VEND DU CRESSON . . . . .	Virginia Gay

In the evening of May 11, we were audience to a most unusual and entertaining recital. The special vocal expression pupils whom Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray has so skillfully trained gave us examples of their very best work, which is good indeed. The program included a charming little play of Edna St. Vincent Millay, two poems, several stories, one by Oscar Wilde, a selection from Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, and finally, a brief one-act play of Stuart Walker. We can not help feeling flattered that so many of our number are so talented in this art of Vocal Expression, nor can we help feeling proud that we have so fine a coach and reader as Mrs. Gray in our faculty.

### PHILOMATHEIA AND Q. E. D. DEBATE

Argument or debate are said to make up a fine fourth of ordinary conversation, but we were really shown these forms developed to a fine art in the debate on Monday night, April 26, between the Q. E. D. and Philomatheia societies. The subject for debate was, Resolved: That Mussolini is a menace to world peace. Adelaide Black and Lucy Sanborn, of Philomatheia, spoke very convincingly on the affirmative; for Q. E. D., Evelyn Glidden and Jean Swihart upheld their negative colors. Indeed, they of Q. E. D. did this so well that our impartial judges voted unanimously for the negative, that Mussolini is not a menace to world peace. We may say, however, that the affirmative had many firm supporters in the audience who share their doubts of Mussolini's peaceful policies.

### GYMNASTIC DRILL

The demonstration of gymnastics which took up an hour of Wednesday evening, April 28, occasioned Miss Mary Carpenter, physical training in-



structor, the highest of praises. The first act of the demonstration was marching tactics, the precision and order of which awed us all; the second, Swedish floor work, which can never be duplicated in intricacy; next, apparatus technique where were used skillfully many complicated devices; then, an over and under relay which certainly did not lack humor or agility; fifth, tumbling, which consists of jumping, rolling, or simply tumbling, over every other person; then, sixth and last, Danish gymnastics which, being continuous action often accompanied by a tuneless ditty, leaves a very peculiar effect on both spectator and participant. It is certainly a pleasure to see students so well trained and systematic in execution; and for this accomplishment all compliments go to our Miss Carpenter.

### Honor Roll—first Semester

Lucy Sanborn	92
Emily Gage, Frances Merrick, Edda Renouf	91
Evelyn Glidden, Katherine Parker, Ruth Perry	90
Margaret Creelman, Frances Flagg, Virginia Gay, Lucie Locker, Dorothy Pease, Gretchen Vanderschmidt	89
Louise Anthony, Anstiss Bowser, June Hinman, Margaret Nivison, Elizabeth Perry	88

Erratum: In the January, 1926 issue of the COURANT we published the honor roll of the first quarter under the heading: Honor Roll — First Semester. We wish to correct this.

### HONOR ROLL — THIRD QUARTER — APRIL 1926

Ruth Perry, Lucy Sanborn	93
Edda Renouf	92
Emily Gage	91
Anstiss Bowser, Frances Merrick	90
Frances Flagg, Jean Frederick, Patty Goodwillie, Katharine Keany, Katharine Parker, Dorothy Pease	89
Adelaide Black, Virginia Gay, Evelyn Glidden, June Hinman, Lucie Locker, Elinor Mahoney, Margaret Nivison, Elizabeth Perry, Sylvea Shapleigh, Ruth Stafford	88

### HONOR A's

Adelaide Black, Saye Hirooka, Frances Flagg.

## Alumnae Notes

The Boston Abbot Club celebrated Abbot Birthday in a most delightful way on Thursday, May 6, by a "silver tea" held at the hospitable home of Mrs. Constance Parker Chipman, Brimmer Street, Boston. Madam Abbot, in the person of the club president, Mrs. Annis Spencer Gilbert, with her ruffled cap and flowing black silk dress, looked as if she had stepped out of the Abbot Hall portrait. Several other members were interesting studies in the garb of their own period at Abbot. Large sleeves and small, a tiny hat perched on top of a "pompadour," and other accessories of the past, caused much amusement.

The Chicago Abbot Club observed Abbot Birthday, on May 5, by a card party given by the officers, Mrs. Margaret Hall Walker, Mrs. Josephine Marsh Nourse and Miss Margaret Blunt, at the home of the president, Mrs. Walker. The Club was invited to Winnetka for a bridge party on May 14, by Mrs. Charlotte Conant Nicholls. Both were for the benefit of the Endowment Fund.

1856

Died: In Dover, N. H. February 24, 1926, Annie Wyatt, wife of the late Colonel John D. Devin.

1858

Died: In Rochester, N. H., April 12, 1926, Mary A. McDuffee, wife of the late Charles K. Chase, and sister of Anna McDuffee Brown, 1858.

1865

Died: October 23, 1925, Emma F. Peaslee (Mrs. Allen L. French), of Manchester, N. H.

1866

Died: In Waldoboro, Maine, March 14, 1926, Sarah C. Allen, wife of the late Edward C. Benner.

1871

Died: May 8, 1924, Sarah L. Gillett, wife of Thomas R. Loomis, of Hartford, Conn.

Died: In Wollaston, May 9, 1926, Maria Whitmarsh, wife of the late Francis A. Dunbar.

1874

Died: In Boston, February 26, Rev. Alfred W. Noon, husband of Jane Taylor. Dr. Noon had served as pastor of several Methodist churches in Massachusetts, and was widely known for his earnest work for the prohibition movement, having held important offices in temperance organizations.

1876

At least three members of the class are expected to be present at the fiftieth anniversary of graduation in June: Mrs. Jennie Pearson Stanford, Mrs. Harriet Chapell Newcomb and Mrs. Sallie Griggs Knight.

At the May meeting of the Connecticut Abbot Club, Mrs. Newcomb was elected President for the coming year.

Mrs. Jennie Pearson Stanford has recently returned to this country after forty years of educational and religious work in Japan. The many farewell functions held in Kobe before her departure, and the beautiful gifts received by her, were sincere expressions of the high esteem in which she was held. Mrs. Stanford's chief work has been in connection with the Woman's Evangelistic School in Kobe. She has taken a keen interest in building up a large international Bible class of men, which was founded by her husband some years before his death. Mrs. Stanford's command of the scholastic form of the Japanese language gave her large influence with students. Her Abbot contemporaries, Mrs. Ellen Emerson Cary and Mrs. Belle Wilson Pettee, were well versed in the social form of the language, and were thus fitted for other opportunities of service. Mrs. Stanford will be at 144 Hancock Street, Auburn-dale, for some months.

1880

Mrs. Sallie Ripley Cutler and Dr. Cutler have been spending the year in Europe.

1882

Elizabeth (Tyler) Gutterson has culled some news items from the last class letter for the COURANT. The class may well be complimented on its excellent record along that line. Next year it will have a chance to show its ability in the way of reunions. The secretary is Mrs. Alice (Parker) Porter, 63 Woburn Street, West Medford.

Edith Ingalls, a former beloved Abbot teacher, now of Ogontz School, reports that she is editing the school paper, *The Mosaic*, for a few issues, and says that it seems odd to be in the editorial chair instead of the professorial one.

Effie (Dresser) Wilde started in mid-January on a six weeks' sojourn in the West, spending most of the time in California. On her way out she stopped for



a delightful call on Marion (Locke) Morrison. Two of Marion's three sons are in Dartmouth College.

Sister Benedicta (Kate Geer), of the Sisters of St. Francis, is located for the present at Mt. Carmel House of Retreat, Washington, D. C.

Alden Miller, son of Lillie (Wilcox) Miller, spent last year in taking a memorable journey round the world and is now settled permanently at Los Angeles. Her husband has been seriously ill this spring.

1888

Died: In Haverhill, March 23, 1926, Katherine Gage, wife of Theodore Cox.

1890

Jessie Guernsey is to have leave of absence next year from her important work in Education and English at Tougaloo College, Mississippi.

1893

Charlotte Holmes has been teaching this year in the Southern Junior High School in Somerville.

1896

Died in Colorado Springs, Colorado, January 29, 1925, Florence Gildersleeve (Mrs. William H. Bartlett), sister of Ione Gildersleeve, 1895. Mrs. Bartlett was instructor in languages at the New Mexico State Normal School, Las Vegas. Her interests were wide. She had made a study of the "Drama Dances" of the Pueblo Indians, and of the "Wild Flowers of the Rocky Mountains," painted well and was an excellent musician. She wrote several popular songs, among them "The Land of Sunshine."

1899

Married: Hubbell-Hegeman. In New York City, May 3, 1926, Lucy Moyer Hegeman to James Wakeman Hubbell.

Beatrice Reed has recently taken up amateur photography and has produced some quite remarkable work, according to the judgment of some who have seen it. She and her mother, Mrs. Emily Fellows Reed, 1867, are now making their home in Dedham.

1900

Mrs. Winifred Todd Mills has a daughter at Acadia College. Mrs. Mills's mother is Mrs. Ethel Bolton Todd, 1878, and her father is governor of New Brunswick.

1903

Jessie Corbin Bates is living at Chester, Connecticut, with her husband and five children. She has developed quite a large real estate business both in Florida and in Madison, Connecticut.

1907

Born: December 17, 1925, a daughter, Natalie, to Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Warner Brush (Alice Webster), of Brockton.

Esther Colby, of Andover, has recently taken a position in the correspondence department of Jordan Marsh Company, Boston.

1908

Mr. Hermon L. Buss, father of Helen Buss, and brother of Mrs. Kate Buss Tyer, 1877, died in Medford on April 19.

1909

Mrs. George Merriam (Edith Gardner) writes a long letter saying that she is very happy as the homemaker and playmate for her four-year-old son, George, and her husband, head of the Boys' Schools of the Good Will Schools, Hinckley, Me.

1911

Marion Brown has resigned her position at the Punchard School in Andover, and is teaching in the Lawrence High School.

1914

Married: Conlon-Flynn. November 14, 1925, Susan C. Flynn to Daniel F. Conlon, Jr. Address 3 Windsor St., Andover.

Married: Bernardin-Flynn. June 28, 1923, Mary V. Flynn to Eugene Bernardin. Address 64 Jennings St., Lawrence.

1915

Helen Bruce Butler (Mrs. Arthur W.) is living in Newport, Vermont. She has two children, Alexander Bruce — named for her brother, who was killed in action in the air service — and Beverly Jean.

Gertrude Shackleton is teaching in a Portland kindergarten.

Born: In Shanghai, China, January 21, 1926, a son, Frederick A. Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Bowen (Bessie Gleason).

Born: December 29, 1925, a son, Robert Crockett, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Bradbury (Mildred Crockett), of Manchester, N. H.

1916

Agnes Grant spoke in Andover, on April 23, before the Department of Drama of the November Club. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Mabel Paradise Barnard, 1888.

1917

Born: February 25, 1926, a son, Donald Bigelow, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald J. Moore (Carita Bigelow), of Springfield.

1918

Kay Righter tells us that she is going on an extensive tour of this country as assistant secretary to the Princess Regent of Assyria, Lady Surma, who is trying to raise money for her people oppressed by the Turks.

1918

Gertrude Gray is now Mrs. Robert N. Davis, and lives in North Conway, N. H.

Born: December 9, 1925, a son, Kenneth Edward, to Mr. and Mrs. Herick Brown (Avalita Howe), of Brooklyn, N. Y.

1919

Born: March 23, 1926, a daughter, Mary-Edith Noyes, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Pettit (Kathreen Noyes).

Elizabeth Newton is head of the Home Department of the Cambridge Gas Co. She demonstrates in a large kitchen in a building in Central Square.

1920

Married: Martz-Baalack. In Calumet, Mich., February 16, 1926, Elsa Baalack to Forrest Leland Martz.

Born: In Shangai, China, February 25, 1926, a son, Thomas Jefferson, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Whitaker (Dorothy Fisher).

Born: February 4, 1926, a son, Winston Jerome, to Mr. and Mrs. Winston Jerome Jackson (Marjorie Miles) of Asheville, N. C.

Married: Smucker-Miller. In Newark, Ohio, April 8, 1926, Virginia Fleek Miller to Harold Smucker.

Married: Richmond-Flagg. In Andover, February 20, 1926, Dorothea Kimball Flagg to Wallace Everett Richmond, Jr.

Married: Scott-Hutton. In Miami, Florida, January 25, 1926, Margaret Hutton to Dr. Frederick Wilson Scott.

## 1921

Charlotte Baldwin graduated in March from a course in nursing at the Children's Hospital in Boston. She was president of the class.

Married: Bennett-Page. In Andover, June 1, 1926, Edith Ensign Page to William Claypool Bennett.

Engaged: Martha W. Smith to Thomas Francis Cotter, Jr.

## 1922

Engaged: Rachel Boutwell to Montague White, of West Hartford, Conn. Katharine Gage won the Prize Story in a recent contest at Wellesley for the *Wellesley Supplement*.

Engaged: Gertrude Franklin to William Plummer Lowell, Jr., of Newburyport, a senior at the Institute of Technology.

Beatrice Goff, a senior at Wellesley, has been given a place on the list of Wellesley College Scholars, which is the second honor list.

Married: Kanda-Hirooka. In Tokyo, Japan, March 24, 1926, Taye-ko Hirooka to Tateo Kanda.

Engaged: Marion Saunders to John Cheeseborough, of Asheville, N. C., of the class of 1926 at the Columbia Law School.

Married: Foellinger-Moon. In Cranford, N. J., February 20, 1926, Margery Aurelia Moon to Alfred Martin Foellinger.

## 1923

Barbara Clay is sailing for Europe June 6th to study Interior Decorating in Florence, Italy, under the supervision of Miss Childs, the Principal of Fine Arts and Crafts in Boston.

Married: Newsom-Beach. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, April 22, 1926, Ruth Beach to Beaufort Rossmore Lewis Newsom, of Bridgeport. Three of the bridesmaids were classmates of Ruth Beach at Abbot.

Born: March 27, 1926, a daughter, Barbara Viola, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacD. Bacon (Olive Mitchell).

Frances Holmes is doing hospital work in a children's clinic.

Edith Damon has been elected vice-president of the Wellesley Christian Association.

## 1924

Born: March 20, 1926, a son, Charles W. Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Bowler (Susanna Smith), of Fitchburg.

Margaret MacDonald gave a party for the Abbot girls at Smith on Abbot Birthday.

## 1925

Natalia Jova has been elected Custodian of the Athletic Society at Wellesley.

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---

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- MARY CARPENTER  
Physical Education
- EDNA BARRET MANSHIP  
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- BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN (m. 1925, Chester Winfield Gray)  
Vocal Expression
- WALTER EDWARD HOWE, B. Mus.  
Director of Music
- KATE FRISKIN  
Pianoforte
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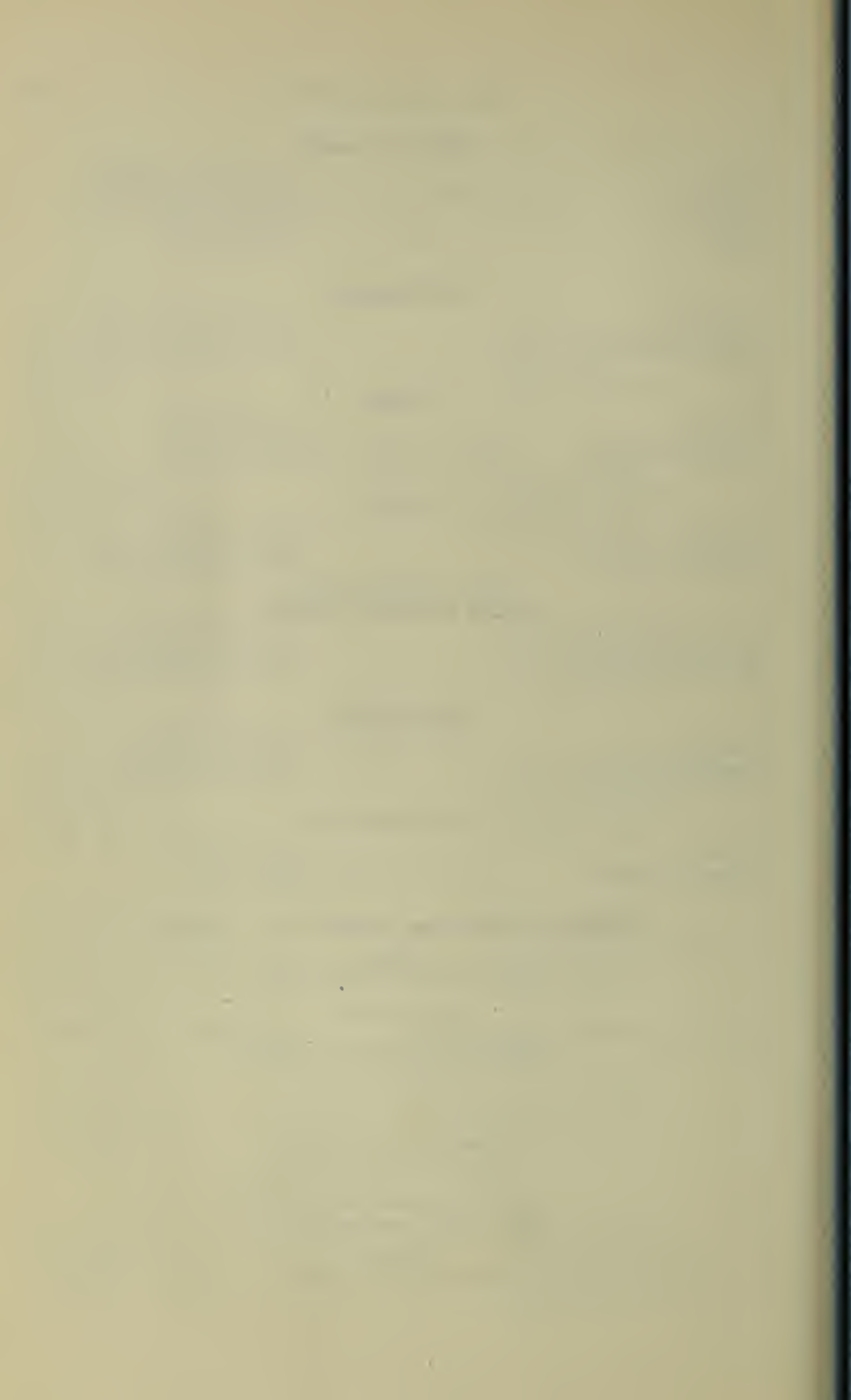
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Autumn Number

1926-1927





AUTUMN — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND  
TWENTY-SIX AND SEVEN

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THE  
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LIII, No. 1

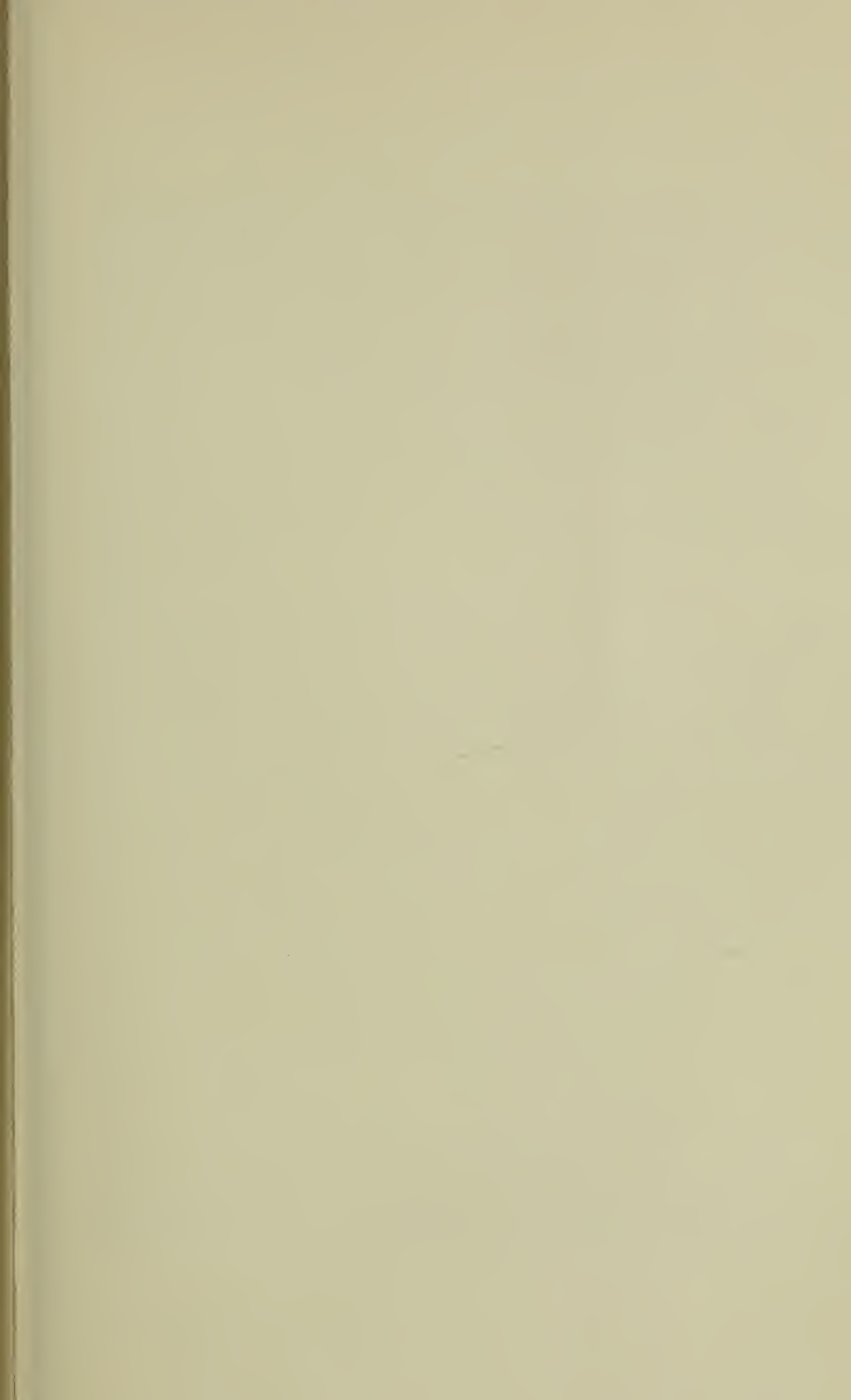
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1927

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The price of the *COURANT* is one dollar and a half a year; single copies seventy-five cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.





AUTUMN  
A CLASS PICNIC

# THE ABBOT COURANT

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**Vol. LIII**

AUTUMN, 1926-1927

**No. 1**

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## Editorials

What wonderful pictures that one word "picnic" calls up! The memory, for instance, of a cool little glen filled with brilliant autumn foliage, in which resides a series of tiny emerald-laced waterfalls strung on a thread of sparkling silver; or a bank of soft gray moss rippling in the breeze, flanked by innumerable bunches of feathery, wind-blown goldenrod. Or, maybe, a hillside covered with scarlet sumach berries, with here and there clumps of graceful birches or quivering poplars and frequent dark green splotches of pine trees. Then a fire, hastily thrown together in some sheltered corner, and a merry leisurely meal of hot-dogs, sandwiches and fruit. There is something thoroughly delightful about a picnic, a feeling of informal gaiety, perhaps, or carefree jollity, that make one of the pleasantest of memories to look back upon. And the memory of some of our class picnics, will, we are sure, stay with us long after we have left Abbot.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as others see us."

Some power has given the giftie to us; to all the world, indeed, but to Abbot most especially and recently. The movie man and his camera have encroached upon the Sacred Circle — yea, upon its very grasses; and there, shouting out directions, has taken reels and reels of us. Our most intimate school activities are recorded, morning chapel, classes, sports, picnics, and our Commencement. And *did*



others see oursel's so out of step last June at Graduation, and so solemn? Do others see us so awkward in sports, so peculiar in posture, so greedy at picnics? But with a small and pardonable conceit we think that in our mirrored selves we see some virtues even so; a sprightliness perhaps, some youthful joy, a small percent of beauty and of fun scattered in the pages of our day. And may the alumnae, to whom the movie most often is to show itself, approve us, and find this Abbot generation as live and energetic and as vital as they were when they played tennis here in hoopskirts.

This fall everyone enthusiastically took her twenty-three or even forty-six walks, girls rode twelve hours before Thanksgiving, or tried out for croquet and clock-golf teams with a spirit unequalled in the past. This remarkable improvement is entirely due to the new athletic point system. A's are no longer given to the chosen few who play on Bradford Day, but numerals, letters, chevrons, and blazers are won for having the required number of points, which are given for making class and varsity teams in the major sports, hockey, basketball, and tennis, and in the minor sports, baseball, archery, croquet, clock-golf, riding, and walking. Besides this, officers of the Athletic Association, cheerleaders, and managers of sports are given extra points. Classes as a whole win points towards the athletic cup according to the scores of all interclass games. We feel that the system is a great success and that those who have worked so hard to plan for it and to carry it out are to be congratulated on the results.

There is consecration and holiness in the dedication of a new thing to a life of ceaseless beauty and service; and when it is a gift to us who dedicate there is the joy of gratitude, of realization that we are recipients of so beautiful a gift, that it is ours. And there is a solemnity in thanksgiving: the magnificent swell and rhythm of prayer and praise, the processional beauty of hymns and music. At the dedication of the organ, rebuilt and enlarged by Dorothy Davis Rimmer, its original donor, was solemnity, was holiness, was joy. Mr. Howe caught them all in his *Dédicace*, especially written for this service, Miss Hammond expressed them beautifully in her poem accompanying *Dédicace*, Judge Morton, President of the Board of Trustees, gave them full voice in his address, and the school put them

all in the tone of its Bach Chorales. After the more formal part of the program a splendid recital which employed the new resonant accessories of the organ was given by Mr. Howe, and, after that, in Draper Hall, came the Faculty Reception, formal and lovely. Joyful and solemn was the Dedication and with each enhanced organ note deep thankfulness yet goes forth.

Now when we are half through the year and those of us who are Seniors are beginning to realize how soon June and Commencement Day will be here, we start to look beyond to college or to business or to whatever our lives hold in store for us. The thought of its freedom and independence always looms up ahead as a great reward after years of carefully following systems and rules given us by someone else. But then comes the fear that we have been made so dependent on others to guide our every moment that we shall not be able to stand alone. There is the great danger that we shall be weak both in judgment and perseverance. Should not this be a warning to us always to keep control of ourselves and make ourselves as independent as possible while we are still under the leadership of wise guardians! Let us not simply bow before our leaders too humbly, but let us educate ourselves by such a training in self-reliance that it will help us to carry on when we reach the outside world.

When we look over our little thoughts in our private selves, we always find a thing which we wish we had said, or done, or written — something nice for someone else, some real idea for a poem. These things were the true expression of ourselves; whatever else we did or said was not. If you give them expression you create, a beautiful poem, a lovely lasting impression. It is the part of ourselves which thinks of these things that needs most to be educated and developed. It is the purpose of true education to do this. And it is in saying or doing what we really feel that we are different from each other; many may think alike but few have the same feeling. And if your feeling is true there is no need to be ashamed or afraid to show it. You feel like modeling, or writing, or dancing; you do it, and you have a lovely thing because the desire to do was entirely of you. Because the part of us that alone truly loves and creates beauty is the part which feels it, it is only by acting as we feel that we can reach beauty.

There must be a beautiful museum somewhere off in space where statues are, and poems, and lovely deeds, and souls; and all of these were those things which never dared to appear on earth. But why should your masterpieces waste their beauty in gray space, when here we need so much your hidden lovely selves, your exquisite thoughts and deeds?

The opening days of school were saddened for many of us by the news that came on October seventh of the death of Dr. Oliphant, old friend and much-loved teacher and trustee.

Since 1884 when he first became pastor of the church in Methuen, Dr. Oliphant had often talked at our Sunday evening services, and in 1910 he had entire charge of the Psychology and Ethics classes, but somehow during the last five years he had seemed even closer to the school. Every spring he came over twice a week to give lectures to Miss Bailey's classes in Theism. It is hard to think that we shall see him here no more, and we realize now how much we have depended on these visits.

To those of us who only met him coming and going his very presence was a benediction, so courteous and simple yet so magnetic was his personality. The girls in the Theism classes know but can never wholly tell how much Dr. Oliphant gave them, he who was so far above them in thought and spiritual power, but so near to them in sympathy. How keen his wit and observation were, how simple his language, how sure and abiding his faith! These girls will never lose the touch they got through him of the deeper side of living, seen in a really noble life.

## Impressions

Scarfs of autumn flaunting  
Across the western sky,  
Veils of purple drifting  
Above the shadowed earth,  
And in the lustered sea-shell of the sky  
An early star.

Orange lights  
Gleaming through gray smoke  
That creeps from corners,  
And lurks in doorways.  
Dead leaves that hurry  
—— and whisper.

*Katharine Keany, '27*

---

## Maple Walk

No lane could be more lovely, no boulevard more grand than Maple Walk in autumn. Its aristocratic trees wait till every common maple stands quite bare before they turn at all; and then, in furious colorings, made madder by restraint, their branches glow, and, like an avenue of brilliance, illumine the whole earth and air. Maple Walk is dignity, intimacy, brilliance, tenderness, security, freedom, and youth. No place could be so stern in winter or so kind in spring; no spot could be so cool in summer or so riotous in fall. Maple Walk is New England's, Abbot's, ours.

*Jean Frederick, '28*

## Autumn

Autumn to me is more than the slow retreat of summer, the falling of the leaves, the coming of colder weather. Now, it seems, the whole earth pauses for a space, reluctant to take leave of summer, realizing that though other summers will come and go as long as the world goes round, this one, once gone, can never be brought back. It seems as though nature, feeling a premonition of death, clothes herself in her brightest and most beautiful colors as a final festivity. Yet this very gladness is sadness in itself, for the bright leaves fall first, wither and turn brown. Then nature is kind again and covers all these faded reminders of the sunshine and green foliage and bird songs with a soft white shroud.

This last reluctant pause, these sunny days when the leaves fly by as on wings and the birds in great flocks turn south — this is the time for remembering. The joys of the past year are but little now, the sorrows are half forgotten, but our hopes and ambitions — what of them? What are we now that we were not a few short months ago? Have the promise and the dream and the pledge in spring meant anything in our living? Or did we forget them until one day we saw the leaves which were budding then begin to fall and these dreams returned to us, hollow shells of ambition now perhaps, or only in part fulfilled? If in some respects we have failed, this is the time of year when hope is at its lowest ebb. It is harder to have hope in the future when everything seems to be giving up, letting go, preparing for the end. Yet if we put ourselves more closely into nature's mood we shall see in everything faint signs of promise and preparation for another spring. Where the fallen leaves once hung are tiny buds which will in time become leaves like those whose fall we are mourning now. Yet we must guard too against letting ourselves go with the drift of things — building new hopes each spring only to forget them before the summer dies. For each year is as a lifetime with us — the budding, the full bloom, the harvest and the final sleep. If when we reach our real autumn we must look back and see the same failings which we may have made this year spread out to years of similar living — O then should we have a right to weep.



Autumn must be sad,—it is natural that we should regret a parting with a thing which we have lived with and loved and known intimately in its many moods as we have the summer. We can never get so close to winter for some reason; we must always protect ourselves against it. We cannot go out and bathe in the sunlight, we can no longer lie in the grass and almost feel the breathing of the warm earth, we cannot be drenched with the fresh rain as in summer. Yet for one thing we can almost welcome the snow and the cold gray days, and that is the exquisite joy of living, of breathing, which floods us when the drifts have melted and the grass shows green in the hollows and we see the first bluebird flit from an appletree.

*Margaret Creelman, '27*

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### At Night

The clustered lights of villages lie scattered at my feet,  
And the mountains hunch dim shoulders all around;  
Dark pine trees sway and rustle at the rising of the breeze,  
And my fire burns low and crimson on the ground.

A silver birch tree gleams nearby, beyond the firelight,  
While the night birds in the valley softly cry;  
A million diamond stars are sewn on the mantle of the night,  
And the moon in silent splendor walks the sky.

*Mary Roys, '29*

## The Rape of Persephone

SCENE: VALE OF ENNA

*Dramatis Personae:* — Persephone, Cyane, Dyne and other maidens

*Persephone:* Behold these loving flowers, Ceres mother,  
But feel their fragrance on the spring-fresh breezes.  
O see their petals strewn upon my hair:  
Thy bounty only, mother goddess, gives  
This valley of eternal blooming spring  
This lush green grass, this field of endless flowers,  
Unto thy daughter, young Persephone  
And her fair maidens, whose long loose-bound hair  
Is decked alike with garlands of thy giving.  
Upon thy brow as off'ring, O Demeter,  
We lay our garlands wove with dancing fingers.  
O come, O maidens, Cyane, and all,  
Let us with foot scarce treading the soft herb  
To Ceres dance our new and free rejoicing.

*Cyane:* Shall we not hold aloft, Persephone,  
This lily wreath as off'ring to thy mother?  
Will not its heavy-laden petals lend  
Their graciousness unto our holy act?

[*Persephone takes wreath*]

*Persephone:* O fragrant lilies, send our hearts with thine  
To Ceres. Come, my wreath!

[*runs*]

O catch me fleeing —  
You cannot, I am gone; the wreath and I!  
O heavy-footed, slow pursuers, hasten!  
I overrun the very wind, my feet  
Can find no holding; come and follow faster!

*Cyane:* Thou runnst beyond my nimble breath; no more!  
E'en I thy fleetest foot am all outdone.  
Than Iris art thou, Persephone, more swift.  
And the winged Boreas could scarcely blow

His nearing breath upon thy dancing heels.

[*Exit Persephone*]

Let us await her here, a sweet crown weaving  
With which to crown her victor, fairest maid,  
And tripping, spring-time goddess.

*Dyne:* One flower here, another there, and so!  
Alas, Persephone, who'll weave thy gown  
For bridal or for death?

*Cyane:* And wherefor, Dyne, sighest thou so sadly  
In this fair blooming field?

*Dyne:* Three times I've seen this verdant sunny field  
Accursed with barrenness and drought and cold;  
Three times these very garlands girt about us  
Saw I all withered, and the shady elms  
Stand stark and wintry; and Persephone  
No more at play with us, but gone, and we  
Alone, and cold with nakedness and fear.

*Cyane:* It is not possible that in the vale  
Where rich-earthed Ceres keeps for us eternal spring  
Can e'er be barrenness; —  
This last sweet rose completes our lovely wreath.

[*Enter Persephone*]

O dear Persephone, see, we have made  
Thy crown of winged victr'y —

*Persephone:* O come with me where I have found a flower  
So strange and terrible and dank 'tis like  
No earth-arisen bloom, but some dark secret  
Of nether-kingdoms deep whereof I've seen  
But only childish shudders.

[*Leads maidens to Pluto's flower*]

Look on't; does not its orange deadly colour  
Of rotting leaves, and tree-limbs speak?  
It keeps me bound, like charms of Hecate —

*Dyne:* O fair Persephone, touch not the flower,  
It has an evil portent in my heart.  
Let us return and crown thee fleet-foot goddess  
And leave this dankly smelling bloom of hell

To die in the purer sun.

*Persephone:* But look, its orange petals smooth await  
My hand, its touch is silken —

*[Ground crashes open, Pluto darts forth  
seizing Persephone; maidens wilt]*

O catch my fallen lilies! O alas,  
Farewell my fragrant lily wreath!  
O vale of Enna, spring and flowers, farewell!  
My rape is sweeter for thy love and life.

*[exeunt]*

#### EPILOGUE

*Enter Ceres with Sower Attendants*

*Ceres:* O barren earth, O land all destitute  
Of beauty, sleep, while sowers cast upon  
Thy chilled brown soil the seeds which through the  
cold  
The spring contain; sleep, while buds are placed  
On leafless twigs to promise summer shadows.  
'Tis only partial dearth Persephone  
Has left thee; I, Demeter, plant thy sod  
Again unto a harvest, and thy fields  
Unto a second blooming.  
My fertile acres, sleep.

*[Sowers sow, and Demeter blesses earth]*

*Jean Frederick, '28*

## A Proverb

"As we cut and then file — as we carve and then polish — so should we cultivate ourselves."

A Chinese philosopher named Kung-fu-tsze, commonly called Confucius, wrote this proverb more than two thousand five hundred years ago. Like carvers of exquisite jade, we should firmly cut from our lives everything that spoils their symmetry, beauty, or proportion. Then, after filing down the ugly angles of our personalities, we should carve into our minds and hearts the delicate tracery of culture and refinement. Finally, by constant imitation of the best we see around us and by persistent effort to attain those things which count for most in life, we should polish our characters so thoroughly that the individual beauty hidden in each of us may glow and shimmer at its fullest perfection.

*Mary Roys, '28*

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## At Rome Do as Rome Does

When you were hostess, City Mouse, I found your way ingenious, labor-saving, unusual; I went your way. In turn you visited me, the country mouse. You found mine slow, time-worn, uninteresting; you entered in reluctantly. Yes, there is a world of difference between "your way" and "my way," City Mouse, but would you do away with our social intercourse, just because your way is your own and very dear to *you*?

*Elizabeth Whitney, '28*



### Volendam

On the Zyder Zee  
Is a cozy and wee  
Village called Volendam.  
Its people are dress't  
In costumes the best  
Of all Holland — at Volendam.  
Behind its high dike  
Are houses built like  
Doll playhouses — in Volendam.  
And the fishing boats sail  
In a happy, light gale  
On the blue sea — by Volendam.

I'd like to live there  
Without ever a care  
With the Dutch people of Volendam;  
To laze in the sunlight  
Or stroll 'neath the stars bright  
Will lure me always — to Volendam.

*Beatrice Stephens, '27*

## On the Lack of Appreciation of the Masters of Literature

In a list of fortunate people I should put near the top those who have been brought up since childhood to know and appreciate the works of the old masters of English literature, like Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Jane Austen, Shakespeare, Alfred Lord Tennyson. For then by the time they are older these books have become a part of their intellectual lives. They have a feeling of friendly companionship with the characters which have come down through so many years and have still kept their places in the world.

Unfortunately, many people are far from being on a friendly basis with these books, but on the contrary, look upon them as far above them or else as much too old-fashioned. One of the common fallacies of today is the feeling that the literature of a century or more ago is uninteresting and almost incomprehensible, except to scholars and to those highly intellectual persons who claim to read such books for pleasure. I remember that before I had read any of Scott's novels, I expected to have to wade laboriously through many pages of a boring, uninteresting story. Even after I had read *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*, both of which I found quite enjoyable and entertaining, I was still rather doubtful about reading any more. When I was about to start *Rob Roy*, I was prepared to apply myself diligently to a hard task. I was certainly surprised to find a story so exciting and so pleasant to read. The same thing happened in the case of Shakespeare's plays. When I was young and heard about them, I always put them in the same class with Greek and Latin, as quite beyond my reach. Then I read part of Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, and found stories with plots as modern as could be desired and not so difficult but what I could easily follow. I was quite anxious to read the plays themselves and when I did, I enjoyed everyone I read as much as, if not more than, any prose novel.

This prejudiced opinion of a book, made before reading it or knowing anything about it, is unfortunately not characteristic of children alone. There are certain older people who would not undertake to read anything by Scott or Shakespeare for the same reason

that scared me when I was a child. Just because the books have gained a very high place in the ranks of worthwhile literature there is an atmosphere about them which is apt to make those who do not know them feel too humble and too weak to attack them. Doubtless these people had to read such books when they were in school, but apparently they left them behind in the school-rooms and if they did enjoy them once, everything about them has now been forgotten but the fact that they were written by great masters. What a pity it is that in the bookcases of many homes the really worthwhile books occupy a dusty corner, where no one knows of their existence, or if they are kept free from dust because their owner is a tidy housewife, still nobody realizes the wonderful enjoyment that is inside their covers. The literary side of such people's education was not worth much, if, in reading the old masterpieces, there was not instilled in their minds an appreciation of their value and a desire to renew from time to time the acquaintance of the characters. When I have left school forever, I hope that I shan't forget the value of reading good books and I hope that I shall find time, or, if necessary, make time to read more and know better the literature of the past.

*Ruth Perry, '27*

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### King Winter

Old Winter's soft gray robes enclose the world,  
And from the folds he lets the white snow fall  
To hide and cover up earth's ugliness;  
He hangs the gleaming daggers on the eaves,  
Jack Frost, his page, draws on the window panes.  
King Winter, you are half as old as time,  
And quite as old as either night or day.

*Marianne Hirst, '28*

### Freedom

Here on the summit looking down I stand.  
Beneath me rings a lonely thrush's song,  
Before my eyes the silent woods expand,  
Up from the valley sweep the breezes strong.  
The lake, a distant gem set all in green,  
Throws dazzling glints and sparkles in the sun.  
Above and hanging in the heav'n serene  
There floats a hawk his lazy sail begun.  
The spirit of the woods has gripped my soul;  
The surge of nature through me makes me free.  
Around me beauty casts a mystic stole.  
I feel th' abandon of the wind-tossed tree.

When heart and brain grow sick with petty strife,  
Would I could climb that cliff once more to life.

*Lucy Sanborn, '27*

# TOWNSHEND





## The Church

The oldest building in the village is the church. It was built in 1765; and is the characteristic white church with a steeple, the type so prevalent in New England. The same old stones that form the narrow porch in front have been there for nearly two centuries. The forms of worship have changed, but the viewpoint of the people remains as unchanged as the ~~own~~ stones themselves. The people dress on Sunday in their quaint finery, and come to take their seats in the family pews that had been occupied by their grandparents years before. After church they gather in groups under the spreading elms to exchange bits of gossip. It was the same a hundred years ago,



## A Broadway Ticket Speculator

She stands behind the counter in a little cubby-hole of a shop, just out of the rush and throng of Broadway. No look of happiness illumines her grim, forbidding countenance, with its hard-gray eyes, sharp nose, and coarsened, leathery skin. Her rough dress of dirt-colored tweed and her straggling, faded hair give her no air of prosperity. Day-in and day-out she barter with the theatre-goers, the sound of her cracked voice coming from between tight, colorless lips. "Just two seats left for the 'hit' of New York, ten dollars; take them or leave them," she cries!

*Virginia Pontious, '28*

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## Keys

"Bobby! Have you seen my keys?"

"Aw, Dad, can't I have one or two? You have so many, and I haven't even one!" So pleads the small boy, wriggling his hands in his pockets over the fascinating stolen wealth.

Why does Bobby invariably pocket his father's keys, which are of no earthly use to him, whenever he sees them within his reach? Bobby doesn't quite know himself, that is, he doesn't know sufficiently to explain when reasons are demanded of him! However, the result of swiping keys to put in his pockets is quite satisfactory. With a detached look on his face, he slides his hands into his pockets, and feels a mass of cold, hard objects. Knowing that these are things carried by the man of affairs only, he puffs up his chest and throws out his jaw. He is now ready to squelch, with a superior look, any "fourth-grader" who may be too trifling with him. To convey something of inferiority upon his pals, he clinks the keys loudly. Immediately, in the eyes of his confederates, he has become a man of wealth as well as dignity. Keys are also very comforting when he is in school listening to "old lady Smith" talk about that

suffocating geography. He has only to finger the keys to suggest plenty of problems to work out in his mind, while listening to "the old lady." For instance, with a nonchalant flip of the hand, he may throw the piano key, never to be seen again, into the pond. Having locked the piano beforehand, he will neatly postpone the insidious daily practice. With a sparkle in his eye, he fingers the key to the trunk containing his winter flannels. Vivid recollections of the hated underwear result in the decision that another key shall be thrown into the pond. All these schemes, and still more, flit through his head, giving him gradually a sense of importance and worldliness.

Dad has no need to impress people with his dignity and wealth, that is certain! Now why should not Bobby, who has sore need, be given the keys?

"Aw! you might know! Somebody is always taking the joy out of life."

*Sydna White, '27*

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### Italian Hill Towns

Worn, cobbled mule-paths lead on up in steps,  
From bluest sea through orange groves and vineyards,  
To where among the jagged crags all bare  
Hide ancient hill towns.  
Why do the folk prefer to dwell so high  
When fertile land lies pleasingly below?  
Can they be fearing yet in these new times  
Those old sea robbers whom their fathers saw?  
No, rather do they hold a love for heights.

*Theodora Talcott, '28*

## Nonsense to Fran

I wonder where your smile went,  
I see it isn't there.  
Perhaps you hid it in a tent,  
Or underneath the chair.

I hunted near and far,  
I spent an awful while  
A-looking up and down  
And hunting for your smile.

I wonder where you hid it.  
I've looked beneath the rug.  
Perhaps it has been swallowed  
By a tiny, yellow bug.

*Elizabeth Hollis, '28*

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## Unfinished Stories

As I glanced to one side, my thoughts were instantly lost in the thrill of an ice-hockey game. I did not know either team that was playing and one might think I was foolish to watch, but I held my breath as I saw the putt stopped in an open space before the goal awaiting the urge of the on-rushing boy. But, alas, if I had held my breath until he reached it, there would have been no one to tell this story, because the boy was only a picture on a cover of the "Hygeia Magazine" in the library.

Since my earliest remembrances, I have always enjoyed looking at pictures and wondering where this little boy is going, if he could actually continue on his way; or what her mother might say when a particularly muddled little girl was picking herself up from a puddle. I used to amuse myself for several hours at a time just letting my

imagination run wild among pictures. It is really very amusing to do it even now, especially when you are forced to ride long distances on a street-car. There are ever so many brilliant-colored billboards to see, and it is only necessary to take a glance at one and then give your imagination full sway and before you realize it you will have reached your destination.

My last imaginings were started at the sight of the picture of "Smoky" on the cover of Will James's new book. I enjoy riding as well as any sport and with the help of a few chapters from the book and then a look at the cover, my mind was wandering away with "Smoky" tagging at his "mammy's" heels over the great wide plains. What a carefree life his must have been until he was caught and broken in to be used by man. But I would not dare to write down all the thoughts which passed through my mind in those few minutes of wandering because of some critical reader who might discover flaws in my ideas of the West, which are rather vague as I have not been back there since I was five.

On the cover of the Christmas number of the "Nature Magazine" is a cardinal with his beak open and seemingly bursting into joyous song. I wonder if perhaps he is afraid to break the silence of the library for fear of incurring the wrath of an all-too-watchful proctor. But if he could be heard would it be any sweeter than your own imaginings? As Keats has expressed it in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn":

"Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter."

And I for one wish it were true, then, that all inanimate objects could come to life at the mystic, midnight hour.

Sometime I should like to compare my ideas of a certain picture with those of another person and see how much the same or differently thoughts had pieced out the unfinished story which "doth tease us out of thought."

My sincerest hope is that I may never grow old enough to resist the tantalizing, untold, unfinished stories which lie in every picture.

*Louise Pope, '27*



### **Fresh Old Mr. Moon**

Sometimes at night when I wake up,  
I see the fat old moon  
A-peeking through my window pane,  
Waking me up too soon.

And so I scowl at him and say,  
"Better look-out 'cause I'm bad,  
Perhaps I'll punch your funny old face,  
Or maybe tell my dad."

I scare him so he turns all pale,  
And quickly hides his head,  
Or pulls a cloud across his face,  
Because of what I said.

*Elizabeth Hollis, '28*

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### **A Gloomy Sunday**

(Apologies to Poe)

On a Sunday bleak and dreary, while I sought for something cheery,  
To relieve me of my melancholic state of mind —  
As I stood there idly gazing, suddenly my eyelids raising  
I beheld the red sun blazing, blazing thru the clouds behind.

Yes, distinctly I remember, it was in the chill November,  
And the bitter, biting cold had pierced me even to the core.  
When these warm rays softly entered, upon them my mind was  
centered,  
And my mind was gladly tempered, tempered to receive them more.

*Helen Amesse, '27*

## The Statuette of the Snake Goddess and Her Home

Sir Arthur J. Evans, the English pioneer in Cretan excavations, discovered in 1903, among other things in a large stone chest in the Palace of Cnossos, a little figure of a *Snake Goddess*. This discovery was a valuable one, for the goddess is a piece of work of the sixteenth century before Christ.

The statuette is six and one-half inches high, is carved in ivory and decorated with gold. The goddess stands proudly with outstretched arms grasping two gold snakes which coil around her arms. She is crowned with an elaborate tiara. Above her forehead are seven drilled holes which formerly held the ends of gold curls. Other statuettes and frescoes show that this type of curls were Minoan features. "The face is rather long, narrowing towards the firm chin; drilled holes represent the pupils of the eyes. The whole expression is wonderfully keen and lifelike."\* I think her expression is calm and her features are delicately portrayed. "The bands around the upper-arms are not armlets, but the embroidered hems of the sleeves."\* She wears a characteristic Minoan dress consisting of a low-cut, tight fitting bodice, and a full flounced skirt, with each of the five flounces decorated by gold bands; she also has an apron. "Though no traces of paint are preserved it is likely that the apron had a different color from that of the skirt, and that the jacket was similarly distinguished from the adjoining flesh parts."\*

The ivory is now a bit worn, especially in the center front, making the skirt more fluted than was intended. Some restorations have been required; yet it has withstood the ages well. "The whole figure has been filled with a solution of paraffin to preserve it against further disintegration."\*

For me the statuette is remarkable because it is thirty-six hundred years old, an almost inconceivable age; yet the workmanship is delicate and artistic. Moreover it is still in splendid condition.

The home of the goddess has been a glass case since Mrs. W. Scott Fitz gave her to the Boston Museum in 1914. Formerly her

\*Quoted from the Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin of December, 1914.

home was on the island of Crete, where an important civilization existed between 3500 and 1200 B.C. This civilization formed the link between Egypt and Europe. The whole period of former Cretan existence is often called Minoan because of the best known ruler on the island, King Minos.

*Emily House, '27*

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### **On Misleading Titles**

As Don Herold would say, "There ought to be a law against misleading titles." How many times have I selected a book at random only to be disappointed in its story. In fact, the only nice part often is the title, and that is what led me to choose it in the first place. For instance, last week I felt in the mood for a "trashy" novel. After carefully searching the book-shelves I found, "Melinda's Infatuation." I started reading with great gusto. Melinda was a rich young lady of the early nineteenth century. Her infatuation was for the buttonhole stitch, and after plowing through four hundred and sixty-three pages of very dull reading I came to the last long chapter which ended with Melinda's death, coming as a result of a fall from a stepladder on which she had been standing while hanging on the clothesline a "tidy" made especially for Cousin Charity.

One other day I was hunting for a book on practical astronomy. The title, "The Stars and Their Stories" met my eye. It sounded interesting and comprehensible. I determined to begin by reading about some one planet and then finding it in the sky. The book started like this, "Charlie Chaplin, perhaps the most adored of all our movie stars, was born in —." Needless to say the study of astronomy had to be given up that evening.

Well, authors say, the title lends enchantment. That may be true, but who wants to have an enchanting title on some dull book which is far more likely to put the reader to sleep than to charm him? The names of books should fit exactly and, when they all do, titles will be more of a guide and less of a stumbling block.

*Mary Roe Knight, '27*

## Lights

Lights tier on tier rise upward.  
Through the warm shadowy rain  
The twinkling factory windows  
Blurred by the soft rush of water  
Glow with the undulating radiance  
Of a honeycomb.  
From them are wafted gently  
Spirits: of toil, of woe,  
Of joy hard-earned and true,  
Of petty earthly things.

Scorn not then the trudging workman,  
Or the dusty, grimy factory,  
For gaze upon it in the misty silence  
Of the evening,  
And you yourself will feel a tugging,  
Reaching forth to greet those spirits  
That flow in cloudy golden waves  
From out the factory windows.

*Katherine Haskell, '29*

### **The Mirage**

Upon a rolling yellow sea  
A Chinese junk sails by,  
She runs before the evening breeze  
That in her riggings sigh.

Burnt orange are her bulging sails,  
Her masts of golden hue;  
The captain orders on the deck  
A wild and desperate crew.

But, see, she vanishes in clouds  
With sunset's colors bright,  
A phantom ship of day's desires  
Has changed to dreams of night.

*Marianne Hirst, '28*



## On Growing Old

In the study of Physics I was told that hot and cold are only relative terms: that is, if one steps barefooted on a rug that is at a temperature of twenty degrees Fahrenheit it feels comfortable, but if one steps on the bare floor in the same room the sensation of cold is produced. Of course, the rug and the floor are of the same temperature; therefore the difference is in the sensation produced because of the difference of the conductivity of the rug and the floor. And so, after thinking about age for about nine years, I have concluded that growing old is, like hot and cold, only a relative term. I shall now try to explain how I came to this conclusion.

After I had spent nine years in a play world with a little hard thinking now and then, I began to take notice of ages. Some of the girls I knew were twelve. I simply couldn't imagine what it would be like to be twelve. They had been here three long years more than I! Some other girls I was acquainted with who were fourteen seemed real young ladies, and eighteen, well, that was too far away to imagine anything about. Slowly and gradually I reached that superior age of twelve. It goes without saying that I grew physically and mentally, but, strange to say, I felt no older spiritually than I did at nine, although I suppose I did develop in that way too. Days and weeks slipped by. Finally I attained the "grown up" age of fourteen: still no change. And now I have reached eighteen and still feel no great change. After expecting to feel older for nine years and never feeling so I have decided that I probably never shall. Now I can think of people ten and twenty years older than I as real beings, who I think don't feel any older than I do, and I no longer regard them as persons in a world far away from me. I wonder what my idea of this relative term will be when I am fifty and over. Logically to carry out my present thought I shouldn't feel any older than I do now. When people talk about growing old they must have the power (should I call it power?) of taking youth from the spirit and producing in themselves the sensation of age, just as the floor has the power to take more heat from the body and thus produce the sensation of cold.

And so, I say, that growing old is only a relative term and, to put it in the words that I have heard repeated so many times, "we are only as old as we feel."

*Edna L. Marland, '27*

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### **My Pen**

My pen is not a wonder pen,  
As some describe the poet's quill.  
It does not slide across the page  
Expressing thoughts about the hill,  
The dale, the sunset sky, and life.  
Without my help it stands here still.

How can I write a poem long,  
A sonnet sweet, a lyric's swing,  
When rhyme to me is just a word  
And rhythm beyond my call or ring,  
Unless I have a wonder pen?  
The question is to get the thing.

*Mary Roe Knight, '27*



### The Reputation of an Artist

A reputation being once established,  
One must, therefore, live up to it.  
Yet when in math class I'm expected  
Somehow to find beauty in it,  
I am alarmed, for how can I  
See beauty in mathematics?

And though beauty seems to me far above  
All things as practical as math,  
When I see it in the eyes of love,  
Yet reputation is my path,  
So I'm alarmed, for how can I  
See beauty in mathematics?

*Jane Dare Fitch, '27*



## The Park of Saint-Cloud

It isn't at all like the "Bois de Boulogne" not far away, where all Paris comes to walk, and ride, and play and dine. The park of Saint-Cloud borrows none of the gaiety of its sister park, but is duller, not so well kept, and only frequented by a poorer class of suburban Parisians. On its edge, to be sure, stands the "Pavillon Bleu," a restaurant which a few years ago was classified in the guide books along with Armenonville, the Chateau de Madrid and other dancing pavillons and tea gardens of the "Bois." Now it is seldom frequented and not, I think, for any other reason than that it has the misfortune to stand in the park of Saint-Cloud.

Yet this park was not always the kind of failure it appears to be now. The classical statues which border the stately avenues did not stand chipped and undistinguishable, the stone of the marvelous cascade was not always blackened by age, and frogs did not croak lugubriously from its pools and basins. There was a time when the park of Saint-Cloud was the scene of continual court revels. Often the sheets of water rippling gently down the cascade and the many fountains shooting high must have been turned to silver under the bright lights of an evening garden party or masqued ball. It is not hard to picture there a fête by Mazarin, who built the palace, or to watch it growing more and more magnificent under the hands of the proud Dukes of Orleans. Marie Antoinette lived here at one time. This was the scene of Bonaparte's being appointed first consul. Now there is nothing left of the palace, for it burnt to the ground during the siege of Paris in 1870. Only the age-old trees remember and sigh when the wind stirs. They see that the park of Saint-Cloud has lost its prestige and the Bois de Boulogne claims the idle rich in its place.

From a high terrace there is a very good view over Paris. As I looked down over the house tops and church spires to the Seine, which winds from the heart of Paris past the very feet of this park, I thought that the Dukes of Orleans when looking out from their magnificent palace years ago must have felt that they owned Paris, since they surveyed it from a superior viewpoint than even the kings in their palace of the Louvre.

*Theodora Talcott, '28*

## The Power of an Autumn Sunset

The lake is still, the fading light  
Is giving way to calmest night,  
And in the distance mountains gray  
Are fading out with the weary day.  
Pink-tipped clouds and tall green pines  
Accentuate the horizon's lines  
Of beauty and of grace; my thought  
Is with the truest rapture fraught.  
I wonder at it all, then cease,  
And o'er me falls a veil of peace.

O, if my life could only be  
As pure and full of harmony  
As this rare spot of God's own hand,  
Loveliest spot in all the land;  
If I could true and steadfast be  
Like every age-old hill and tree,  
And keep my purpose e'en as high  
As the cloudless azure of the sky,  
If I could just be a real true friend  
And do my best until life's end,  
I think well-played would be my rôle,  
And not till then should I reach my goal.

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One afternoon in early autumn I was standing on the pier at the edge of Silver Lake, New Hampshire, one of the loveliest of the smaller lakes among the White Mountains. The western sky was painted with a rhapsody of colors — soft, shapeless, shifting splashes of gold, rose, and lavender, while barely discernible above the dark, rich range of evergreens was a fiery crescent — that portion of the sun which had not yet slipped from sight behind the mountains of New Hampshire. There was no sound anywhere but the gentle and monotonous lapping of the water against the pier; not the slightest



breeze stirred, so that even the illimitable range of usually whispering pines along the shore seemed quiet and somnolent. The air was unusually clear and crisp, and I could see the snow-covered peak of Mount Washington, miles and miles away. Space seemed more indefinite than ever. There is something about a sight like this one that rouses and stimulates every fibre of my being with wonder — with a sense of freedom and joy — yet sweet sadness, the same reaction which I have listening to Debussy's immortal "L'après-midi d'un Faune." Aspiration follows inspiration, and I find my soul overflowing with new and truer ideals, and unparalleled aims.

To me there are two moments in the day with which no other can compare. One is the freshness of awakening day, when all nature is lightly and joyously astir; the other is the hush that falls just before twilight, when the birds disappear (silly things, for they miss it all) and the day slips gently into the night. If we were ever to feel the thrall of the infinite it would certainly be at those times. It is moments like these that have made me develop to some extent the God-given gift of introspection. And how very important and satisfying such a development is! We have to live with ourselves. Is it not then logical to searchingly analyze the innermost recesses of our souls, that we may enjoy that incomparable feeling of knowing our own mind? For, after all, our own company is often most precious of all, and there are times when our moods shun the companionship of our dearest friends.

The beauties of nature and the rare masterpieces of fine music coalesce within my soul. Both involve that wonderful element called harmony. I love freedom in all things — thus, the more vague and abstruse harmony may be, the more I love it, for it imports progressions and resolutions more delicate and sensitive than those to which the ordinary musical ear is accustomed — ultimately how far more interesting! An autumn sunset — indistinct interweaving of harmonious color behind a transparent veil of passing mists — contrasted with the silhouetted foilage against the tinted atmosphere — absolute stillness — one thing only can be said — it expresses the inexpressible!

*Harriet Esselstyn Nash, '27*

### Fall Chrysanthemums

O little flower, symbol of the fall,  
You lift your sturdy head to the cold sun,  
And nodding answer to the winds' wild call,  
You seem to say that warm sweet days are done;  
And yet your heart of gold looks warm and full of cheer  
And gives me hope of joys as yet unknown,  
Of dreams fulfilled ere wintry winds have blown.  
You care not if the snows begin to swarm,  
And icy clouds go scudding 'cross the sky.  
For 'neath the snow you know you will be warm;  
You know 'tis but to sleep and not to die.  
For when the long hard winter once again is o'er  
Will not the Earth be born as Spring once more?

*Gertrude Holley Drummond, '27*

## Items of General Interest

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The following report is sent by the President of the New York Club:

The Abbot Academy Club of New York had a successful meeting on Tuesday, November 30th, when about fifty members gathered at the Town Hall and watched with delight the first presentation, outside the school, of the fascinating new Abbot Movies. Enthusiasm mounted higher and higher as we reviewed a typical day at Abbot from morning chapel to a late afternoon picnic, shared the excitement in games of field hockey, tennis and basketball, and thrilled as the Commencement Day groups formed to plant class-tree and ivy and finally to march out through the Merrill Memorial Gateway and down School Street to the door of old South Church, where the picture ended dramatically on the very threshold of graduation. To those who had not visited Andover for many years the pictures were a revelation, and it was good to hear Abbot "girls" of all ages cheer the appearance of favorite teachers and join in singing the recent school songs.

The frontispiece in this issue of the *COURANT* is a scene from the picnic in the very movies so enthusiastically described above. This one "still", which we owe to the kindness of Dr. Moffat, is, moreover, only a suggestion of the loveliness of the whole.

Mr. Harrison Potter of our Music Faculty gave a splendid recital in Jordan Hall in Boston on Thursday evening, October 28. The hall was well filled, and the audience, together with the written comments next day, were very sincere in their high praises of Mr. Potter and his program. It is believed also that Mr. Potter is planning another concert for some time in February.

Two other members of our faculty, Miss Marie Nichols, teacher of violin, and Miss Kate Friskin, of piano, played to a Jordan Hall audience on Thursday night, November 3, when they were greatly acclaimed and applauded. The newspaper criticisms the following morning were most favorable, and the enthusiasm of the group of girls who went to the recital was very great.

The second change in the faculty this year is in the Rhythmic Department. Miss Constance Ling, who is herself an Abbot girl of the class of 1920, has brought new ideas and plans for her classes. While she was here in school she wrote a pageant which was presented at Commencement time.

Among the excursions taken in the fall by different groups from school were two especially interesting. The American History classes visited Plymouth, the picturesque little town which has such historical importance in the early life of our country. Several of the French classes had the great privilege of seeing either *L'Aiglon* or *Cyrano de Bergerac* by Rostand in the Boston Opera House, during the first American tour of the "Theatre de La Porte St. Martin" Company of Paris.

There have been two quite different exhibitions in the John-Esther Art Gallery this year. First our own artist, Mrs. Van Ness, exhibited a varied and interesting group of forty-three of her own paintings.

After this, a collection of fifteen paintings was loaned by the Metropolitan Museum of New York City. Among the artists are Raeburn, Hoppner, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and William Chase.

Miss Hammond, who drove up from Danvers every day last year, has taken an apartment in Andover, just around the corner from us. We are all glad that we can have her so much nearer school this year.

Miss Mathews has four girls living with her this year in her homelike little house not far from the campus, on Torr Street.

Miss Hopkins spoke on "The School Library Situation in our Eastern Private Schools" at the fall meeting of the New England School Library Association in Providence. Miss Hopkins is vice-president of this association.

Archery has been brought back again as a minor sport. Mrs. Frenz gave several helpful demonstrations during the fall, when quite a few girls took advantage of this opportunity to learn the first steps in aiming and shooting accurately.

Miss Bailey went to New York to the fall meeting of the Headmistresses' Association, of which she is treasurer.

On Saturday, the eleventh of December, Miss Mason took the Philomatheia Society to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for a lecture on *X-Rays and Their Application* by Mr. John Norton.

This September a week or more before the opening of school the Eastern Maine Abbot Club held its annual meeting and luncheon in Orono, Maine; and there are reported to have been representatives from classes 1869-1928. Miss Alice Twitchell, '86, of the Abbot Loyalty Fund was present and quite a number of girls of '27 and '28. This meeting is but one of the many reminders that Abbot spirit ends not in June to revive in September, but continues through the whole year, and moreover through many of them.

Everyone was given a chance to try out for the position of school cheer-leader in a contest held early in the fall. Three girls were finally chosen by the committee and as a result we had several new songs for Bradford Day, as well as for other occasions.

Mrs. Duits, formerly Miss Pooke, our art teacher, visited here one Sunday in October with her husband and her little son, Charles.

Great interest in the Student Friendship Fund was shown this year. To earn money girls did chores for each other and made themselves very useful to the faculty by shining shoes and doing other "odd jobs." Some even gave up a football game. As a result, everyone had a personal satisfaction in the large sum of money which was sent to students in foreign countries.

In addition to the eagerness which Abbot displayed in earning money for the Student Friendship Fund was that lovely spirit with which the girls pinafores and dressed the Friendship Dolls for Japan. These dolls are to be sent to Japanese children to take part in their doll festival in March, and to show them how truly we are eager to be their friends.

When *The Twig*, a paper "published now and then by the Wellesley Freshman English Class," appeared in the fall, the first article was *Greetings from the East* by our own Fuki Wooyenaka of Abbot, 1926.

Our new alumna trustee is Miss Dorothy Bigelow. It is very nice to have her near enough to visit us often. On Saturday, December 4, Miss Bailey visited her at her home in Worcester. While she was there, she went to a very pleasant Abbot-Bradford tea at Mary Brewer Sweet's home in Shrewsbury.



There were about twenty-five Abbot girls at the Abbot luncheon in Portland in November. "Mrs. Nora Archibald Smith spoke very charmingly and Mrs. Chipman and Miss Twitchell each in an interesting way about their Abbot activities."

Miss Pettingell has resigned as principal of the Waynflete School in Portland, her resignation to take effect next June.

Miss Marian King, a former Abbot teacher, is now living at 2 Prescott Street, Cambridge. She spent last summer traveling in Europe with friends.

Miss Rachael Dowd, a former teacher at Abbot, has gone south for the winter.

Harriet Nash gave us a delightful recital on Sunday afternoon, the seventh of November, when she played for us MacDowell's *Second Pianoforte Concerto*, accompanied by Mr. Howe and Miss Friskin.

The Library has had several fine gifts this year. Miss Bailey presented an eighteen-volume set of O. Henry's works in attractive bindings. Miss Hammond gave a translation of the complete poetical works of Chaucer by Tallock and MacKaye, and also *From Immigrant to Inventor* by Michael Pupin. Two of William Beebe's books have been added, *The Arcturus Adventure*, given by Miss Grimes, and *Galapagos—World's End*, given by the Philomatheia Society. *Our Times—The Turn of the Century* by Mark Sullivan came with the inscription — "A little memento of the fortieth reunion of the class of '86." The gift of money from President Pendleton of Wellesley has been applied to the purchase of a finely illustrated publication of the Yale University Press, called *The Pageant of America*, printed in fifteen volumes. Mr. Cecil Bancroft of Phillips Academy gave an interesting old copy of William Alcott's *Young Woman's Guide to Excellence*. The French Department made the gift of *Larousse Universel*, a two-volume encyclopedia, and the German Department gave nine dollars towards Brockhaus' *Handbuch des Wissens*, a four-volume encyclopedia. The Abbot Athletic Association has added to the list of periodicals a subscription to the *Sportswoman*, the only magazine in the country which is devoted exclusively to women's sports.

Mr. and Mrs. Stackpole are building a new house on Highland Street in Milton, overlooking the Blue Hills. They expect to be able to move in this summer. Their son Pier has recently been elected class poet of the class of 1927 at Harvard.



# School Calendar

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## SEPTEMBER

- 22 School year opens.
- 25 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey.
- 26 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "God's Love for Man."
- 28 New Girl-Old Girl Dance.

## OCTOBER

- 3 Chapel. Rev. M. W. Stackpole on "Self-Reverence."
- 5 Senior Picnic at Haggert's Pond.
- 6 American History classes go to Plymouth.
- 9 Hall Exercises. Miss Carpenter on "General Hygiene."
- 10 Chapel. Rev. C. W. Henry.
- 12 Masquerade Ball.
- 16 Hall Exercises. Mrs. Frenz on "Archery."
- 17 Chapel. Rev. Ralph Harlow on "Student Friendship."
- 19 Corridor Stunts.
- 21 Senior-mid picnic at Pomp's Pond.
- 24 Chapel. Dr. Burnham.
- 26 Dedication of Organ and Faculty Reception.
- 30 President Pendleton of Wellesley on "Cum Laude Society."
- 31 Chapel. Miss Ann Wiggin on "Student Friendship."  
Mrs. Stanford on "Christ in Japan."

## NOVEMBER

- 2 Song Recital. Helen Hurlburt Blague.
- 6 Piano Recital. Professor James Friskin.
- 7 Piano Recital. Harriet Nash, Miss Friskin and Mr. Howe.  
Chapel. Miss Kelsey on "The Drapers."
- 9 Song Recital. Mrs. Burnham.
- 13 Andover-Exeter game.
- 14 Chapel. Dr. Barbour on "Trend of Life."
- 17 Bradford Day.
- 20 First Students' Recital.
- 21 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Success."
- 28 Miss Hammond reads from "The Ring and the Book."
- 30 A. D. S. Plays. "Rising of the Moon" and "Tickless Time."

## DECEMBER

- 4 Hall Exercises. Dr. Littlefield on "General Hygiene."
- 5 Chapel. Dr. Charles H. Cutler on "Jesus the Door."
- 6 Mr. William Ellsworth on "Age of Dr. Johnson."
- 7 Chapel. Mr. Ellsworth on "Making of a Dictionary."
- 11 Christmas Party for Andover children.
- 12 Christmas Service. Miss Bailey on "Meaning of Jesus."
- 13 Radcliffe Choral Society.
- 15 Miss Bailey's Birthday party.
- 16 Christmas Recess begins.

## JANUARY

- 5 Winter term begins.
- 8 Hall Exercises. Dr. Littlefield on "General Hygiene."
- 9 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "The Five Senses."
- 11 Corridor Stunts.
- 15 Joint Faculty Recital.
- 16 Chapel. Dr. E. V. Bigelow on "Making Friends."
- 18 Senior-mid plays.

## Lectures

During the last few years we have been constantly besieged by lectures on "World Peace," "The League — pro and con," "Internationalism vs. Patriotism," and many corresponding topics. If there is to be any lasting friendship among nations, Rev. Ralph Harlow, who spoke to us on October 7th, believes it must be achieved through international student friendship. Miss Anne Wiggin, who gave us a lecture on the same subject, was especially interesting because she described the annual meetings of the Student League Conferences, several of which she had attended in person. Both of the speakers brought out clearly the splendid spirit shown by the students of Hungary, Germany, France, and other countries in their struggle for financial independence.

Sunday evening, the 31st of October, Mrs. Arthur Willis Stanford of the Class of 1876 gave us a delightfully informal talk about Christianity in modern Japan. Mrs. Stanford has been a missionary for a great many years in Kobe, Japan, and she brought with her a beautiful collection of Japanese prints.

Miss Pendleton, the President of Wellesley College and one of our trustees, talked to us about the Cum Laude Society, on October 30th. Besides having a brilliant mind, Miss Pendleton is a charming speaker and her subject was of great interest to the whole school. She emphasized especially the value of being intelligent: why one should try to become so, and the pleasures that come from being acquainted with a wide variety of interesting facts.

On November 7th Miss Kelsey gave us another of her charming talks about Abbot History. Mr. and Mrs. Draper, who lived so many years in Draper Homestead and to whom Abbot is indebted for so many wonderful gifts, formed the subject for this lecture. By amusing personal incidents and recollections Miss Kelsey has made the Drapers seem very real people.

We had the great pleasure, on December 16th, of hearing Mr. Ellsworth, one of our most interesting lecturers, talk on "Dr. Samuel Johnson and His Times." With his customary skill he has interwoven delightfully humorous anecdotes and incidents from the lives of Johnson and his friends in such a way that the atmosphere of the 18th century is caught with amazing veracity. Boswell, with his gift of a retentive memory, Goldsmith's love of fine clothes, Reynolds with his polished, courtly manners, and David Garrick, the actor, mischief-maker and devoted follower of Johnson, all lived before our eyes.

The next morning in chapel Mr. Ellsworth gave a short talk on the "Making of a Dictionary." This was particularly interesting because besides being a descendant of Noah Webster, Mr. Ellsworth was connected at one time with the Century Dictionary. After chapel he read and discussed Modern Poetry with the College Senior English classes.

## Concerts

On Tuesday, November 2nd, Helen Hurlburt Blague, Abbot 1908, gave a song recital for the benefit of the Abbot Loyalty Fund. Her spirit in so doing and her lovely soprano voice rendered beautiful the entire evening. Mrs. Blague sang folk songs and lullabies, and "Hear Ye, Israel" from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The sincere motherly quality of her being was in her pure rich voice, and in every part of the program and of the spirit which moved her to present it was genuine sincere fineness. Mrs. Blague set us an example of loyalty which will remain with us for a long time; and her recital, intellectually so greatly admired, was financially a great and welcome boost to the Loyalty Fund.

James Friskin, brother of our Miss Friskin of the music faculty, gave a recital on Saturday afternoon, November 6th, which delighted his young schoolgirl audience and our more critical elders. His program was a heavy one, perhaps more designed for a Boston audience than for girls; but Mr. Friskin has such exquisite delicacy of touch, and of tone and feeling, and such charm of personality that even we, unknowing, felt his genius. His program included a difficult partita of Bach, a Franck prelude, several selections of Debussy and Brahms, a masterly ondivine of Ravel and two fine etudes of Schumann and Liszt. Mr. Friskin gave them beautiful meaning and expression, and made us feel the thought of each one, and never the notes.

Mrs. Burnham never fails to give us her very, very best — which is certainly *the* best — in her song recitals. Nor did she fall short of her shining record on Tuesday evening, November 9, when she sang her Grieg, Saint-Saens and Rubinstein lyrics, her folk songs from the old Irish and Scotch, her priceless negro spirituals. How privileged we are to have Mrs. Burnham on our music faculty, and Dr. Burnham, toward whom his wife sings her most beautiful songs, so near to and interested in us.

One of our many reasons for pardonable pride here at Abbot certainly must be the musical talent of our student body. We are made aware of it at every turn — particularly when we pass the music room — but never more pleasantly than at students' recitals. The first of these recitals this year, given on November 20, was certainly very, very good. We found we had many expert organists, violinists, contraltos and pianists. Our sympathetic hearts went out to those who can finger Beethoven correctly, or sing high C with surety and ease; we felt proud of all our musicians, and shall continue to shower upon them every praise and sign of admiration.

For months we have struggled to sing beautifully with good tone, clear enunciation, cheerful faces, and correct posture. We were given our greatest inspiration and incentive for perfect group singing on December 13th when the Radcliffe Choral Society came to be our exemplar. Such spirit, such harmony, such a chorus of beautifully trained, melodious voices! And their program was, moreover, very well arranged, expressing great variety. Though their St. Nicolas in French was so well done it was called to encore, a good deal of the animation of the chorus and its leaders was shown in some lively English folk songs and carols.

The Radcliffe Choral Society is this year making a very successful tour of Eastern schools and colleges, and we are very glad to be included in their route. We were very glad also to see Adelaide Hammond, Abbot '24, in this honored society's ranks.

The first Abbot Academy Faculty Recital was given on Saturday afternoon, January 15. It is wonderful to realize all in a big swoop exactly how much brilliance there is in our music faculty, and how each stands out in a recital so well for himself, so well for the whole. The new organ under Mr. Howe's deeply sympathetic touch reached a chord that must have been the lost one; Miss Friskin and Miss Nichols, together and separately, showed why they were so greatly admired of Boston audiences; Mrs. Burnham's full contralto voice went out and touched each heart before her. Those guests from outside Abbot's gate who thronged Davis Hall know now very well, if possibly they had not known before, or needed proof, why each one of those who played to them is one of the music faculty of Abbot Academy.

## Entertainments

Although it has been said that young people are not yet tired enough of themselves to enjoy masquerading as some one else, we seem to have had a very grand time at our masquerade ball, Tuesday evening, October 12. The prize for originality was given to a group who represented a piano and its stool, and a pupil and her teacher thereat.



The funniest were farmers with absurd hats and pipes, and the prettiest was a lovely Holland costume. Don't these bode well for the originality and prettiness and fun of all the many others?

Corridor stunts came up to our usual high expectations when Homestead, third-floor wing, and fourth-floor front got hilariously together on the evening of October 19th. We had "An Evening with a Radio," in which were featured opera stars and bedtime story tellers; a heart-breaking "melerdramer", and "Old King Cole," whose fiddlers and trumpeters three were dressed in gym suits and whose fiddling and trumpeting was sung off-stage.

Still another evening of corridor stunts was January 11th, when five floors and two cottages combined to make a fine showing of fun and talent. There were a doll-shop with Japanese, Indian and kewpie dolls, *besides* a jack-in-the-box; a shadow movie of Hiawatha given in Jewish adapted from "Nize Baby"; an Abbot prom, and a goldfish funeral. Corridor stunts are always just as much fun to be in as to watch, — and that's saying a lot!

The Abbot Dramatic Society in their splendid presentation of the two plays, "The Rising of the Moon" and "Tickless Time," on the evening of November 30th touched a high spot in the school's histrionic achievement. We believe that Mrs. Gray, the society's capable and discriminating coach, finds among the members excellent material upon which to work. We were given in the first, "The Rising of the Moon," some very good Irish brogue and characterizations; and in the second, "Tickless Time," a poetic and charming comedy, was a country garden, a wistaria-covered wall, a long-haired poet, and a burly cook. And shall we ever quite forget the cook's rushing out into the garden to see the sundial's hour with sliced onions streaming madly behind her! We compliment the Abbot Dramatic Society on its able coach, Mrs. Gray, and on its own splendid capability.

CHARACTERS

*The Rising of the Moon*

SERGEANT . . . . .	Mary Alice McIntosh
A RAGGED MAN . . . . .	Ellen Faust
POLICEMAN B . . . . .	Gertrude Drummond
POLICEMAN X . . . . .	Sylvia Miller

*Tickless Time*

IAN JOYCE, who has made a sundial . . . . .	Sydna White
ELOISE JOYCE, wedded to the sundial . . . . .	Ruth Harvey
MRS. STUBBS, a native . . . . .	Marjorie Knowlton
EDDY KNIGHT, a standardized mind . . . . .	Sylvia Miller
ALICE KNIGHT, a standardized wife . . . . .	Pauline Humeston
ANNIE, who cooks by the Joyces' clock . . . . .	Gertrude Drummond

When the new George Washington auditorium at Phillips Academy first opened its receptive doors on Saturday evening, October 23, it caught within their wide span the Russian Symphonic Choir and its delighted audience. The choir gave a concert so splendid that it made every member of a distinguished audience enthusiastic, and showed what fine quality, tone and spirit a chorus of perfectly trained voices can produce. The hall is finished in excellent Colonial style and taste and is exceedingly lovely.

It was in this new and spacious auditorium also that the renowned Commander Byrd gave a lecture on his "Flight to the North Pole," and it was there also that the excellent, informal and gracious English Madrigal Singers held a sparkling concert in January. Abbot is very glad of the opportunities offered to us by the new auditorium.

On January the 18th the Senior Middlers gave three delightful one-act plays in honor

of the Senior Class, "Pierrot's Mother," another of the charming Pierrot-Pierrette plays; "Miss Civilization," full of thrills and laughter; and "The Golden Doom," a typical Dunsany play. It is truly remarkable what realistic and fascinating plays Mrs. Gray can present.

*Pierrot's Mother*

By GLENN HUGHES

PIERRETTE . . . . .	Dorothea Dow
PIERROT . . . . .	Christine Bliss
PIERROT'S MOTHER . . . . .	Elizabeth Jackson

*Miss Civilization*

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ALICE . . . . .	Jean Swihart
HATCH . . . . .	Katherine Willauer
HARRY . . . . .	Josephine Paret
REDDY . . . . .	Virginia Gay
CAPTAIN LUCAS . . . . .	Mary Alice McIntosh
TWO ENGINEERS . . . . .	Theodora Talcott
	Marian Smith
	Helen Leavitt
TWO POLICEMEN . . . . .	Elizabeth Small

*The Golden Doom*

By LORD DUNSANY

KING . . . . .	Eleanor Leech
CHIEF PROPHET . . . . .	Louise Hyde
FIRST PROPHET . . . . .	Emily Sloper
SECOND PROPHET . . . . .	Susan Ripley
FIRST SENTRY . . . . .	Katherine Ross
SECOND SENTRY . . . . .	Janet Cunningham
BOY . . . . .	Louise Anthony
GIRL . . . . .	Constance Rundlett
CHAMBERLAIN . . . . .	Eleanor Gordon
STRANGER . . . . .	Jean Frederick
FIRST SPY . . . . .	Nancy Sherman
SECOND SPY . . . . .	Katherine Adams
THIRD SPY . . . . .	Priscilla Whittemore
BOY ATTENDANT . . . . .	Elizabeth Hollis

**Bradford Day**

After a night of rain and wind, the morning was all that could be desired. The sky was a beautiful color, almost an Abbot blue, and the sun shone all the time with the golden rays of Bradford. At ten o'clock at an inspiring mass meeting of the whole school excitement and anticipation were carried to the highest point, when the managers of all the different sports spoke briefly of the coming struggles. After Bradford had arrived in their busses and both schools had sung their welcome songs, both the singles and doubles tennis games were started. Bradford won the singles match after a hard-fought battle with Harriet Nash. Gertrude Drummond and Jean Swihart carried off the doubles honors by their fine playing for Abbot. Meanwhile Virginia Gay had won the clock-golf match for the blue and white. Croquet was started, but had to be postponed until later. When everyone had eaten in the Gym amid great merriment and sociability, both schools lined up outside of McKen Hall to sing and cheer with much spirit. Croquet was finished in a victory for Bradford. Next came the wonderful basketball game when Abbot "played her best at first and then came up more in the second half," with a score far outreaching that of Bradford. Last of all was the hockey game, which Bradford won, but not without difficulty and a hard struggle against the Abbot eleven. This made the final score for the whole day a tie. Then all



too soon it was time for the farewell songs and everyone had to say Good-bye. Another Bradford Day had gone, a day for making real friendships, and one which proves the true sportsmanship of both schools.

### Honor Roll—First Quarter—November 1926

Lucy Sanborn	95
Ruth Perry	94
Margaret Creelman	91
Jean Frederick	90
Charlotte Chamberlain, Gertrude Drummond, Persis Goodnow, Harriet Nash, Patty Snell	89
Ruth Cushman, Katherine Haskell, June Hinman, Edna Marland, Theodora Talcott	88

### Teachers

Married: White-Potter. In Quincy, June 5, 1926, Ethel Priscilla Potter, teacher of Vocal Expression 1916-17, to David Joseph White.

Born: November 10, 1926, a daughter, Jane Louise, sixth child, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Patton (Charlotte Root).

Born: November 16, 1926, a daughter, Ruth Olive, to Col. and Mrs. Frank McC. Gunby (Ruth E. Marceau).

Died: In Auburndale, November 17, 1926, L. Edwin Chase, violin teacher at Abbot 1902-13.

### Alumnae Notes

1845

Died: In Auburndale, July 29, 1926, Elizabeth G. Mitchell, wife of the late Rev. E. E. Strong, D.D., aged 93, senior alumna of Abbot Academy since 1922. An appreciative article in the *Congregationalist* pays tribute to "the vivacity of her mind and heart; the touch of humor that sparkled in her friendly talk; the gallant way in which the little lady carried her many and taxing responsibilities; the simplicity and sufficiency of her Christian faith, underlying all her courage, prompting her purposes, steadying her life's course; her quick and responsive interest in the concerns of all her acquaintances, young or old; the tolerance with which, while loyal to her own strict standards of living, she yet viewed graciously the freer ways of a younger generation; her unbounded sympathy with all human welfare."

1850

Died: In Medford, July 12, 1926, Angelia C. Sawyer, wife of the late Charles H. Brainard.

1852

Died: In Melrose, August 20, 1926, Susan F. Farnham, wife of the late George A. Abbott, sister of Rebecca, 1845, Frances, 1856 and Eliza, 1858.

"Men of Dartmouth", the stirring college song recently commended by President Hopkins, was written by Richard Hovey, a graduate of the college in 1885, who died in his early prime. He also wrote the well-known "Stein Song." He was the son of Harriette Spofford, who was a student at Abbot for several years from North Andover.

1857

Died: May 26, 1925, Elizabeth A. Comstock, wife of John E. Northrop. Mrs. Northrop was one of the first subscribers to the Loyalty Endowment Fund.

1858

Died: In North Woodstock, N. H., August 5, 1926, Mary S. Nourse, wife of the late Abalino B. Cutler. Mrs. Cutler was a gifted woman, intellectually keen, and of great

good sense. She was a teacher for a few years before her marriage, was later a member of the Andover School Board, and always education stood high among her varied interests.

Died: In Chelsea, August 4, 1926, Sarah M. Farnham, wife of the late John S. Andrews.

1859

Died: In Andover, May 16, 1926, Lydia A. Tucker, wife of the late Rev. George H. Scott, and sister of Harriet, 1850, and Catherine, 1874.

1860

Died: December 16, 1925, Cynthia B. Lincoln, wife of the late Albert H. Bates of Windham, Ct.

1866

Three members were present at a pleasant reunion in June. Mrs. Sarah Lord Hall, Miss Sarah Sawyer and Mrs. Sarah Hunking Cheney. Mrs. Hall has since sent a photograph of herself, her daughter, grandson and great-grandson, happily grouped against a leafy background.

Died: In Andover, November 27, 1926, by accident, Ada Sanborn. Sister, Emma M. E. Sanborn, M.D., 1859.

1867

Died: In Braintree, June 21, 1926, Eliza S. Blossom, wife of the late Rev. Bernard Paine. "One of her outstanding characteristics was her boundless interest in people." This gave her large opportunities for influence.

Died: In Lowell, December 1, 1926, Helen A. Pressey, formerly of Winchester.

1868

Dean Willard L. Sperry, of the Harvard Theological School, son of Henrietta Learoyd, was Commencement speaker at Abbot last June. He spoke at length of his mother's loyalty to the school and of his childish impression of Miss McKeen, when visiting at their house, as a strict disciplinarian. Dean Sperry is expected to deliver a series of lectures at Oxford University this winter.

Died: In New Haven, Ct., November 25, 1925, Miranda B. Merwin.

Died: In Salem, July 31, 1926, Margaret Duncan, wife of the late Stephen H. Phillips. Mrs. Phillips was most devoted to Abbot interests. One of the chief regrets of her recent ill health was that she could not attend the Club and Association meetings. Just before Commencement she sent her class ring and a tiny album of class tintypes for the archives. Throughout her life she was a great traveller, visiting Europe and the Orient as well as this continent. It was in Hawaii that she first met Mr. Phillips, who was then attorney-general under the King. Fifty years later she revisited the Islands. She was deeply interested in religious and missionary work.

Died: In Quincy, January 12, 1927, Octavia M. Putnam, wife of the late Brigadier-General Charles Thompson. When at Abbot, Mrs. Thompson roomed with her literary classmate, Alice French, and it was her name that suggested the writer's nom-de-plume, Octave Thanet. She was one of the ten members present at the notable fifty-year gathering in 1918.

1871

Died: November 20, 1925, Emma J. C. Searle, wife of the late William W. Pinney, of Unionville, Ct.

1874

Died: At Clifton Springs, N. Y., October 13, 1926, Rev. George H. Gutterson, husband of Emma Wilder, 1874, son of Priscilla Phelps, 1841, and father of Constance, 1900, Edith, 1908, Maud, 1911, Hildegard, 1914, and Sylvia, 1916. Mr. Gutterson was, with his wife, for ten years in India, and was for nearly thirty years District Secretary of the American Missionary Association. His fine presence, hearty ringing voice and vigorous utterance made his presentation of his cause most effective. He was "alive to all human affairs with a great gift of sympathy and friendliness," that made him widely loved and honored.

1875

Mrs. Belle Knowlton Wadlin is housemother for twenty girls at the University of California, in Berkeley.

Died: October 10, 1926, Anna E. Richmond, wife of Arthur J. Witherell, of North Adams.

1876

Mrs. Jennie Pearson Stanford is making her home in Los Angeles, 9th Apr., 2904 Francis Avenue.

Died: In Boston, March 28, 1926, Julia F. Blood, wife of Merritt H. Johnson.

1877

Died: In Newport, N. H., September 28, 1926, Lizzie M. Farnsworth, wife of the late Seth M. Richards, and mother of Louise Richards Rollins, 1907. Mrs. Richards will be remembered for her philanthropy. The Richards family were especially interested in helping young people to get an education.

1881

In the recent merging of Congregational missionary organizations, a woman's association has been formed in Massachusetts with a board of about fifty directors. Of these five are former Abbot students, a fact indicating the ability and willingness of Abbot women to take responsibility in church work. The directors referred to are E. Josephine Wilcox, 1881, Lillian Wilcox Miller, 1882, Pauline Whittlesey Patton, 1884, Flora L. Mason, 1889, Alice Purington Holt, 1895.

1882

Annie Frye, president, sends some class notes and hopes for a good number back in June. She was a delegate to the Conference of the International Federation of University Women, held at Amsterdam last summer. She enjoyed with the rest the hospitality of the Municipality of Amsterdam and greatly admired the achievements of the women of the University.

Kate Geer (Sister Benedicta) spent the summer in the North but has returned to her church work in Texas.

Marion Locke Morrison's beautiful mother died in September, at the age of ninety-nine years. She was the mother also of Annie Locke, 1867, Abby Locke Thomson, 1869, Clara Locke Thomsen, 1872, and grandmother of Eleanor Thomson Castle, 1900, Clara Thomson Knox, 1901, and Rosamond Thomson Pratt, 1903.

1885

Susan Almira Bacon is returning to her work as professor of French and Spanish in Carleton College. She has been travelling and studying in Europe, visiting England, Scandinavia, France and Spain.

1886

Died: In Brookline, September 21, 1926, after a long illness, Elizabeth L. Walker.

1887

Jeannie Jillson writes of the great improvement in conditions in Turkey which she noted on her return. The signing of the treaty between Turkey and the United States is an extremely important matter to her as, until that takes place, no permit can be obtained from the Government for a new school building. She is beginning her work again in the Girls' School at Brousa with renewed energy after the refreshment of her furlough in the United States.

Mrs. Angie Dunton Purrington has sold her house in Portland, and is living in Jamaica Plain (224 Jamaica Way), while her daughter, Hilda, is studying in the Boston School of Physical Education.

1888

Died: In Southington, Ct., Rev. David N. Beach, D.D., husband of Nellie Walkley. Dr. Beach was for eighteen years the able president of Bangor Theological Seminary.

1890

Died: In Brookline, December 10, 1926, Henry V. Jones, husband of Edith Dewey, and brother of Kathleen Jones, 1889. During several years of invalidism, Mr. Jones "carried on" with a valiant spirit that brought inspiration for courageous living to many who might have been untouched by his fine mind and business acumen.

1892

Married: Teplow-Crocker. In Rouen, France, August 17, 1926, Josephine (Crocker) Winslow to Jean Teplow.

1894

Mabel Boshier Scudder and Dr. Scudder, after a year in Europe, are on their way around the world. They have been recently in Egypt and Palestine and are now visiting their Scudder relatives who are engaged in medical and religious work in India.

1896

New class officers were chosen at the reunion in June: honorary president, Carol Mathews Broadhurst; president, Marcia Richards Mackintosh; vice-president, Lillian Franklin Carr; secretary and treasurer, Ruth Loring Conant. The secretary sends news of a second grandchild, Margaret May Duffy, born in October, granddaughter of May Young Duffy.

1898

Margaret Whittemore has a position in the department of Household Science at the State College of Rhode Island at Kingston. She is engaged also in research.

1899

Died: In Watertown, Mass., October 15, 1926, Lydia Otis, wife of Frederic A. Potter.

1900

Married: Chapman-Bradley. In New York City, June 23, 1926, Alice Eloise Bradley to Arthur William Chapman.

Died: In New York City, June 30, 1926, Beulah Field, wife of Gilbert C. Wood.

Died: In Stafford Springs, Ct., July 28, 1926, Grace Harwood.

1901

Married: Holden-Bryden. In Springfield, July 7, 1925, Faith (Leonard) Bryden to Miles C. Holden. Address: 145 Sumner Avenue, Springfield.

Helen Whittemore, who has been in California for several years, is now nursing at the Morningside Sanitarium, Madison, Wis.

Frieda Billings Cushman has a daughter, Ruth, at Abbot this year, so she has made several visits to her old school.

1904

Mary Byers Smith has bought and is making over the old John Abbot house on Central Street. She has separated it from the Bartlett house and by making use of the barn, she will have a spacious as well as a cosy new home, to which she and her mother hope to move in the early spring.

1905

Katherine Woods has recently contributed some important signed book reviews to the Literary Digest International Book Review.

Frances Cutler Knickerbocker has moved from Syracuse, New York, to Sewanee, Tennessee, where her husband is in the English department of the University of the South. Her father and mother and Betty are spending the winter on Chestnut Street in Andover.

1906

Married: Benedict-Clark. In Columbus, O., June 26, 1926, Lydia Clark to Bertram Benedict. Address: 839 N. Park St., Columbus, O.

Marjorie Bellows is financial secretary of the Speech Readers Guild of Boston, which is doing an important work for the deafened. She would be glad if Abbot girls who



have friends needing the help of the Guild would send their names to her at 1654 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Ruth Loring Conant, 1896, is vice-president of the Guild.

1907

Margaret Hall Walker, president of the Chicago Abbot Club, was slightly hurt and her mother and her little daughter seriously injured in an automobile accident in November.

1908

Mary A. Howell has given up her work and is spending the winter in France and Italy.

1909

Helen Buss has been bereaved for the second time this year in the death of her mother on December seventh. Her father died in April.

Edith Gardner Merriam is living in Worcester this winter, while her husband is studying for a degree at the Polytechnic Institute.

Nora Sweeney is teaching this winter at the Bishop's School, La Jolla, California, where Louise is a teacher for a second year. Mary Sweeney is spending the winter in Italy and in Spain.

1910

Married: Hammond-Hall. In Brookline, June 9, 1926, Clarissa Merwin Hall to Harold Wilson Hammond. Address, 1880 Beacon St., Brookline.

Ruth Newcomb has a studio in New York this winter, and is continuing her work in Ceramics.

1911

Born: August 20, 1926, a daughter, Helen Ordway, to Rev. and Mrs. Fletcher D. Parker (Katharine Ordway) of Winchester.

Mr. Henry Ordway, father of Elizabeth and Katharine, died in Winchester, October 31.

Elizabeth Hincks is at the head of the Psychological Research Department of the Juvenile Court in Detroit. Her thesis on "Non-Readers," a careful study of children who are backward in reading, has been published at Harvard.

1913

Born: May 15, 1926, a son, Warren Harrison, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harrison Garside (Emma Holt), of Andover.

Adrian O. Morse, husband of Barbara Paine, has been appointed Dean of the University of New Hampshire, at Durham.

Cornelia Crittenden is assistant professor in the department of Modern Languages of Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas.

1914

Married: Buckingham-Gleason. In New York City, June 12, 1926, Elsie Grosvenor Gleason to Garland Ames Buckingham. Address: 171 West 12th Street, New York City.

Married: Gallant-Nelb. In Lowell, September 7, 1926, Gerturde Nelb to Raymond Gallant.

Born: July 3, 1926, a daughter, Elizabeth Gilbert, to Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Rich (Helen Gilbert), of Staten Island, N. Y.

Born: June 5, 1925, a son, Theodore Gage, to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen W. Dyer (Helen Hamblet), of Lawrence.

Born: In Boston, December 23, 1926, a daughter, Anne Lavinia, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederic A. Jenks (Elizabeth P. Bartlett). They have bought a house on Pinckney Street, and Mrs. Bartlett and May and Natalie have been living with them this winter.

Born in New Haven, Ct., January 21, 1927, a daughter, Frances, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Chittenden (Frances A. Dowd).

1915

Born: June 1, 1926, a daughter, Anne Morris, to Mr. and Mrs. Hazleton Mirkil, Jr. (Charlotte Morris), of Philadelphia.

Born: September 11, 1926, a son, Daniel Allen, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. Belknap (Elizabeth Allen), of New York City.



## 1916

Engaged: Margaret Perry to Wyllys Lyman James, Williams College, 1921, of New York City.

Born: May 13, 1926, a daughter, Mary, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Baldrige (Charlotte Fleming), of Washington, Iowa.

Born: December 7, 1926, a son, Ralph Stohn, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Larrabee (Emma M. Stohn) of Peterborough, New Hampshire.

Josephine Walker Woodman and Dorothy Pillsbury Bartlett with little Dick came to Andover for the Abbot-Bradford day. Dorothy is living this winter in Malden.

## 1917

Married: Libbey-Mitchell. In Los Angeles, Cal., June 26, 1926, Margaret Mitchell to Philip Terry Libbey, Boston University, 1923. Address: 421 No. Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Married: Allen-Church. In Cambridge, September 6, 1926, Mary Church to William Rowland Allen. Address: 167 East 11th Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Born: June 30, 1926, a daughter, Esther, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew R. Smith (Esther Davis), of Bridgeport, Conn.

Born: August 23, 1926, a son, Harlow Newman, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald N. Swain (Elizabeth Bacon), of Sydney, Australia.

Born: August 3, 1926, a daughter, Margaret Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Reynolds (Dorothy Baxter), of Mansfield, O.

Dorothy Newton is teaching French in a Portland, Maine, high school. She has been for two years in France, perfecting her knowledge of the language. After a year in a private school in Alencon, with varied duties, she took a course at the Sorbonne, and passed the examinations, both written and oral, with credit.

Julie Sherman (Mrs. H. L. Tibbetts) has moved this winter to Worcester. Her address is 34 Monadnock Road.

## 1918

Born: August 26, 1926, a son, Benjamin, 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Pearson (Ruth Farrington), of Newburyport.

Elizabeth Gray Coit writes from Duluth that she has a small son as well as a small daughter.

## 1919

Engaged: Helen Dole of Lawrence to J. Harold Keleher of Jamaica Plain.

Engaged: Frances Thompson to Allan Vanderhoef Heely of Plainfield, N. J., Yale, 1919, instructor in English in Phillips Academy.

Married: Stanton-Murray. In West Point, N. Y., June 16, 1926, Geraldine Murray to Lieut. Col. Hubert Gregory Stanton. Address: The Storm King Arms, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Married: Ross-Taylor. In New Rochelle, N. Y., June 17, 1926, Eleonore Kimbel Taylor to Richard Morrow Ross. Address, Peldean Court, Pelham, N. Y.

Married: Evans-Grover. In Lynn, June 27, Elizabeth W. Grover to Robert T. Evans.

Married: Moore-Luce. In New York City, September 17, 1926, Elisabeth Middleton Luce to Maurice Thompson Moore.

Married: Fowler-Blackford. In Findlay, Ohio, October 11, 1926, Marea Miller Blackford to Dudley Frederick Fowler. Address: 240 West End Avenue, New York City.

Married: Allen-Button. In Brandon, Vermont, September 25, 1926, Mary Vail Button to Charles Frederic Allen, Jr. Address: 17 Beckford Street, Salem, Mass.

Married: Titcomb-Dane. In Beverly, November 5, 1926, Margaret Hamilton Dane to William Sewall Titcomb.

Born: May 30, 1926, a daughter, Nancy Kempton, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence D. Jenkins (Grace Francis), of Middleboro.

Born: November 3, 1926, a son, Theodore Mayo, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore M. Atkinson (Jane Holt), of Brookline.

Marguerite Morgan, who has been studying pianoforte music in Paris for two years, has played with her two sisters, a violinist and a harpist, in many concerts. The sisters specialize in folk songs and rare old music arranged especially for the trio, and usually appear in costume. Last year Miss Morgan had charge of the music at the United States Students and Artists Club in Paris. She appeared also as soloist with the Conservatoire orchestra in a symphony concert. Part of last summer she spent with Mrs. Anne Gilbreth Cross, 1878, of Providence.

## 1920

Engaged: Isabel Sutherland to William Waters Kurth.

Engaged: Helen Walker to Talcott Parsons of Marietta, Ohio, Amherst '24, teacher of Economics at Amherst College. They met in London, where they were both studying economic questions.

Married: Newhall-Winn. In Winchester, June 12, 1926, Ruth Christine Winn to Edward Harry Newhall. Address, 108 Capen Street, Medford Hillside.

Married: Thompson-Worman. In Brookline, October 11, 1926, Margaret Eliza Worman to Robert Keith Thompson. Address: 754 Asylum Avenue, Hartford, Ct.

Married: Foxwell-Babb. In Kansas City, Missouri, September 15, 1926, Elizabeth Messinger Babb to Richard Strong Foxwell. Address: 2612 East 33d Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Martha Stockwell is studying in New York to be an expert dietician. She came to Abbot for Bradford Day, her first visit since her graduation.

## 1921

Married: Bennett-Page. In Andover, June 1, 1926, Edith Ensign Page to William Claypool Bennett. Address: Ludlow.

Married: Bennett-Weld. In Boston, July 20, 1926, Katherine Weld to Bradford Davis Bennett. Address: 11 South Russell Street, Boston.

Married: Sweet-Van Dervoort. In Urbana, Ill., October 2, 1926, Louise A. Van Dervoort to Robert Lockwood Sweet. Address: 5011 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Married: Cotter-Smith. In Turners Falls, October 4, 1926, Martha W. Smith to Thomas F. Cotter, Jr. Address: 32 Highlawn Avenue, Lawrence.

Married: Bradley-Alling. In Plainfield, N. J., November 18, 1926, Marian Booth Alling to Otis Treat Bradley. Address: 65 East 96th Street, New York City.

Married: Pease-Meigs. In Syracuse, N. Y., December 27, 1926, Eunice Marion Meigs to Charles Wallace Pease. Address: 900 Amherst Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Born: May 31, 1926, a daughter, Mary Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Temple A. Bradley (Alice Hallett), of Cambridge.

Born: September 7, 1926, a daughter, Eleanor Caro, to Mr. and Mrs. Marcus P. Chandler (Elizabeth McDougall).

Elizabeth McClellan, who is taking the architectural course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been awarded a full tuition scholarship.

Marian Parker is going on a Mediterranean cruise this winter.

## 1922

Engaged: Janet Warren to Gordon Brown Winslow of West Roxbury.

Married: Sherman-Sands. In Melrose Highlands, June 5, 1926, Barbara Sands to Frank James Sherman, Jr.

Married: Babson-Chapman. Elizabeth L. Chapman to George Jay Babson in New York City, August 21, 1926.

Married: Overstreet-Polk. In San Antonio, Texas, September 11, 1926, Mary Elizabeth Polk to Lee Carl Overstreet.

Married: Cheesborough-Saunders. In New York City, September 25, 1926. Marian Amelia Saunders to John C. Cheesborough. Address: 32 Jefferson Apts., Asheville, N. C.

Married: White-Boutwell. In Andover, October 12, 1926, Rachel Niles Boutwell to Montague White. Address: Millbrook.

Born: January 28, 1926, a son, Gerald, to Mr. and Mrs. Goodlette Dildy (Mildred Burford), of Texarkana, Tex.

Sarah Bodwell is studying at Simmons along the lines of her special interest, Home Economics.

Ruth Hill is private secretary to one of the firm of Raymond and Whitcomb, in Boston. She is living with Frances Keany in an apartment at 32 Russell Street, on Beacon Hill.

Kathrine Weeks is Industrial Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Lewiston and Auburn, Maine. She is living in Auburn.

## 1923

Engaged: Dolores Osborne to Jerome L. Keleher, Harvard 1927, of Arlington.

Engaged: Esther Patten to Thomas Moreland Wetmore of Boston.

Engaged: Florence Prickett to Robert Otey Yancey Warren.

Married: Whitehouse-Darling. In Gardiner, Me., July 21, 1926, Anne Bradstreet Darling to Brooks Whitehouse. Address: 68 Bradford Road, Watertown, Mass.

Miriam Sweeney is supervisor of music in the public schools of Andover, after being assistant supervisor for two years.

## 1924

Engaged: Caroline Bates Hall to Lawrence Willis Wason, of Brookline.

Engaged: Elizabeth Bragg to Douglas Ballard McIntosh.

Engaged: Sybil Bortomley to Edward Golder Talman.

Married: McLeod-Hallett. In Bangor, Maine, on June 30, 1926, Dorothy May Hallett to Robert Cunningham McLeod.

Married: Jones-McKee. In Paterson, N. J., September 14, 1926, Margaret Ayres McKee to George Cushing Jones.

Married: Naetzker-Willson. In Jamestown, N. Y., June 27, 1926, Elizabeth Hortense Willson to Julius A. Naetzker.

Married: Reeder-Straehley. In Ardmore, Okla., November 3, 1926, Caroline Harris Straehley to Greene Walton Reeder.

Married: Woolston-Barringer. In Canandaigua, N. Y., November 20, 1926, Dorothy Electa Barringer to William Franklin Woolston, Jr.

Born: August 7, 1926, a son, Paul Sadler, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sadler (Ruth J. Flather), of Nashua, N. H.

## 1925

Marion Quain Sterret's address is 204 Spaulding Street, Pullman, Washington.

Jean Gordon is at Miss Wheelock's School in Boston this winter.

## Report of Class of 1926

Marion Burr, Emily Gage, Evelyn Glidden, Elinor Mahoney, Dorothy Pease, Margaret Stirling, Fuki Wooyenaka, Rosalie Gibby and Virginia Merritt are at Wellesley. — Smith claims Ruth Farrington, Patricia Goodwillie, Cynthia Hunt, Edda Renouf, and Sylvea Shapleigh. Ruth and Patty have been excused from English because of their very high marks in the new Freshman English examination. Edda made both her house and class teams in soccer and she also is in the college choir. — Ruth Stafford and Frances Flagg are at Mt. Holyoke; the latter made the hockey team in the fall. — Louise Douglass, Dorothy Gillette, Edith Ireland, and Florence MacDougall are at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School. — Gracie Griffin and Ruth Copeland are at the Academy of Speech Arts in Boston; Ruth is living with cousins in Cambridge. — Anstiss Bowser is at Simmons. She spoke in chapel here one morning about the Cum Laude Society. — Edith Bullen is studying English and Social Psychology at Northwestern University. — Adelaide Black is the Girl Reserve Secretary at the Y. W. C. A. in Zanesville. — Katherine Clay is studying at the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston. — Frances Merrick is at Radcliffe. — Alice Taylor is at

Bryn Mawr. — Alice Cole is on a five-months trip around the world. She sent Christmas cards from Japan. — Gertrude Craik writes of interesting experiences in British Honduras. — Ruth Deadman is at the Old Colony Secretarial School on Beacon Street in Boston. — Priscilla Perkins is studying at Boston University and is keeping in touch with Abbot by taking singing lessons from Mrs. Burnham. — Katharine Parker is at school in Lausanne. — Carlotta Sloper is going abroad soon. — Mary Sun is at Elmira College, where she was elected an assemblyman of her house, an executive position in the Student Government. — Jean Donald is training to be a nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital. — Virginia Spear is at home. — Jane Ruth Hovey is at the Academy of Speech Arts. — Alice Perry is at home. — Barbara Bloomfield is at Miss Sacker's Art School in Boston. — Olive Rogers is at home. — Frances McDougall is studying at a Business School in Portland. — Helen Larson is at the Junior College in Kansas City. — Lucie Locker is at the Lake Placid Club School. — Suzanne Loizeaux is at the Prince School of Store Education in Boston. — Emily Lyman is studying music in New York City. — Ruth Katzman is at home. — Saye Hirooka has been at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School. — Alice Abrahamson is at home.

### NON-GRADUATES

Geraldine Ricard is at Vassar. — Marjorie Murray is at a Business School in Trenton. — Ray Ellis started for Europe in January. — Herta Mittendorf and Eleanor Blackmer are at Penn Hall. — Sara Hazell Kidder is at school at Lausanne. — Anne Sutton is at The Winsor School in Boston. — Abbie Monan is at Northfield Seminary. — Edna Russell has announced her engagement to Herbert Watson. — Sally Tate is at the Vesper George Art School in Boston. — Frances Cobb is at Briarcliff Manor in New York. — Marion Ireland went to Simmons for the first half of the year. — Caroline Hopkins is at Lasell School in Auburndale. — Helen Norton is at Miss Farmer's Cooking School. — Louise Blake is studying at the Plymouth, New Hampshire, Normal School.



# School Organizations

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## Senior Class

<i>President</i> . . . . .	SYDNA WHITE
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	FLORA SKINNER
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## Student Government

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<i>Walking</i>	. . . . .	RUTH NASON
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# The Abbot Courant

June, 1927

ANDOVER, MASS.

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JUNE — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND  
TWENTY-SEVEN

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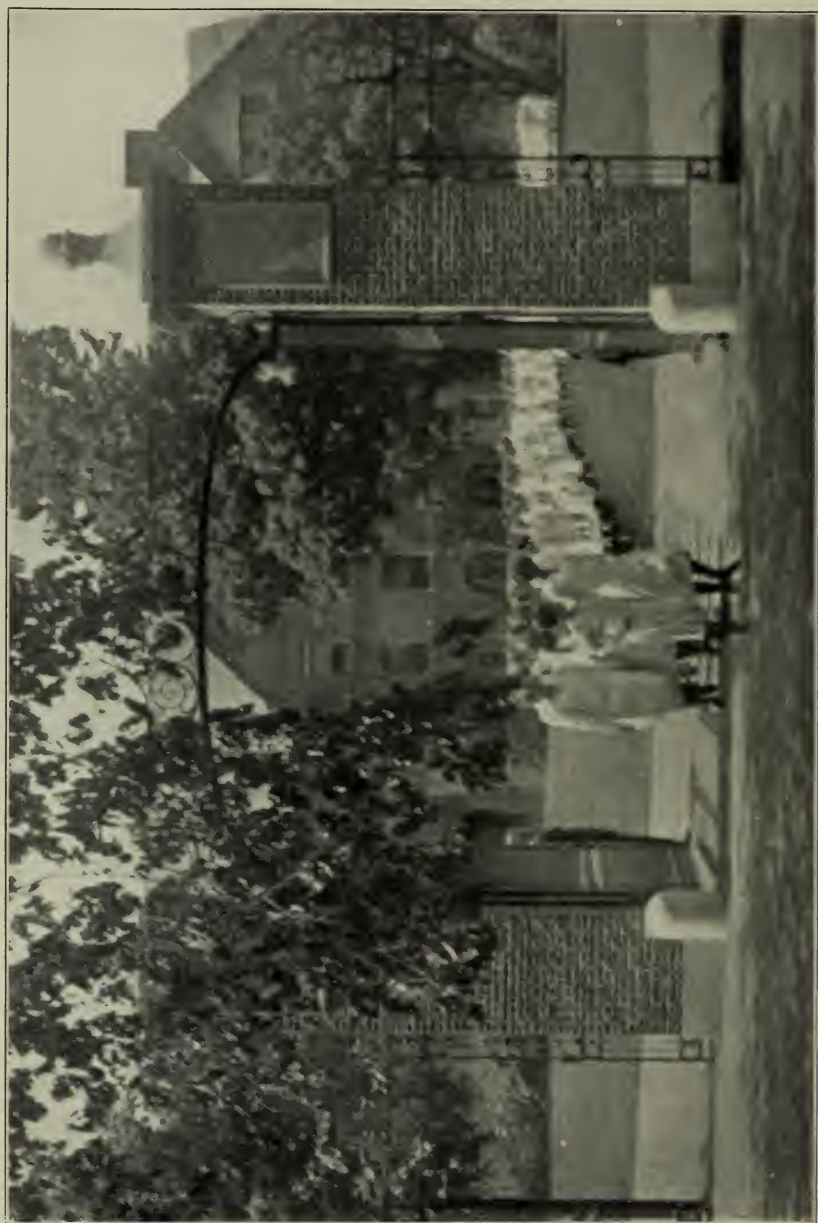
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The price of the COURANT is one dollar and a half a year; single copies seventy-five cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.







COMMENCEMENT

# THE ABBOT COURANT

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**JUNE, 1927**

**No. 2**

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## Editorials

This winter and spring term the COURANT held a series of three editorial contests; and from the great flood of editorials handed in to us those chosen as the eight best are printed here. We believe that the school has, through these contests, begun an interest in the editorial art, and has much liked its dip into Journalism.

### A CHALLENGE

Abbot, as an old school of nearly a hundred years, is delightfully rich in traditions. Of all her customs the most universal in its appeal is that of hanging class banners in Davis Hall. There are few in any way connected with the school who are not proud of the noble array lining the walls, and there surely is no student who doesn't thrill at the very thought of seeing her own class banner there. We point them out to visitors with the greatest respect, proudly explaining how each senior class leaves this symbol. Indeed, nothing could be more symbolic! New graduates go out and a bright banner is left to represent them. As it fades and grows old, so the class ages; slowly the silk weakens and tears, the girls, likewise, separate as their interests widen. At length all that remains of either reality or emblem is its spirit. The bond which time can never sever is the numeral of a class. It's a tie that binds girls in loyalty forever, and a center that holds the tattered shreds until they drop. With the glorious spirit of these classes to inspire us, can we be content with our contribution to Abbot's history? O, classes of the past, we accept your challenge!

*Miriam Houdlette, '27*

## LENTEN VESPERS

Spring here at Abbot is wonderful, absolutely wonderful. Our hearts seem almost too full of joy, and often a great restlessness sweeps over us. For when the sun is shining so warmly, when the sky has that bright blue tinge, when the first robins are singing in the leafless maples, Latin and Math seem so useless. But fortunately at this time, acting as a balance wheel, come the Lenten vesper services held in dear old Abbot Hall on Wednesday afternoons. Here is no compulsory attendance; every one who comes comes with a sincere desire to worship and goes away feeling a deeper reverence. Miss Bailey's message always touches every hearer, and unconsciously our vague longings and unrests are answered, while a deep peace and faith take their place.

*Mary Roe Knight, '27*

## ON THE MENTAL BLANK

Mental blankness is a state we are all familiar with, but when our heads are full of ideas, a paper is before us, and we are told to write, why is it that a curtain falls between us and what we wish to say, a curtain through which we see dim shapes that move to and fro in obscurity, for it prevents the light from shining on our thoughts and hides from us their varied colors with which we make the patterns of our written speech? The only cure is to put out a hand and throw the curtain back, but that simple-seeming act is one of the hardest to perform. We are by nature inclined to be lazy, and in our heart of hearts we rather like this pleasant feeling of inactivity, lingering in the gloom to watch the shadows on the curtain. Our will, the lively keeper of our mind, who alone can break the spell, is spinning idle daydreams and must be wakened that he may tear the curtain down and bid our thoughts come out into the light.

*Katherine Fox, '29*

## MEMORIES IN THE MAKING

Now I think that it is a very bad thing to live wholly in the future, but on the other hand it is well occasionally to take that time into consideration. Surely it would make a great deal of difference in our present way of living — or at least in our present manner of passing leisure time. For do you realize that what you are now doing is going to sometime be a pleasant — or otherwise — memory in your old age?

We are all inclined to grumble about this, that, or the other thing, and scowling is a habit much too easily acquired; this excepts of course those few upside-down people who seem to enjoy complaining. Just notice when next you go home what memories of school pop up; I think you'll find that it is the things you once found so hard to bear that will make you smile. When your friends notice how graceful you've grown you will smile and think how really funny rhythmic class was, especially if one of your fellow-dancers was a "good-natured fat girl"; some day you'll probably be only too glad to remember the precious beauty secrets learned at fire drill and will forget entirely how tired you were when the bell rang. So whenever your lot seems particularly cruel, just think how delightedly you will look back on it in the future. *Ella Stonebraker, '27*

#### IN 1940 ?

Not only Phillips Academy is proud of new buildings. O no! All Abbot is rejoicing over the fact that the long-coveted swimming-pool has just been completed. It stands in all its glory at the end of the Old Hockey Field. We all feel a thrill of pride when we view its shining newness, and when we stand in the small balcony and see the snowy-tiled room with the sun streaming through the high windows, but most of all when we are diving and splashing around in the delightfully cool green water.

The new swimmingpool is decidedly the most popular place on the campus and in the afternoon especially gay little groups come and go. As for the Old Hockey Field, it smiles all over at its recovered popularity and feels no more the pangs of jealousy for its rival, the New Hockey Field, on the other side of the Grove. Hurrah for the new swimmingpool! Abbot gives a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. — who have made this wonderful gift to our Alma Mater.

*Marianne Hirst, '28*

#### SPRING ATTITUDE

The attitude of people in spring towards life in general is altogether different from the attitude at other times of the year. The bright sunshine, the blue skies, the warm, moist air, the singing of the birds, and the peeping of the frogs at night all help to make people happy and ambitious in the spring. We see the renewal of life in the trees, the grass, and the flowers; we see in children, also, excess ambition when they play the strenuous spring games,



baseball, jump-rope, hop-scotch and blind-bear. In young people the spring attitude seems to tend towards sentimentalism. To the housewife comes the house-cleaning fever; the business man renews his ambition, the farmer starts his garden, the automobile salesman exaggerates a little more than usual his statements concerning his product; and the religious leader regains, with the coming of Easter, a faith and spirit which he has tended to lose during the winter.

Just as the housewife cleans the cobwebs from her house, so we clean the cobwebs from our minds. We clean our wardrobes and renew them in accordance with the spirit of spring. And after all this, we emerge with mind and body better fitted for the future.

*Emelyn Wright, '28*

### SLANG

O dearly beloved Slang, how we adore you! And yet how wickedly we do treat you! We sling you here and there — everywhere! We hurl you into people's faces! We, unaware and umindful of how tired you must get, toss you recklessly about from morn till eve. We forget that you have feelings and guilelessly misuse you until you become all worn-out and, yes, even thread-bare. There are some members of your family especially whom we maltreat incessantly. We drag them violently with us wherever we go and sometimes we pull them roughly into society where they are abused and rejected! O Slang, do you really have feelings? If you do, I sorely fear that they are continually being wounded!

*Betty Schub, '28*

### PERTAINING TO CANINES

Big dogs, little dogs, old dogs, young dogs, no matter what their size or age, they all seem to adopt Abbot and think it their duty for one of them at least to stay on the campus, day and night. The circle is their special place of assembly. The first thing in the morning a dog is waiting to greet us by the front door and the last sound we hear at night is a fierce bark, directed toward the innocent night-watchman. They don't understand why flower beds should not be gamboled through; and what a reproachful glance they cast at the person who is so presumptuous as to shoo them out on the hard driveway again! However, with all their faults, we should hate to see them desert Abbot, for what animal is so companionable as a dog!

*Katherine Haskell, '29*

## An Osage and Luck

Sunset. The sky is flaming behind the stark black derricks. The flat plain is studded with the dark bulky outlines of countless oil-tanks and toolsheds. Pools of thick molasses-like crude oil — overflowed from the storage tanks — dwindle and trickle off in little shallow creeks. Everything in sight is black and oily — ground, tanks, rigs.

"Cub" Dillard is tearing along at a tremendous rate over the straight, rutty dirt road. Oklahoma oilfield roads are always terrible. His racing green Lincoln roadster seems happy, but he is in the lower depths of woe — debt — debt — debt. Spendthrift young Osage Indian that he is, he could not realize that money does not flow when he writes a check. He recently inherited money and land from his father — one of the richest Osages in Tonkawa County. The land was bad for cotton and thirty miles from an oil-field. There wasn't any hope for oil, geologists said. But with his money reckless young Dillard made a royal splurge for almost a year — true to all Osage instincts. Above all, their taste runs to gaudy Italian mansions in Tulsa, red or green or blue Lincoln sedans and marcellers with peroxide blonde bobs. He did just that — but now it was over. Cash gone — he was miles in debt. His only hope was that barren land seven miles from Ardmore. He was on his way now to see contractors in Wilson, a town of tacky bungalows, tool-dressers and oil scouts, about drilling a wildcat on it. As he drove along, the brilliance waned and the landscape became a tone picture of greys and blacks.

Weeks later "Cub" was sitting on a soap box under a shed near the rig of the "MacDillard —", his pet wildcat well. Luck — luck — how fickle it was! Weeks of drilling limestone, sand, and water was discouraging. It was scorching July and early afternoon. The sun was cooking everything and everybody. No cool shade, no trees, white glaring ground, rig and sheds of new lumber, dirty, grimy workers were all that could be seen. The monotonous plung — plung — plung — of the drill and the everlasting turning of the big awkward wheels and the flaming of the furnace distracted him. Suddenly the young Indian leaped to his feet! A gusher! The

black spray shot geyser-like high above the derrick, drenching everything in range. The men rushed under the raining oil and were soaked — just for the sheer madness of it! Wild cries came thick and fast. The most romantic and exciting thing in the world had happened! A gusher! Dillard was intoxicated — huge acreage — royalties — new find! The impossible had happened — another splurge — again despondency — another wildcat — another strike — Oklahoma is like that.

*Mary Belle Maxwell, '27*

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### **Intensity**

I saw one warm spring afternoon  
Vermilion maples;  
Their red-hot pointed spear-tips marched  
In close-packed glowing hordes,  
Like summer legions;  
Advancing, thronging, glowing hot  
With breathless eagerness,  
Amassing white-hot heat, to burst  
To shady flowering.

*Jean Frederick, '28*

### **My City under the Sea**

Down — down — down  
Into sickening fathomless depths I sink to my city under the sea,  
A city with coral hills, and glistening crystal-pebbled streets;  
Trees of waving yellow seaweeds move their slimy arms.  
The inhabitants of my city are an endless horde,  
Whose gleaming-colored gowns  
Wear fin-sleeves of gossamer sheen,  
And ever-swishing trains of gold.

*V. Pontious, '28*

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### **Chaos**

Behold! A thousand stars burst,  
Scattering a million worlds of flame.  
And the skies shrieked scarlet, cerise, vermilion and a vivid orange-  
crimson.  
Behold! A brilliant, whirling, comet  
Swept its sputtering tail between the screaming Pleiades,  
And Orion chased his Sirius  
Around the wrathful, shouting Mars.  
Ursa Major,  
Dodging monstrous, ragged meteors,  
Rushed past rumbling Bungula,  
While he furiously pursued  
His slippery Minor  
From one side of the sky to the other.

*Mary Roys, '29*

## “The Vogue of Boredom”

“Hi, Jack! Great day!”

“You said it, old man. How about a round of golf?”

“I’m with you! Wait a sec till I get the junk out of my locker!”

While waiting, Jack lighted a cigarette and stood smoking on the club porch. Before him stretched the green rolling fairways with hundreds of happy, laughing people who had abandoned all cares and were enjoying their daily turn at golf. The little red flags — not danger signals but pleasure signals — waved gracefully in the warm August breeze on the soft velvety greens.

“There’s Howard and Helen!,” thought Jack, as he strained his eyes to see the tee of the fifth hole.

“What a beaut!”, he remarked as the brasseer with a wide swoop of over-powering strength struck the tiny white ball and with a tremendous crack sent it sailing over the green expanse.

With a reluctant gaze Jack turned his attention toward the tennis courts, where his young wife was playing. He remarked with what quickness and agility she played. The sun beat down with great intensity on the hard-packed court, but this only made the set faster. He could clearly hear the sweet voices of the girls as they played vigorously, “Love one! Ready?” “Play! Peaches!” “Out! Fifteen here!”

At the right of the courts Jack saw his youngster playing gleefully in the sand-pile with his nurse near at hand. How healthy he seemed and how happy!

“I’ll bid one without.” “By!” “Two hearts!” “By.” “Two without!” Jack turned and saw his pretty mother behind him deeply absorbed in a game of bridge.

“Hello, Dad!,” called Jack’s daughter, who was on the other side of the porch, dancing to the syncopating swerving slams of a serenading jazz orchestra.

“Ready, Jack?” Jack picked up his golf bag and walked slowly out to the first tee. “And they call this ‘The Vogue of Boredom,’” he thought.

*Betty Schub, '28*



## The Sidewalks of Andover

There are many kinds of sidewalks in Andover. The sidewalk in front of our house is granolithic. It is very smooth and is marked off at even intervals. I cannot help being seized with a wonderful sense of peace and security. I know that there are no stones or tree-roots for me to stumble over, and even though I should fall the sidewalk is so clean-looking that I doubt if I should soil my clothes to any great extent.

But this calmness does not last long, for I soon turn the corner onto a plain dirt sidewalk. Here there are stones and roots sticking up above the ground and the dirt certainly would not improve the looks of my clothing if I should fall. There are also numerous little holes which must be regarded unless I wish to turn my ankle. All this makes my comfortable state of mind change with alarming rapidity. Whether the roughness of the way jogs my mind or what, I do not know, but here I invariably find some bit of home-work that I have neglected to do. As I think about my work, I stumble over a root and realize that I am still on the dirt sidewalk and I cannot walk there and think hard at the same time. This irritates me quite a bit.

By this time I cross a road and reach a tar sidewalk. And although to fall on a tar sidewalk would be just as disastrous as to fall on a dirt one, at least there are no roots to trip over. I proceed along this sidewalk and am able to think at ease. When I have reached the next sidewalk I have either completed my task or found a time to do it. Thus my former peace of mind is restored.

The next sidewalk is gravel. It has shallow holes, giving the impression of a miniature roller-coaster. When it rains these holes form fairly large pools which I have to walk around or leap over. This sidewalk is so interesting and adds so much variety to my daily walk that when I turn the next corner I feel quite cheerful.

*Barbara Lord, '30*

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## A Day in March

It is a dark and gloomy day;

It is drizzly and wet and gray;

The air is dense and smoky.

The people go slinking by, their heads stooped and necks buried in raincoat collars.

There is the continual bang of loose chains of the passing taxicabs:

This is a rainy March day in Chicago.

*Susan Heany, '28*

## The Great Cycle Feast

In Korea and the Far East generally sixty years is a cycle of time, as a century is a cycle of time in the Occident. Usually wedding anniversaries are ignored in Korea, with one exception, which is the sixtieth anniversary, and that may be celebrated only when there has not been a single death in the family during all those years. This celebration is called "The Great Cycle Feast" and, as you can imagine, it very rarely takes place. Such a feast, however, was celebrated this spring in Seoul, the capital of Korea.

The "Honorable Pair" were seventy-eight and seventy-six years old. There had not been a single death in their family, and their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren spared no pains to make their "Honorable Parents' " Great Cycle Feast a magnificent affair. The guests, after leaving their shoes at the door, were ushered into a beautiful little room sixteen feet by sixteen feet. On one side was a long low table heaped with forty-two different kinds of curious oriental food, piles two feet high of brightly-colored breads and sweetmeats, wedding cakes with brilliant candy flowers, and many other delicious things. Around the table were lovely silk cushions for the guests to sit on.

The "Honorable Couple" were led in and seated on a silk rug behind the groaning table. They were dressed in gorgeous palace costumes borrowed for the occasion. The "bride" wore a full-sleeved, full-skirted silk brocade gown of many colors and a great heavy coil of artificial hair adorned with gold and silver ornaments on her head. The "groom" wore a beautiful long blue coat, also of silk brocade, over white silk trousers and vest. Smiling, the old people sat while their eldest son prostrated himself before them on a silk rug on the other side of the table. After him came the next eldest and so on till all the descendants, thirty-five in number, down to the youngest great-grandchild had paid his respects to the "Honored Pair." As each one prostrated himself, a silver loving cup full of wine was passed to the "bride and groom," who poured it into a large bowl placed between them. After this ceremony was finished, the "Honorable Couple" went out into the

sunshine to have their pictures taken, and after them all the guests were photographed. Then the guests were seated in different rooms for the feast. The relations served the guests from the big table, and these dainties were eaten with silver chopsticks. They also had soup, which was served in brass bowls and eaten with spoons made of mother-of-pearl shell. Course after course was served and the entire feast took several hours.

As the guests took their departure, they wished the couple the customary "many blessings," to which the old man replied with a happy laugh, "If God sent us any more blessings we should not know what to do with them."

*Marianne Hirst, '28*

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### A Translation from the French

Seeing the mountains in the hazy distance,  
I would compare them to my restless yearning:  
Their peaks are high, and high is my ambition,  
Their feet are steadfast, and my faith is certain.  
From them run many pleasant streams and fountains,  
And from my eyes soft tear-drops flow unceasing,  
My bosom heaves with heavy sighs of sadness,  
And round their summits moan the winds forever.  
A thousand flocks are grazing on the mountains;  
As many are the half-formed wishes lying  
Within my heart, which is my only pasture.  
The hills are fruitless and my gains but seeming,  
The hills and I have but a single difference:  
On them lies snow — in me hot flames are burning.

*Ruth Cushman, '28*

## Economy

### I

If you want to know how to make money go far,  
Take lessons from me, for in this I'm a star;  
I can stretch a thin check like a new rubber band,  
And come home with a part of it still in my hand.

### II

Last Wednesday I spent the day shopping in town,  
I needed some stockings, hat, shoes, and a gown;  
My well-worn brown purse held a small check for fifty,  
And yet I returned with a wardrobe quite nifty.

### III

A dress for Commencement of white crepe-de-chine  
Diminished my substance by only fifteen;  
Silk hose at a sale and a five-dollar skirt  
Led me to invest in a tailored silk shirt.

### IV

Two good pairs of shoes at six dollars a pair  
Was a purchase well made and indeed rather rare;  
Whene'er I buy shoes my dull spirits arise,  
To me they're a bargain because of their size.

### V

At two ninety-eight per two hats I obtained,  
And I want you to know they must not be disdained;  
Twelve pairs of brass earrings at Kresge's fine store  
And a huge roll of cambric cost two twenty-four!

### VI

And I ate a big lunch of hot bread and thick steak,  
Tomatoes, cucumbers, hot coffee, and cake;  
I taxied around in old Beanville all day,  
And managed to pay for my train fare each way.

### VII

Of course all these things must be viewed at a glance,  
Because, as you know, they are bargains of chance,  
But for neat calculation I surely excel,  
Economical skill with *me* works pretty well!

*Harriet Nash, '27*



## The Woman's Privilege

### A ONE-ACT PLAY

#### Cast

JOAN: who is deep in the expression of modern art.

PETER LONGWELL: a young lawyer, in love with Joan.

SARA: Joan's sensible-minded married sister.

*Scene:* A room in the Bohemian quarter in Greenwich Village, New York City. At the right of the stage is a fireplace with a huge, vivid picture above it which screams modern art. There is a big armchair before the fireplace. There are two doors at the back of the stage, the right door apparently leading into the main hallway, the other into an inner dressingroom. The room is obviously a combination sittingroom and bedroom, for in the middle of the back between the two doors there is a couch with a gay cover and sofa pillows. At the left is a huge desk with a great number of papers scattered over it. There are books everywhere in the room, some left open as though for reference.

When the curtain goes up, Joan, a very intelligent-looking girl of twenty or twenty-two, who might be pretty if her hair, which is long and light, were not pulled quite so tightly off her forehead and screwed in so tight a knot on the top of her head and if her big black-rimmed glasses didn't make her look so ancient, is sitting with her feet up on the couch deep in a huge book and is apparently paying very little attention to a most attractive young woman who is wandering rather aimlessly around the room. Sara has obviously just come in. She still has her hat on, as though she intended only a short call.

SARA (*turning from the picture above the mantle a little impatiently*):

When are you going to drop this pose, Joan, and — well, to be perfectly candid, snap out of it? It *is* a pose! You might just as well admit it and accept Peter's proposal now as later!

JOAN (*looking up angrily*): Sara! If you're only going to bring that subject up again, you might just as well leave now. You know I've refused to discuss it further; (*with finality*) you know my views perfectly.



SARA (*hastily*): Oh, very well! But I must say (*with a look around the room*) I don't see what this life offers that is more alluring to you. Of course your literary career — still —

JOAN: You know perfectly well it's not so much my career as the fact that I'm free to live my own life. I've one life and if I don't see the advantage of living with a man who domineers over you — all men do, you know — and with a pack of children who would leave me *no* time to myself and would be forever demanding; *demanding*, (*at a pained look from Sara rather sheepishly*): Yes, now I suppose I've hurt your feelings by speaking of families that way, but you *would* bring up the subject. My life's my own and I don't intend to lose it in the exacting personalities of a family. I want to be free to show the world some of woman's rights and privileges, (*dreamily*) to blaze the trail for the equality of women.

SARA (*aside*): If not the superiority.

JOAN (*as though uninterrupted*): I'm young —

SARA: Yes, my dear! But I confess you would never guess it in those goggles. If you will lead this life, very well, but don't make a point of making yourself look one hundred. I really don't see the advantage. You really are rather attractive, you know.

JOAN: How many times have I told you that appearance means nothing at all to me! We think only of the expression of our personalities, souls, (*with vision*) only in this way can we show to others the rights of women, the woman's privileges. Through the expression of our souls.

SARA: If your soul looks anything like that smock, Joan, it wouldn't make any difference if it were never expressed.

(*Joan returns to her book with a hurt look.*)

SARA: Why not start with one of the most renowned of woman's privileges?

(*Joan looks interested*)

SARA: The privilege of changing her mind. Tell Peter you'll marry him and lead a —

JOAN (*thoroughly exasperated*): That is settled; my decision is made. If I had had the slightest intention of accepting that man, I should have done so long ago. Do you suppose I would have held to my decision all summer in spite of daily telegrams and

letters if it had not been final? I repeat, my decision is made. The life he has to offer holds no attraction for me whatever. Because the rest of you feel no charm in my way of living is no proof there is none. It offers me self-expression —; (*as though coming out of a trance*) why the mere thought of seeing any one man every morning at breakfast for a life-time drives expression of every kind from my head. The thousand petty details — of course the life is ideal for you, who can be entirely satisfied with losing your life in that of John and the children — but I'm built for something bigger, finer —

SARA (*with a slight bow that Joan misses completely*): Does Peter know this, dear? You're not encouraging him? I feel —

JOAN (*scornfully*): Encouraging him! I could hardly have done more in the opposite direction. I've told him frankly my ideas, and more than that I've introduced him to all the sweet, motherly-looking girls I know. If he fails to take advantage of this I've nothing to do with it. If he continues to hope, why very well! But don't waste any pity on him, not *one* particle. (*with warmth*)

SARA (*knowingly*): Like many of the modern generation the chase fascinates you more than anything. Now that you know Peter adores the ground you walk on you'll not admit you love him, until — (*she is silenced with a severe look from Joan who, having moved over to her desk, is shifting the many papers on it*)

JOAN: Really Sara, I'm quite busy you know. The next issue of "Fashions in Thinking" comes out next month. All articles have to go to the printers tomorrow and I still have to finish this article on "Is Marriage a Success?" and put some finishing touches on this article on "Modernizing the Home." If you don't mind, I think I'll get to work. (*rather coldly*)

SARA: Yes, I must go. By the way, Joan, how long have you had the paper?

JOAN: I bought it three months ago: (*warming to the subject*) It's done remarkably well; our lists have grown enormously. Did I tell you Mr. Young, the former editor, called today and offered me a big price to sell it back to him? He evidently has gotten a financial backing and wants to make a second attempt. He seems to think he can make it go this time.

SARA (*taking her courage in her hands*): Of course you told him you would sell —

JOAN: I said *no such* thing. You can't seem to realize I'm serious about this. In real earnest. Through this paper I've the chance of revolutionizing the position of women entirely. I can—

SARA (*speaking swiftly and with some bitterness*): You'd better go carefully. There are some women perfectly content to "devote themselves to their husbands and children" and who feel no great urge to "blaze the trail for equality of women;" you're handling a rather large and difficult proposition! Take my advice and next time you see Peter express your soul by looking a little less like a "school-marm" of the gay nineties. — (*As Joan looks very hurt*) Forgive me, Joan, I don't mean to be mean; it's only because I think so much of you and I do want you to be happy. (*Putting on her coat*) Don't forget the dinner tonight and as a favor for me dress up especially. I love to see my sister looking as well as I know she can. (*Throws Joan a kiss and goes out.*)

(*As she leaves, Joan sinks into a chair looking very much like a little child trying not to cry.*)

Oh! Sara always upsets me so! (*Her lips tremble as she goes on*) I wonder if there is anything in what she says. Don't I appreciate Peter because I know — I mean — marriage hasn't made her dull. It's developed her — I wonder — But, of course, I'm not like Sara — I need self-expression. (*Her head sinks on the desk; then between the sobs*): I guess I'm only tired —

[*Curtain for a minute closes, indicating a lapse of a few hours. It opens on the same scene.*]

Joan enters from the door to her dressing room. She's in an adorable black dinner-gown. Her hair, which looks reddish in the light, is very attractive done high in a French twist. She has evidently been crying.

Peter, a very attractive man of twenty-six or seven, enters the other door a few seconds afterwards. He apparently is very pleased about something. He goes right to the fire-place, and after putting his hat on the mantle talks fast and enthusiastically as he fills his pipe: Joan, I must confess you've made the thing go! And in less than three months. I feel ashamed when I think how I tried to persuade you to give

up your plans. (*He notices that she's been crying but gives no evidence of it.*) You were cut out for it. It's undoubtedly the work you were made for (*Joan is surprised to see him so indifferent*) why everywhere I've been, theaters, clubs, offices, drawing-rooms, I hear your articles discussed. You've made a stir; you're on the right track — you've got the right "dope"; you'll accomplish the impossible. (*Joan looks as though she didn't care to*). And I want to be the first of those who so vehemently opposed it as foolish to congratulate you, to admit you're right, to urge you to devote your life to it and to stick to it in spite of all opposition from friends and families.

JOAN (*rather weakly*): I've no intention of doing anything else!

PETER (*smiling at his pipe*): That last article on marriage was corking! I can hardly wait to see the next. If it's the same kind of material your reputation is established. There must be a huge satisfaction in your work.

JOAN (*rather anxious*): Oh, I don't know!

PETER (*more enthusiastic still*): I can see you devoting your whole life to it, revolutionizing the whole social status merely through —

JOAN (*in swift transition*): Yes, (*dreamily*) I've often wondered how and why I ever considered any other kind of life — how I could even for a moment have dreamt of anything else. I seem made for this. I can see now how my whole life has led, step by step, to this — how my —

PETER (*now perfectly serious takes long strides to where she's standing*): Joan, admit it — I *know*; you can't hide it from me. Tell me that it's all a pose, that underneath you find your work utterly devoid of human interests and affections. I've something to tell you. Tomorrow I sail for France on a business trip that will keep me abroad eighteen months or two years. Tell me you love me, Joan. I see it in your eyes. I *know* you do. Tell me you'll sail tomorrow with me on our wedding trip.

JOAN (*white and trembling standing very straight in front of him*): I've already given you my answer. I consider it rude of you to press the matter further, also unspeakably selfish of you to ask me to give up my work. I —

PETER: Tell that to the rest, but say yes to me. I must go now, but telephone me tonight what I already know. (*Catching her*



*suddenly in his arms, he kisses her and goes out suddenly, leaving Joan as though stunned.)*

*Joan sinks onto the arm of the chair gazing before her as though in a trance. A slow smile dawns and she starts up as if to go somewhere, then sinks back "No — I guess I won't!" then with a triumphant smile "Yes, I will!" she darts to the telephone:*

Morningside 437 — Mr. Young? May I leave a message? I'm willing to sell the paper on the terms Mr. Young specified this morning. And he may take over the management of it tomorrow. Yes — he expects the message. Thank you! *(then sitting on telephone table with back to door, she looks through the telephone book):* Central? Marlborough 436 M, please. Dad? This is Joan — I've done it — What? Made use of the woman's privilege — Why, changed my mind, of course — O well, we're going to be married tomorrow. Yes, Peter of course — Will you come to the Fifth Avenue Church at 4.30? Is the groom thrilled? — O — why — why, yes — what a silly question! Why, yes, certainly, of course — Rather sudden! Really, Dad, the question is will you come tomorrow? Don't tell anyone — not a word — it's to be a very quiet wedding, shh! — *(Turns from telephone and sees Peter, who has come in apparently to get his hat, which he left behind. He has heard the whole conversation and is grinning broadly)*

JOAN *(blushing furiously)*: O *(blankly)* I hope four-thirty will suit you?

*Pauline Humeston, '27*

### The Storm

The great god thunders from a steely cloud,  
The adder's-tongued lightning flashes forth.  
The wind in a frenzy roars down the hill,  
And the proud trees bow to the storm.

*Lucy Sanborn, '27*



### Still Young

See where rugged cliffs rise high  
Above the purplish river, there;  
Look, my son, there — but by  
The time you turn to look it's — where?  
Well, what held your attention so  
That made you miss that beauty rare?  
Ah, there's the town where, long ago,  
She — she and I had spent a day —  
Soon you'll see a steeple — lo!  
You'd rather watch the pilot's way?  
You think you'll be a sailor, friend?  
But just see yonder mountain's gray  
Which shades to purple, then to blend  
In hazy bluish mist. Give heed!  
To nature's skill and art attend  
For knowledge deep of life's great need,  
More views of God's great works to reap.  
My thoughts yet fail your mind to feed?  
So much more room ideas to heap.

*Lois Kimball, '27*

### “The Baltimore Crosspatch”

The other day I made the acquaintance of Mr. H. L. Mencken in his *Prejudices — Fourth Series*. As I am very uninformed and he is very learned, we got on beautifully together. By the end of the first hundred pages, I was convinced that the only typically American institutions are chewinggum and the Ku Klux Klan, and that the Bill of Rights and the Volstead Act are absolutely incompatible. In the next few chapters I found that the worst of all villains is the much-coddled farmer, who blackens his soul comfortably and lines his purse well at our expense. But the most enlightening of all our conclusions was that the only form of amusement that might rival the attraction of lynching in the South is the Spanish bull-fight.

Aside from the fact that Mr. Mencken is interesting as a corrupter of youthful morals, he has a fascination of style all his own. This fascination comes from his way of making general, sweeping statements that leave you in mid air, gasping for breath. I remember one of his remarks to the effect that any first-year medical student of common intelligence could suggest some very good improvements on the human body. I confess the contrast between this view and the usual idea that we are perfect machines was somewhat startling to me. These statements are, I think, the outgrowth of a sense of humor — a desire to rouse the horror of the staid and conservative. He is perfectly shocking, and therefore amusing to read. But the actual knowledge of American life displayed in *Prejudices* is astounding. Mr. Mencken knows everything, and he treats all facts from a scientific viewpoint. He seems to have a remarkable ability to collect bits of knowledge and catalogue them.

But poor Mr. Mencken is suffering from an awful disease — pessimism. He has a chronic way of looking for everything good twenty years back, and he naturally upholds the other side of every question, no matter what it is. His worst fault is his way of taking American life as it is, and then not the finest life, and catering to its bad points. He takes no hopeful view of the possibility of our improvement. Man's desire should be man's possession. So, in spite of my pleasant hours with Mr. Mencken, I consider the *Boston Herald* right in calling him “The Baltimore Crosspatch.”

Lucy Sanborn, '27

## Rollercoaster

Couples laughingly enter the little red cars with black leather backs just like a grandfather's Morris chair. Many signs: "Hold your hat!" "Standing up in cars strictly forbidden!" The dirty hands of the engineer throw back the lever and, with a groan, the climbing chain grates and grips the cogs. The car climbs up and out, above the smell of hotdogs, popcorn and peanuts.

Then the last tenth of a second before the descent. Screams and laughter. The swoop. The whole earth is crazy, as the car goes madly on. Knees are braced fiercely against the back of the seat in front; hands grip the little iron bar in front. They cannot yell, because the wind has stolen away their voices. Swoop, soar, swoop! A slight relaxing as the car slows up. "Keep Your Seats for the Next Ride."

*Margaret Cutler, '27*

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## A Spring Mood

Out of my window all I can see  
Is one square patch of green;  
The green of Spring is there today,  
Gleaming with sunlit sheen!

The brilliant green of new-born leaves  
Stands out against the sky,  
The deeper green of tough old pines  
Gladdens my weary eye.

I look once more; the sun is gone.  
I think my life's like that —  
Small patches of sweet shimmering green,  
Then — all is dull and flat.

*Gertrude Drummond, '27*

## Rivers

Rivers sometimes excite in me a feeling of wanderlust, and at other times they give me a sense of profound peace. Large rivers are the arteries of a country by which much of the produce necessary for life is carried from one part of the country to another, so that each section may contribute to the livelihood of the others. Smaller rivers are like the veins which radiate in all directions from the arteries, and these serve as highways for the lesser commerce, but also they are quite necessary for the successful function of the whole river system.

The Ohio River is the one I know and love best and, although it is not beautiful or especially turbulent, I always long for it. The water is very muddy, and small, rather dirty, milling towns are huddled at the foot of the Kentucky mountains and the low hills of Ohio. In the winter the sand banks are bleak and ugly, stripped of the kindly foliage of the trees. Large coal barges line the shore for miles up and down the river near Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. Giant bridges span its width, and small river craft chug stubbornly down towards the mother stream, the Mississippi.

The natural division line of the United States is her largest river, the Mississippi. This river stretches her broad sheet of water from Canada to New Orleans and the Gulf, and along her sides cities and towns are proud to grace her muddy banks, and low trees bend over her waters caressingly. In summer the water is sluggish and low, and the air is humid and very still. Only at night do slight breezes arise. The Mississippi is a lazy river, but also very treacherous. Storms come up almost instantaneously and its shifty bottom is unsafe for anchorage. The river's channel is forever changing, and levees are an absolute necessity for the protection of the river towns. This is a river of freighters, showboats of the fifties, small craft, and houseboats tied along the shore. In all, a stately, beautiful river, but not the most beautiful.

Winding through Oregon is the Columbia River. It is a clear, sparkling stream having its source in the mountains, and its mouth in the Pacific. There are rugged mountains on either bank, from

which great falls of water rush; a smooth new highway winds in and around the turns and bends of the great river. Very few towns are on its sides, and the only signs of industry are the log booms floating down stream and the huge salmon wheels on the reefs of rock in the water. Now and then along the shore of the river there is a salmon fishery, truck farm, or a saw mill. Fir trees, white-capped mountains, sheer cliffs, bridal-veil falls, swift cool currents of water, and western sunsets make this the perfect river.

Lakes are too limited, but a river is always changing, and there is ever something new just ahead. Seas are too vast, but rivers are never interminable. A river is like the spirit of life, action, freedom; it is a force that is forever rushing forward.

*Gwen Jones, '28*

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### In the Month of May

Now Spring has come and with her all her train  
Of birds and budding trees and flowers gay;  
And soft warm air, sunlight, and silver rain;  
The thrush's even song at close of day,  
The robin's cheerful carol in the dawn;  
The feathered tassels hung from every bough;  
The gold-eyed innocents across the lawn,  
The rose-point apple-trees in lacy show.  
All life leaps up in answer to Spring's call.  
The cold brown earth, the sober winter skies,  
Wrapt in their darkened mantles since the fall,  
Have cast them off for robes of thousand dyes —  
Winter's stiff frozen dress has slipped away,  
Leaving behind the loveliness of May.

*Katherine Fox, '29*



## About English Girls

Last winter in France I had a good many English girls for my school friends. Now that I have left them I can distinguish their national characteristics more clearly and sympathize with some of their ideas. Girls everywhere are very similar in their enthusiasms and amusements.

The first striking characteristic of English girls is one for which their whole nation is often criticized, their reserve, which should not be interpreted as haughty demeanor. Give an English girl time to make her acquaintance with you in her own way and she will become a very good friend. The loyalty of the English is apparent in their girls. We find this in their almost stubborn defence of their nation; I say "stubborn," because this loyalty often leaves them almost incapable of judging their country without prejudice and slow to admit any of its faults. England's glory is immeasurably great and every English girl can repeat her history. I used to wish these girls would see more to admire in America and Americans. They are largely willing to dwell on the conception of us as a grasping people with a bad accent. Fortunately Englishmen, being better informed, are broader-minded.

English girls' schools give thorough instruction. Boarding-schools are so common that dayschools are few. These schools, which are quite strict and have a short summer vacation, teach girls from the ages of perhaps ten to sixteen or seventeen. The English girl does not remain at school after that age. She is considered ready to take her place in the world perhaps a year before the average American girl. Very many English girls finish their education with a year on the continent for French and art. The daughters of peers or government officials often look forward to the honorable but anxious experience of being formally presented to the king and queen in Buckingham Palace. Only grinds go to college. Comparatively few girls of the best classes go into business. They stay at home and take lessons in music, languages or elocution.

English girls are very likable for a kind of precision and out-of-door charm.

*Theodora Talcott, '28*

## Ama Buddha

### I

"Ama Buddha,  
Ama Buddha,"  
Chants the priest  
Before the image  
Of his god,  
An old stone god,  
A green stone god,  
Buddha, Buddha.

### II

"Ama Buddha,"  
Over and over  
Chants the priest,  
While the temple  
Gongs and bells  
Cut off the hours  
Of the night  
And throw them  
In the shadowy pit  
Of the past.

### III

"Ama Buddha,"  
Chants the priest  
For his soul's  
Salvation.  
But the idol,  
The green stone Buddha,  
Sits on his lotus flower,  
Cold, still,  
Blind, dumb, deaf.

### IV

Still the priest chants,  
"Ama Buddha,  
Ama Buddha."

*Marianne Hirst, '28*

## Burping Mr. Cram

The minister sighed. Old Mr. Cram was dead, and there was no money with which to bury him. He had lived from hand to mouth, and so had left no money of his own, and he had no relatives to pay for the funeral. The minister sighed again. He supposed he'd have to take up a collection from the church members, but they probably wouldn't want to give any more than he did. The minister had hated Mr. Cram from the day when the old man had said he didn't like to hear sermons from "dishonest" men. The minister smiled slyly. Now that his enemy was dead there was nobody to tell about that little money affair.

Soon the news spread through town that money was needed to bury Mr. Cram. The little blind girl who sold pencils on the corner gave the money that would have bought her supper. The paper-boy donated a whole week's tips. The laundress and the garbage man both sent round a shiny gold piece that was still left from Christmas. The grocer bestowed part of a week's salary. The grand Mrs. Rosencraft's butler spoke to the grand Mrs. Rosencraft, who immediately offered all the necessary flowers from her conservatory and the use of her seven cars.

The minister looked at the money and at the note from the grand Mrs. Rosencraft and scratched his head.

*Josephine Paret, '28*

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## Lucky Stone

I took you from the beach,  
Where you lay with countless other stones.  
I brought you home:  
I treasure you for your beauty:  
But what fortunes do you hold for me?

*Emily Sloper, '27*

## His Filling Station

It is late in August now and I have learned a great deal more about his real background, but when I first talked to him early in July he seemed to me right then and there in a setting that suited him perfectly.

Perhaps sometime when you are travelling along the Newburyport turnpike, up on the above Newburyport side, you may stop for gasoline at a very attractive little filling station. Rambler roses make the gasoline pump — I don't know just what the technical name for it is — look more like an apparition from heaven; and the little teahouse adjoining is the coziest, most "homey," and altogether friendly place you ever saw.

I can remember, just as well as though it were yesterday, the first time I drove up to the filling station for gasoline, and a gray-haired man, with the merriest lines at the corners of his eyes, came out to pump the rose-covered gasoline machine. It was about five o'clock, and with very little effort on his part he had made me interested in seeing his teahouse on the inside. We walked over together, and I could not help noticing how pleasant and clean-cut he looked even in the rather baggy, faded overalls he was wearing. Once in the little house I sat down at one of the little tables for tea and cake, while he walked around and sat opposite me alternately, and talked as though I were an old friend — and the roses scented the whole place, and now and then an automobile raced by. There I was with this dear, youthful old man, as charming as a story-book Duke, telling me in flowery old language all about his gasoline, auto-oils, and greases, *and I was listening*. And you would have been too, he was living and enjoying life so thoroughly and so sincerely. He just breathed forth contentment, and you could not help being filled with the same feeling too. You could see he loved mechanics, and yet he saw the beautiful side of it all — not the hard, plodding side most men see. I decided this teahouse, too, was his own handiwork, the roses his thought; and yet I knew he could crawl under your engine and fix it for you in two minutes, and probably without its hurting his dignity in the least.

That afternoon was not the last time I stopped there for gasoline; I arranged it so that I needed some every time I went by. And every time he welcomed me with his handsome, kind, "wrinkly" smile, for he was never gloomy, never tired. And then when one day I learned he was the famous Leonard Steele, owner of the largest automobile factory in the world, I didn't tell him I knew nor did I tell another soul either, for fear of their spoiling his pleasant little "incognito" vacation.

Now, though I do not go by there any more, I often think of him and of that little filling-station, the best one I know. Not only did your car seem to gain energy, but you did too. After a few words with this unassuming little man you, too, became filled with the joy of being.

*Beatrice Stephens, '27*

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### **An Impression of the Kansas City Liberty War Memorial**

A tall, straight shaft of glistening white rises from the crest of a rocky hill,

Wearing a mass of ever-glowing flame for a crown.

Like a lonely white candle keeping vigil in some ancient cathedral, it seems,

With the great black dome of heaven stretching overhead in endless vastness.

The flames leap upward as if to hold communion with loved ones lost,

Daunting the pale, flickering stars.

At its feet ever passes the monotonous stream of common humanity.

A queer place indeed for a lovely, lonely candle of sacrifice!

*Virginia Pontious, '28*



## Life on the Canals

"A calm, quiet, and peaceful existence," thought Stevenson, and half envied the placid monotony of such an uneventful life. And yet perhaps not so uneventful after all, for as the boat pushes its way through the resisting waters of the canal, which part with a soft hissing sound into a V-shaped ripple, a new panorama unfolds itself every day, sometimes pastoral and again displaying a bustling city.

And, sensing the vessel's approach, the timid reeds shiver apprehensively and huddle closer together so that they may be swept aside compactly and thus not be broken by the unyielding side of the boat.

Ah, to be as carefree as those lucky mortals who live on a canal boat, to be able to bask in the languid sunshine, feel the gray wraiths of mist steal over one's face, and hear the patter of rain on the deck!

Everything is tranquil. The boat floats quietly along, its prettily flowered window-boxes nodding and smiling at the green meadows as they slip past. Shy children stand on the bank and stare solemnly at other tots who toddle cautiously to the railing of the deck and peer through, waving gaily. Cows, chewing their cud meditatively, send a casual glance toward the boat, then continue munching the sweet, tender shoots of grass. Now a meal is being prepared, and O what delicious homely smells hover over the canal!

Night falls and the ruddy glow of a lamp from within the cabin streams through the window out into the night and challenges the little stars as to which is the brighter. The boat rocks gently as the ripples murmur a lullaby. Stillness and contentment reign.

*Katherine Haskell, '29*

## Rain at Dawn

The ghosts of weary gray mountains  
Seem to slumber peacefully  
In the distance;  
And the earth quivers, and waits  
For the cool rain to sink  
Down into her bosom.  
Pattering, fresh-smelling, raindrops  
Swing in tremulous, shimmering, tendrils  
From the down-hanging branches of birch trees;  
And shivering poplars stand,  
Gossamer-wreathed and wistful,  
By a dreamy, mist-veiled lake.

*Mary Roys, '29*

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## The Thunder Storm

There's a patter by my window,  
There's a clatter on the tin!  
There's a little bark from somewhere,  
And my dog begs to come in.

There's excitement in the household,  
As we hurry to and fro;  
For the windows must be bolted,  
And the doors all locked, you know!

Then we huddle in a corner,  
Mary, Jane, my dog, and me,  
And we close our eyes so tight and hard  
That black is all we see.

There's no patter by my window,  
And the tin is still without.  
There's a little bark from somewhere,  
And my dog begs to go out.

*Ellen Faust, '27*

## Items of General Interest

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As we look back on this year we feel that one of the noticeable improvements is the careful systematizing of our school athletics. In the early fall the new point system was introduced so that everyone could earn points towards her numerals and "A", even if she weren't one of the few best athletes. Every part that a girl takes in school athletics counts towards the athletic goal, an Abbot blazer.

Then the twenty-three old walks have been carefully gone over and new optional ones have been added to the list. The directions have been made much clearer and a map of all the walks has been drawn, so that there can now be no chance of taking the wrong road. Hiking leaders have been appointed to take the place of faculty chaperons on some of the longest walks. Hiking rules have been drawn up, so that we may walk more intelligently and get more benefit from it. The head of hiking has put a great deal of time into making this one of the real sports.

In the winter a very successful carnival was held. There were ice and snow sports of all kinds and points were given for the first and second places in every event. Each class decorated a toboggan; the winning one was done by the Junior-Mids. The Seniors came out victorious over the Senior-Mids, but everyone had great fun and we all hope that the carnival will be an annual affair.

The Athletic Council decided that the constitution needed remodeling, so a committee has been working hard on it. Other schools have been consulted; as a result a new constitution has been drawn up which fills every need.

Another great change was made this spring to go into effect next fall. The old plan of dividing the school according to classes has often seemed quite unsatisfactory; hereafter the whole school will be divided into two rival clubs so that there may be closer competition and more spirit behind all our games.

Many committees as well as individuals have worked hard to accomplish all these different things, but we feel that the one who is really behind it all and who deserves the greatest praise for it is Miss Mary Carpenter, our director. May we extend to her our congratulations and our appreciation of all she has done for us.

One of our trustees, Dr. Charles H. Cutler, gave the senior lectures in Theism this spring, the course which for several years was given by Dr. Oliphant.

We have often heard about the Head Mistresses' Association, of which Miss Bailey is the treasurer, so we were very glad actually to see the members when they held their meetings right here at Abbot during the week-end of April twenty-third. Their headquarters were in the John-Esther Art Gallery, where they met Friday afternoon and Saturday morning. An open meeting was held in Davis Hall Friday evening, when Professor H. A. Overstreet of New York City was the principal speaker. We really saw very little of our guests, but we were pleased to have them visit our school and see at least a little of our life here.

Miss Miriam Titcomb, a former Abbot teacher, who resigned from the Bancroft School and has been traveling in Europe, has recently accepted the position of Principal of Hillsdale School in Cincinnati, a newly-incorporated school.

During Abbot's Birthday Week several members of the Alumnae Advisory Board visited us for a few days. While they were here, the Trustees and their wives were invited to meet them and become better acquainted with them.

When the new organ in George Washington Hall at Phillips Academy was dedicated, some of us had the wonderful privilege of hearing the recital by the famous blind French organist, Vierende.

In April several girls in the French Department tried out in the National Briand Speech Competition. The National committee has offered six prizes for the best English translations of the address of Aristide Briand given at the time of the reception of Germany into the League of Nations. From the translations submitted six were sent to Washington from Abbot. The results are to be announced in June.

Miss Bancroft went to New Haven one Saturday in May to speak at the annual meeting of the Connecticut Abbot Club. She was the guest of the president, Mrs. Newcomb, who is the author of the very charming "Diary of an Abbot Girl" which is to be published soon.

Miss Friskin has played at an organ recital in George Washington Hall at Phillips Academy as well as at several open meetings at the November Club.

This summer Miss Mathews and her sister, Mrs. Goodman, are going to take a group of Abbot girls on a students' tour in Europe. Miss Mathews will spend next year in Spain and in the Holy Land.

Miss Grimes, Miss McDuffie and Miss Johnson are also to travel in Europe during the summer months. Mrs. Riest will teach at the University of Vermont in Middlebury again this summer.

Miss Moses went to a conference of representatives of Radcliffe and then later she gave a report of this meeting at a dinner of Radcliffe graduates on Monday evening, May ninth.

One morning in chapel Miss Baker told us of the great importance of the study of the German language. She pointed out that we do not have to travel abroad in order to have friendly relations with other countries, for we may learn to appreciate other races through their literature, and science and art.

Pauline Humeston and Sylvia Miller are going on the World Friendship Tour this summer with Mr. S. Ralph Harlow, professor of Biblical Literature at Smith College. The purpose of this trip is to meet students of other lands and to learn of their problems and of their countries.

We have been very much interested in the new trees that have been set out near McKen Hall. They look like a private little nursery which gives great promise of adding to the beauty of the campus.

Abbot has recently bought the house on Morton Street which was owned by the late Miss Sanborn. It is being all fixed over on Colonial lines for Lucy Sanborn's family. They will move in sometime in September.

These are songs written for the 1926 song contest and much used during this year:

### SERENADE TO MISS BAILEY

TUNE: *Moonlight and roses*

Guiding us onward	Then, when we leave you,
Toward beautiful visions and true,	Treading strange pathways and new,
For strength and wisdom,	We will be loyal,
Miss Bailey, we turn to you.	Miss Bailey, to you.

*Emily Gage*

Second Prize Serenade, 1926

### SCHOOL SONG

TUNE: *Captain Mac*

We sing, we sing to Abbot's fame	'Frisco to Perim;
With hearts brim full of zest;	Doesn't matter where we go,
May the winds of fate protect her name,	We'll never find your twin!
And guide her on her quest	So Abbot, O Abbot,
To find the best that life imparts	With friendship's circle blest,
To each of us, the crew.	So here's to your life-long success,
So here's to her fine skipper,	Yo-ho! We sing to you,
And her hearty mates true blue.	Oh-oh-oh-oh-
	To you we sing — Yo-ho!

Oh! East and West,  
North and South,

*Sydna White*

# School Calendar

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## JANUARY

- 22 Mr. M. H. H. Joachim on India.
- 23 Chapel. Rev. M. W. Stackpole on Self-Confidence.
- 29 Senior-Mid Tea Dance.
- 30 Chapel. President Marshall of Connecticut College on The Spirit of Jesus.
- 31 Seniors leave for Intervale.

## FEBRUARY

- 1 Day Scholars' Dinner Party.
- 3 Seniors return from Intervale.
- 5 Alumnae Luncheon in Boston.
- 6 Chapel. Miss Mary Wiggin on The Consumers' League.
- 7 Mr. Arthur Pillsbury on The Secret of Wild Flowers.
- 12 Mr. Harrison Potter's Piano Recital.
- 13 Chapel. President Park of Wheaton College on Modern Poetry.
- 15 Day Scholars' Minstrel Show.
- 19 Hart House String Quartet.
- 27 Chapel. Rev. Frederick A. Wilson on Power of Jesus.

## MARCH

- 1 Miss Friskin's Piano Recital.
- 5 Pupils' Recital.
- 6 Chapel. Dr. Charles H. Cutler on Jesus's Sense of Humor.
- 8 Miss Hammond reads from "Antigone" and "Iphigenia."
- 12 Hall Exercises. Dr. Littlefield on General Hygiene.
- 13 Chapel. Miss Bailey on Going to Church.
- 15 Senior Play. Quality Street.
- 19 Miss Doris Emerson's Song Recital.
- 20 Chapel. Dr. William Forbush on Living in the Present.
- 24 Winter term ends.

## APRIL

- 7 Spring term begins.
- 16 Hall Exercises. Les Beaux Arts Society on Masterpieces from European Galleries.
- 17 Easter Service. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton on The Permeating Power of Jesus's Life.
- 19 The Chastening by the Kennedy Players.
- 24 Chapel. Rev. M. W. Stackpole on The Strength of a Full Heart.
- 26 Spanish Play, *El Si de las Ninas*.
- 27 Rhythmic and Gymnastic Exhibition.
- 28 Mr. Hervey J. Skinner speaks for Philomatheia on Water.
- 30 Hall Exercises. Q. E. D. Debate. Resolved: That the Policy of the United States in Nicaragua tends toward Imperialism.

## MAY

- 1 Chapel. Dr. Raymond Calkins on Stories of My Ministry.
- 3 Faculty Recital.
- 4 Dutch Kermess.
- 6 Andover Alumnae Celebration of Abbot's 98th Birthday.
- 7 Odeon Society on Modern Poets.
- 8 Chapel. Mr. and Mrs. Proctor McElroy.
- 10 Miss Nichols's Violin Recital.
- 11 Geology Trip to Nahant; Wellesley Party.
- 12 Song Competition.
- 14 Senior Promenade.
- 15 Bible I Map Talk.
- 17 Recital by Special Vocal Expression Students.
- 21 Pupils' Recital.



## Lectures

On January 22nd we had the great pleasure of hearing Mr. M. H. H. Joachim, a native of Calcutta, speak to us about "India: her people and her problems." He explained, among other things, the rather intricate caste system, the pathetic position of Hindu women, India's economic troubles, and the fundamental differences between her various individual religions. Besides being a distinguished author, Mr. Joachim has the added interest for us of being a native Indian keenly interested and peculiarly well qualified to interpret his country to the rest of the world.

"The Secrets of Wild Flowers" was the subject of a lecture which Mr. Arthur Pillsbury gave us on the 8th of February. This talk was illustrated with motion pictures taken so slowly that it was possible to see in less than a minute flowers and ferns open which had taken several hours to photograph. This is Mr. Pillsbury's own invention, and it would be difficult to describe with justice the exquisite delicacy and charm of his pictures. Those taken through a magnifying glass were especially remarkable since they showed the intense excitement and activity in each infinitesimal drop of protoplasm that forms the covering of a minute piece of pollen. It would be hard to find another lecture that could compare with this one for originality, beauty, and charm.

On the 8th of March, Miss Hammond drew for us the portraits of two famous Greek girls — the Antigone of Sophocles and the Iphigenia of Euripedes. It is needless to say that with her wonderful dramatic instinct she held us spell-bound throughout both her readings. The proceeds from this lecture went to the Abbot Endowment Fund.

## Concerts

We were very interested and curious to hear Mr. Harrison Potter when he gave us a piano recital on Saturday afternoon, February 12; for, since Mr. Potter is a very new faculty member, many of us had not seen him before. His program at once showed his excellent discrimination, since he had chosen Bach, Schumann, Liszt, Debussy and Ravel. The sureness and ease with which Mr. Potter played Liszt and Schumann presented them to us in their most exquisite form; Bach was shown us in a less aloof and complex light when treated by Mr. Potter's delicacy of deep feeling. Music seemed a real part of us after Mr. Potter's piano recital.

On Saturday afternoon, February 19, a recital of the Samuel Downs Music Course by the Hart House String Quartet brought us the greatest pleasure. The first selection was a Quartet in D minor by Schubert, in which we found ourselves feeling very much the poetry of Schubert and the excellent quality of the string music. In order to explain the title in Italian of the second number, the Hungarian spokesman addressed us in French; but, when played, Malipiero's "Rispetti e Stambotti" (Respect and Disdain) was given a tongue clear and meaningful to us all. The last, Beethoven's Quartet in G minor, filled and left us full of its beauty and the fine capability of the Hart House String Quartet.

Miss Doris Emerson, lyric soprano, gave her recital on Saturday afternoon, March 19, as the third in the Samuel Downs Music Course. The delight of her lovely voice found an eager second in her charming personality. "My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair" was exquisitely done with a delightful simplicity and gay charm. "Les Trois Petits Chats Blancs" of Pierné took on a liveliness which, enhanced at every turn by expressive gestures and a clear voice, made us, too, gay and lively. Schubert's "Du Bist Die Ruh," and "Der Schmied", of Brahms were also most lovely, and we did indeed, as Miss Emerson's last song counselled, "Take Joy Home."

On Tuesday, May 10, Miss Marie Nichols, our teacher of violin and 'cello, gave a recital here in Davis Hall. I heard someone say afterwards, "Now you know, no one plays so well as that who's not a professional." Bad grammar but the truth. In this particular recital Miss Nichols chose several Spanish selections, "Suite Populaire

Espagnole" by de Falla, a "Spanish Dance," the most perfectly phrased thing, by Sarasate, and the "Andante" from Salos's "Symphonie Espagnole." The melancholy lyric and strange tone of the Spanish music was clearly brought out and was made most vivid to us. Miss Nichols played also a weird but lovely "Sonata" of Goosens and a most melodious "Minuet" by Porpora.

We were very glad when, at last, on Tuesday, March 1, Miss Friskin gave a piano recital here for us especially, and not in Jordan Hall for all admiring Boston. To a lovely, intricate sonata written by her brother, Professor James Friskin, she gave deep sympathetic expressiveness; and Debussy and Schumann and Bach were all lifted by her from their dull printed names and made vitally alive in "L'île Joyeuse," "Novelette" and "Chorale." For Miss Friskin has that quality of making everything alive and expressive with her sympathy and understanding; we believe that is why she finds everywhere, and especially here, such eager appreciation.

Abbot is fortunate in having many fine concerts given by real artists. When we see our friends raised to an equal position of dignity on the Davis Hall stage, we listen with proprietary interest and admiration. The second pupils' recital of the year, given on March 5th, came up to the old standards, all the girls doing well. There were songs, piano and violin solos, and an organ solo. A minuet of Beethoven and an andante of Eichberg as played by two violins and two violas was a special treat.

### Society Notes

All our Societies have been unusually active this term and have added to the life of the whole School. We have shown that we cannot only listen to others in Hall Exercises but we can even conduct them ourselves.

On one Saturday in April the members of *Les Beaux Arts* gave a helpful illustrated lecture on famous paintings in European Art Galleries. This was not only to stimulate interest in art, but also to make us acquainted with the greatest masterpieces, so that we can more easily recognize them when we visit the Art Galleries of Europe.

On another Saturday *Q. E. D.* gave us a very different but also interesting time. Two teams of Senior-Mids and Seniors held a formal debate on the subject: "Resolved, That the Policy of the United States in Nicaragua tends toward Imperialism." We felt very proud of both sides, they gave us such a definite picture of the situation in Nicaragua and they upheld their points so finely. The judges, who were Mr. Flagg and Mr. Southworth, both trustees of Abbot, and Mr. Cecil Bancroft of Phillips Academy, gave the decision that the affirmative team, Jean Swihart and Katherine Willauer, Senior-Mids, had won for the argument, and the negative team, Persis Goodnow and Harriet Nash, Seniors, for their presentation of the argument.

*Philomatheia* held an open meeting one night in April, when Mr. Skinner, a chemist, gave a talk on the very interesting subject, "Water." As he is the father of a *Philomatheia* member, Flora Skinner, we were all the more pleased to hear him.

On Saturday evening, May 7, the members of Odeon gave us a delightful hour of modern poetry. Examples from several different poets were read, so that we might better know the poetic style of our own times. We were inspired to read more ourselves, for we had not all realized before how much poetry was being produced in this age.

### Entertainments

One of the most well-done and amusing school entertainments this year was the Day Scholars' Minstrel Show of Tuesday night, February 15. A marvellously trained and gay chorus headed by a witty interlocutor supported the Darktown efforts of Messrs. Snowball, Alliwishes and Snowball, Jr. These colored gentlemen Charlestoned, sang and joked, and were hilarious generally. One said, in using the word "fascinate," "Mary Piper bought a dress with ten snaps, but now she's gained so much she can

only 'fasten eight'!" Then, more quips, and two special dances, always with the snappy chorus and the piano and violin accompaniment. And then, most horrible, the finale. Truly we were sorry to see the curtain go down on that merry, mocking minstrel.

On March 15th the Senior Class presented "Quality Street" by Barrie. The story is of the Misses Susan and Phoebe Throssell, the Misses Willoughby and Miss Turnbull, all of whom live on "Quality Street" in an English town during Napoleonic times. The gallant young Valentine Brown finally marries Miss Phoebe after he has lost an arm in battle, and the Misses Throssell have been forced to maintain a school on account of financial reverses.

The quaint costumes of the young ladies and the gentlemen in the scene at the officers' ball make that scene especially charming.

Mrs. Gray and the cast are to be very much praised for their presentation of this quaint, lovely play.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS *Quality Street*

MISS WILLOUGHBY	Emily House
MISS HENRIETTA TURNBULL	Ruth Perry
MISS FANNY WILLOUGHBY	Betty Lee Burns
MISS SUSAN THROSSELL	Persis Goodnow
MISS PHOEBE THROSSELL	Ruth Harvey
PATTY	Nancy Kimball
A RECRUITING SERGEANT	Priscilla Chapman
VALENTINE BROWN	Ruth Nason
MASTER ARTHUR WELLESLEY TOMSON	Helen Dyer
ENSIGN BLADES	Sylvia Miller
LIEUTENANT SPICER	Virginia Smith
THREE LITTLE BOYS	June Hinman, Harriet Sullivan, Pauline Humeston
THREE LITTLE GIRLS	Miriam Houdlette, Edna Marland, Katharine Keany
LADIES —	Priscilla Chapman, Ellen Faust, Beatrice Stephens, Pauline Humeston, Dorothy French, Natalie Cushman, Margaret Creelman
GENTLEMEN —	Margaret Nay, Harriet Nash, Lois Kimball, Gertrude Drummond

#### THE CHASTENING

On Tuesday evening, April 19th, 1927, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy and Miss Margaret Gage presented "The Chastening."

The play is presented in an unusual way by having no scenery or change of scenes. The audience can thus give all its attention to the speech of the three characters, Jesus, as a boy of twelve, and his mother and father. The mother seems to sense the holiness and greatness of her son, but the father can not fathom the meaning of his son's saying that "he must be about his father's business." When the father realizes finally who his son really is, that he is the son of God, the result is an intensely dramatic scene.

The whole play is so dramatic and moving that on, reaching the end, one feels let down and quite fatigued. Throughout all the great dramatic movement of the play one is impressed by the simplicity and the beauty of the diction and speech.

The Spanish department, under the guidance of Miss Mathews, finding its turn come for giving a foreign play, presented on Tuesday, April 26, "El Si de las Niñas," "The Consent of Girls," a comedy by de Moratin. The theme of the piece, though gaily treated here, deals with quite a question, whether Spanish girls' marriages should be arranged for them or not; Doña Francisca thought not! Las señoritas de las clases de español acted so very well that we who knew no Spanish did not miss a single move, and did, moreover, get much entertainment from the lines supposedly unintelligible to us. A Spanish dance was also presented, and some Spanish songs sung (and translated for our benefit).



PERSONAJES  
*El Si de Las Ninas*

DONA IRENE, viuda . . . . .	Marjorie Knowlton
DONA FRANCISCA, su hija . . . . .	Despina Plakias
DON DIEGO, novio de Francisca . . . . .	Janet Cunningham
DON CARLOS, tentiente coronel del ejercito . . . . .	Margaret Cutler
CALAMOCHA, su mozo . . . . .	Helen Amesse
SIMON, criado de don Diego . . . . .	Constance Rundlett
RITA, criada de Francisca . . . . .	Elizabeth Ryan

As the number of glimmering candles on Abbot's birthday cake draws near a hundred, there comes a fine sense of the honor and glory of old age, and of the reverence due this stately school of nearly a hundred years. This spring on May 3 Abbot's Music Faculty, filled with that spirit of reverence, commemorated her ninety-eighth birthday with a benefit music recital, the most lovely of all gifts. "School spirit" poured from Mrs. Burnham's deep voice, from the interwoven tones of Miss Friskin's and Mr. Potter's two pianos, and from the keen violin of Miss Nichols, and the singing gold pipes of Mr. Howe's organ. It seemed that each one of the Music Faculty had taken a specially deep breath in order to blow out every single candle, and give Abbot a wish for true well-being.

On May 4th a Dutch Kermess was held, as a part of the Abbot birthday celebration. One hardly recognized Davis Hall in its festive dress of crepe-paper colorful booths, where candies, cakes, flowers, fancy articles, and grabs were sold, and a Dutch tea-room on the stage, where charming young ladies in Dutch costumes served the customers. During the afternoon there was fortune-telling, dancing, and several "stunts," among which were an "Athletic wedding" and a chorus dance.

One of the nicest of entertainments each year is the recital of Mrs. Gray's special Vocal Expression pupils, which was this year given on Tuesday, May 17. The program was long and filled with interesting names, as some poems of Walter De La Mare and Sara Teasdale, and another by one of our own schoolmates, Betty Hollis, and a playette called "The Interviewer," by Mark Twain. The most amusing bit was saved for the last, "The Rehearsal," by Christopher Morley, a farce about the scene rehearsal of a play to be given by a college dramatic club. Mrs. Gray's pupils have learned, besides "presence on their feet" and good diction, the art and the power to put themselves into a role, and hence to put that role across. The indebtedness to Mrs. Gray for these transmitted gifts is immeasurable.

Miss Mathews's class in Bible I gave a very instructive map talk on Sunday evening, May 16. Members of the class located and told a brief story about places and cities mentioned in the life of Jesus; and some girls gave quotations from the Bible to describe these places.

### The Gym and Rhythmic Exhibitions

On Wednesday evening, April 27, we all gathered in Davis Hall to show our skill in Gym work or our grace in Rhythmic dancing. It was a new idea this year having both exhibitions the same night and this made it all the more enjoyable to the audience on the stage. The demonstration of Gymnastic work was in the form of a contest between the Seniors and the Senior-Mids. The judges in the balcony carefully watched the Swedish and Danish exercises as well as the apparatus work, and then they awarded the greater number of points to the Seniors. In the Rhythmic work, the classes showed not only what they had learned from their teacher, but they also gave dances which they had planned themselves. Of course neither Gym nor Rhythmic was perfect, but they both showed the results of careful teaching.

## The Song Contest

On Thursday, May 12th, fourteen groups competed in the annual "Song Contest," held in Davis Hall. The judges were Miss Bailey, Miss Friskin, and Mr. Howe. The groups, dressed in colorful costumes of various kinds, were led around the hall by the Senior President. Then each group, after it was announced by a roll of the drum, sang a salute to Sydna White and later an original school song. While the judges retired to make their decisions, Miriam Houdlette gave a drum solo. After this the whole school sang to "Mim," a song written especially for the occasion. Another special part of the program was a song to Miss Kelsey by the Day Scholars. Then Miss Bailey announced the decision of the judges. The first place for the salute was awarded to the Homestead, the second place to the first-floor wing. The second-floor front was awarded first place for their song and the second place was a tie between the second floor wing and the third-floor front.

### Honor "A"

Miriam Houdlette, Pauline Humeston, Lucy Sanborn

### Honor Roll — First Semester — January 1927

Lucy Sanborn	94
Ruth Perry	93
Katherine Haskell	91
Margaret Creelman, Jean Frederick, Mary Belle Maxwell	90
Charlotte Chamberlain, Persis Goodnow, Lois Hardy, Barbara Lord, Vivian Southworth	89
June Hinman, Edna Marland, Susan Ripley, Patty Snell	88

### Honor Roll — Third Quarter — April 1927

Lucy Sanborn	94
Ruth Perry	93
Mary Belle Maxwell	91
Margaret Creelman, Katherine Haskell, Barbara Lord, Virginia Pontious	90
Charlotte Chamberlain, Ruth Cushman, Lois Hardy, June Hinman, Harriet Nash, Patty Snell	89
Elizabeth Bowser, Jean Frederick, Persis Goodnow, Elizabeth Osborne, Susan Ripley, Vivian Southworth	88

## Commencement Speakers

Baccalaureate Sermon. Rev. James Austin Richards of Winnetka, Illinois.  
Commencement Address. Rev. Robert Russell Wicks, D.D., of Holyoke.



## Alumnae Notes

1850

Died: In Denver, Colorado, February 8, 1926, Emma C. Lowe, widow of Charles M. Nye.

1852

Died: In Andover, February 23, 1927, Laura A. Greene, widow of Newton Jaquith, aged 89 years, 8 months, and 25 days.

1854

Died: In Dorchester, March 14, 1927, Charlotte P. Robinson, widow of Samuel Williams.

1855

Died: In Orlando, Florida, September 30, 1926, Esther M. Merrill, wife of John E. Cogswell. The death of her sister, Sarah Jane, Mrs. George F. Harvey, of the same class, occurred in 1920, according to a letter recently received from Mrs. Cogswell's son.

1856

Died: In Woburn, December 10, 1925, Maria C. Webber, widow of Alvah Cotton.

Died: In Salem, March 14, 1927, Eliza Philbrick.

1857

Died: In Beverly, April 4, 1926, Caroline A. Abbott, widow of William H. Hinchliffe.

Died: In Washington, D. C., January 19, 1927, Anna H. Gillette, widow of Theodore F. McCurdy, and sister of Augusta P., 1869, of Washington, D. C. and Norwich Town, Conn., and Elizabeth M., 1873, who is not living.

1859

By some inadvertence, no mention has been made in the *COURANT* of the death, on February 19, 1926, of Anna P. Park, of West Boxford, a loyal member of the Abbot circle. Through frequent sojourns in Andover with her sister Caroline (1867), at the home of their cousin, Agnes Park (1858), she had kept in close touch with the school.

1862

Died: In Wakefield, May 3, 1927, Ellen M. Gardner.

Died: In Lowell, November 25, 1926, Abby E. Trull, widow of Monroe Kimball.

1863

Died: In New Haven, Conn., March 12, 1927, Elizabeth M. Street, wife of George S. Dickerman. "Her lovely spirit irradiated the atmosphere, so that even the physician said he had never so enjoyed the care of a patient."

1864

Mary Elizabeth True has been treasurer of the Y. W. C. A. of Chicago for forty years.

1865

Died: In Candia, N. H., December 28, 1925, Ellen Susan Eaton.

1866

Died: In Andover, March 7, 1927, Sarah Lavina Sawyer. Miss Sawyer was one of the three members present at the notable sixty-year reunion of the class last June.

Died: In Concord, N. H., October 28, 1926, Adelaide L. Abbott, wife of James E. Sewall.

1868

Alice French whose stories about Chicago and the Middle West (written under the pen name of Octave Thanet) have been translated into French, German and Russian, has recently undergone a most critical operation. She is more than ever admired and beloved by the people of her home town, Davenport, Iowa, Mary Kuhn Van Patten (1885) writes, because of the way she has borne this experience, "keeping her good spirits, wit and serenity."

Died: In Nashua, N. H., November 8, 1925, Frances R. Crombie, widow of William Dugan Clarkson.

1870

Died: In Holliston, August 3, 1925, Mary Elmira Cutler, a practical woman of strong personality, who was depended on for help in activities along varied lines in the town where she spent her whole life. Her father was a nurseryman and florist, and she followed that occupation, passing on her experience and theory, when the opportunity came, in a series of lectures at Institutes under the state Board of Agriculture. During the war, she was five times made chairman of the local Woman's Liberty Loan Committee.

Died: February 14, 1926, Sarah A. Whaley, wife of John Dolbeare, and sister of Alice Whaley, 1873.

1873

Mrs. Corrie Bancroft Benner is secretary of the Florence Crittenton League of Lowell.

1874

Died: In Los Angeles, Cal., May 21, 1927, Emma Wilder, wife of the late Rev. George H. Gutterson, and mother of ten children, five of them Abbot graduates. As Miss Wilder she taught for two years at Abbot, 1876-78. The range of her experience and activities, from Africa in her childhood and India in her young womanhood to New England in her mature years, gave her a broad outlook on life. Her dynamic energy, strength of purpose, grace of manner and originality of speech made her a person to be remembered, admired, and loved.

1875

Died: In Fitchburg, July 11, 1925, Ida S. Gage, wife of William C. Carter.

Died: In Keene, N. H., August 22, 1926, Martha B. Ripley, widow of Francis Child Faulkner, and sister of Mary Ripley, 1875.

1876

Anna Tolman resigned her position last year as instructor in English at the Abington High School, after completing forty-three years of service.

1877

Cora Pauline Graves is a deaconess in the First Baptist Church of Weymouth.

1879

Jeannette Hart is a chaperon in the National Kindergarten and Elementary College of Evanston, Ill. She has held this position since 1923.

1880

Died: In Cambridge, February 27, 1927, James A. Towle, husband of Edna Thompson.

Kate Johnson Wheelock is active in social and civic doings. She has done a great deal of helpful work with the Mexican immigrants, who crowd into Riverside (California) by the thousands. She has a summer cottage at Laguna Beach.

Louise Johnson Gray recently went with friends on a motoring trip to the Yosemite Park, camping in the valley for ten days.

1881

Various notes about the members of the class have been culled from the last class letter.

Frances Ames Loyhed is still interested in woman's club work. She has been president of the State Federation, and is now raising funds from nearly a thousand clubs for a scholarship. One of her married daughters visited Andover last summer, and took pictures of Abbot for her.

Belle Hunter Bracewell has recently had a long siege with typhoid fever. She writes, "Every year I hope that I can get to Boston for the Alumnae Luncheon, but I have been only twice since they were instituted."

Caroline Ladd Pratt has resigned from the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., of which she has been a member since the beginning of the war. She speaks of the work as the most inspiring she has ever known. She retains her position on the board of the Brooklyn Art Museum and in the Free Kindergarten work. Her absorbing interest of late has been in planning a new summer house at Glen Cove, with a Gothic setting for some Gothic treasures they have.

Sara Puffer McCay gives in her letter a long account of her interesting travels in France, describing especially the grotto at Lourdes.

Florence Swift went to a D. A. R. convention in Washington, and found Fanny Ames Loyhed in the assembly hall among thousands of delegates, because she had seen her picture in the newspaper as a delegate.

Mary Whitcomb visited Worcester last summer and had an Abbot gathering with Rose Perkins Nason, Lizzie Chadbourne and Emma Chadbourne Wood. She later visited May Hanson in Wolfeboro. The severe storm in Florida last year did not extend as far north as Melrose.

Mrs. Emma Abbott Allen is Parish Assistant and Director of Religious Education in the Unitarian Church in Indianapolis.

1883

Died: In Wilton, N. H., January 10, 1927, Jennie Abbott, wife of Rev. Washington H. Forbes.

Clara Foss has been New England manager of the University Society Child Welfare Work since 1912. The office is in the Little Building, Boston.

Annie Torrey has been head of the French Department of the Portland (Maine) High School for nine years.

Ellen Webster has been, since 1911, registrar of the Boston Students' Union, a co-operative registry.

1884

Died: In Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18, 1926, Mary E. Newland, wife of Rev. Robert H. Carson. Mr. Carson sends a tiny blue-covered booklet containing her poem, "The Patch o' Blue," which expresses her philosophy of life, gained through years of invalidism. The bit of sky between the clouds which she could see from her bed symbolized to her hope and courage.

The protective work that can be done by a city police-woman is now recognized as most important. Emily Skilton has held this position in Lowell since 1918.

1885

Albert Sauveur, professor of Metallurgy and Metallography at Harvard, has been appointed a member of the National Academy of Science, comprising a large group of noted scientists. Professor Sauveur is the husband of Mary Prince Jones.

Porter Adams, son of Mrs. Jeannie Porter Adams, is president of the National Aeronautic Association, which has recently pledged three airplanes as entries for the United States in the international seaplane race for the Schneider Cup.

1887

Mrs. Alice Hamlin Hinman is acting-professor of Ethics in the University of Nebraska.

Harriet Thwing has been assistant librarian of the Cleveland Museum of Art since 1920.

1888

Married: Greenwood-Tapley. In New York City, November 1, 1924, Jennie Elizabeth (Jowett) Tapley to Hamlet Samuel Greenwood. Address, 41 Hamilton Ave., Haverhill.

Died: In North Adams, February 7, 1927, Lillie Blanche McDonald.

Susan Chapin has been doing secretarial work for the Medford Board of Assessors since 1907.

Sarah Chase has been supervisor of Domestic Science in the Newburyport public schools for twenty-five years.

1891

Caroline Goodell is teaching in the high school in Whitinsville.

Died: In Lancaster, May 5, 1924, Martha Sarah Bancroft.

1893

Mrs. Myrtie Woodman Lane, who is a teacher of pianoforte, is president of the Toledo Piano Teachers' Association, and also of the Toledo Colony of New England Women.

1894

Ida Cushing is the organist of the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Merrimac. Marion Lees is art supervisor for the public schools of Canton and Foxboro. Ellen Lombard is a "Specialist in Home Education" in the U. S. Bureau of Education in Washington.

Mrs. Florence McAllister Brackett is studying pianoforte and voice in Boston.

1896

Died: In Springfield, October 31, 1925, Grace Pease, wife of Charles F. DeWolfe. Agnes Brown has been treasurer of the town of Rye, N. H., and of the Rye School District since 1922.

1897

Mrs. Marion Paine Stevens is an instructor in the Normal Training Department of the Ethical Culture School, New York City. She also lectures and writes on educational subjects.

Martha Emerson has been in charge of cataloguing in the Dartmouth College Library since 1919.

1898

Harriet Lord has been head of the department of Government and History at the Lawrence High School since 1912.

Florence Pease is in the Division of Ornithology, Department of Agriculture, at the Boston State House.

1899

Mrs. Lilian Mooers Smith is studying pianoforte at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Mary Elizabeth Ryder has been teaching in the Evander Childs High School, New York City, since 1922.

Whitney Drake, the son of Mrs. Charles S. Drake (Georgia Whitney), returned in May from an eight months' University cruise around the world. He will enter Brown University in 1927. The entire boat load (about 500) was entertained four days by the King of Siam.

1900

Helen Page Abbott is assistant to the dean of Barnard College.

1901

Helen Buck has taught in the Washington Irving High School in New York City since 1919.

1902

Ione Bedell Adams has decided to take a librarian's course at Syracuse University since the death of her husband, Nelson Adams.

Rose Greely has been a landscape architect since 1922. She took her training in Cambridge. She writes from Washington, where her family still live.

1903

Elinor Barta is director of The Barta Camp, Casco, Maine.

Married: Smith-Wilcox. Pauline Wainwright Wilcox to Lester Vander-Veer Smith. Address: 2322 Commonwealth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Helen Burnham French is doing Social Work with the Community Council of Nashua N. H.

Harriet Harmon, besides keeping up her study in music, has been teaching Braille to the blind since 1925.

1904

Helen Phillips, now Mrs. Edward L. Welch, is living in Franklin, N. H.

1905

Ruth Pringle is teaching English in the Jefferson High School, Portland, Ore.



## 1906

Maud Sprague's father, Rev. Philo W. Sprague, died in Cambridge, February 25, 1927. He had been rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Charlestown, for forty years.

Rosalind Kempton, who is a violin teacher, is also instructor in Music at the Brimmer School, Boston.

## 1907

Laura Howell is "Field Representative of the State Department of Welfare" in Harrisburg, Pa. She has held this position since 1923.

Gertrude LeFevre has been a kindergarten teacher in the Roosevelt School of New Rochelle, N. Y., since 1923.

Esther Colby is Division Manager of Correspondence for Jordan Marsh Company, Boston.

The report has just come to the alumnae office of the death last year in Taunton of Mr. Charles M. Rhodes, father of Mabel Rhodes Manter.

Beatrice Wallace is now Mrs. Edward Scott Duffey, and lives at 293 School Street, Putnam, Conn.

Elizabeth Watts has been having a year off from her work in that most interesting place, the Hindman Settlement School, in Hindman, Kentucky. Her position is now "Assistant to the Executive."

## 1908

Engaged: Marion Allchin to Paul Rowland. They are to be married in June.

Lucy Kilby is a teacher of Biology in the Everett Senior High School.

Ruth Tucker is on the editorial staff of the *Arkansas Gazette*. She still lives in Little Rock.

## 1909

Married: Byers-Soule. August 2, 1926, Marjorie Marden Soule to Robert Roy Byers. Address: 2852 Birch St., Denver, Colo.

Helen Thomas now lives at 2706 West 9th St., Los Angeles, Cal., with Mary Brown, who was at Abbot during 1902 and 1903. On their way to New England this spring they drove from Atlanta, Georgia, to Lowell, Massachusetts.

Janet Gorton has been engaged in medical social work in the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary in Boston since June, 1922.

Ethel Brownell is now Mrs. Charles Louis Whidden. She is living in North Turner, Maine.

Marjorie Burns is Kindergarten Director in the Los Angeles Public Schools.

Charlotte Pinney is doing work in connection with the Social Welfare League in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

## 1910

Born: March 25, 1927, a daughter, Eleanor Birchard, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Cox (Lydia Trask).

Born: May 6, 1927, a son, Harold Atwater, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson Hammond (Clarissa Merwin Hall).

Mira B. Wilson, of the department of biblical literature and dean of the class of 1927 at Smith, has been appointed to fill the new position of Director of Religious Work and Social Service there.

Marion Sanford is in the editorial department of the *Woman's Home Companion*, published in New York City.

Ruth Murray Moore, of Brockton, is sending her little Barbara to the private school conducted by Mildred Bryant Kusmaul. She is the first Abbot pupil!

Grace Hatch is in charge of the filing department of Jones, McDuffee, and Stratton, Boston.

Anne Blauvelt, of Oradell, N. J., names various activities. She directs amateur plays, teaches Dramatic Art and lectures before women's clubs.



## 1911

Born: A son, Edward Niles, on January 28, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Thompson (Ruth Niles), of Fall River.

Frances Pray has the position of "Graduate Assistant in English" at the Pennsylvania State College. She is working for her Ph.D. in English.

Elizabeth Hincks's thesis discussing disability in reading and its relation to personality, which was published in the series of Harvard Monographs in Education, was reviewed in the British Medical Journal. The review was mentioned in the *Literary Digest* of February 19.

Helen Vail owns an establishment in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., called the "Little Folks' Shop."

## 1912

Born: A son, Benjamin Bowman, February 12, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Lester Janney (Helen Bowman) of Muncie, Ind.

Mildred Chutter is a cataloguer in the Middlebury College Library. She has been doing this work since 1924.

Marie Gould is now Mrs. William Henry Wildes, and lives at 22 Woodstock Avenue, Kenilworth, Illinois.

## 1913

Married: Cottrell-Brainin. April 22, 1924, Augusta Louise (Thompson) Brainin to James Thomas Cottrell. Address: 880 Madison St., Fall River.

Katherine Toye is now Mrs. Edward H. McCabe and lives at 9 Pearl Avenue, Lawrence.

Maude Flack is now Mrs. Randolph W. Branch, and lives in New York City, at 19 West 10th Street.

Margaret Wilkins's position with Halle Bros. Co. in Chicago is that of "Assistant Buyer in the Misses' Section."

## 1914

Married: Kenny-Collier. In Boston, March 31, 1927, Louise (Albrecht) Collier to Norman Winthrop Kenny. Address: 28 Hubbard Park, Cambridge.

Born: A daughter, Louise Hovey, on February 17, 1926, to Professor and Mrs. Hovey Jordan (Ursula Kimball) of Burlington, Vt. They have also a daughter, Ruth Kimball, who was born in 1923.

Elsie Gleason (Mrs. Buckingham) is with the Rockefeller Foundation in New York City.

Winifred Warren reports her marriage to Captain H. A. Porteous. They are living in Oliver, British Columbia.

Freda Joslin is now Mrs. Harold Hardy Sprague and lives in Melrose, at 101 Hillside Avenue.

Harriet Shaw is now Mrs. George Albert Rader and lives at 827 Barrett Avenue, Richmond, California.

Ada Brewster is in charge of Health Education in the public schools of Hempstead, N. Y.

## 1915

Married: Crouch-Kishlar. October 9, 1926, Doris Louise Kishlar to Harold W. Crouch. Address: Shoremont, Charlotte Station, Rochester, N. Y.

Married: Greene-Hamblert. On January 25, 1927, in Lawrence, Marion Clark Hamblert to Ernest Roy Greene. They will make their home in Hanover, N. H.

Vivien Mitchell reports her marriage to Nathan L. Hall. They are to live in Bromley, England.

Arline Talcott has been teaching in the Weaver High School in Hartford, Ct., since September, 1923.

Elizabeth Leach is assistant to Professor Cabot of the Harvard School of Business Administration.

## 1916

Married: Allen-Duckworth. October 4, 1924, Emily Marie Duckworth to Harvey Allen. Address: Elmhurst Boulevard, Scranton, Pa.

Married: Lyons-Moore. May 25, 1926, Ruth Stevens Moore to John Andrew Lyons. Address: 290 Massachusetts Ave., Lexington.

Married: Ireland-Bancroft. May 29, 1926, Edith Stone Bancroft to Glen Ireland. Address: 106 North Walnut St., East Orange, N. J.

Married: James-Perry. In Newton Center, April 2, 1927, Margaret Lewis Perry to Wyllys Lyman James, of New York. Address: 611 Ocean Ave., Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Died: February 28, 1927, Joseph Walker Woodman, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Woodman (Josephine Walker).

Mildred Kling sends the report of her marriage to Tulloch McCosh Townsend, and tells of their three children, William Tulloch, Francis Martail and Marilyn Elizabeth, aged three, two and one, respectively. They live in Schenectady, N. Y., at 11 Avon Road.

Elizabeth Wood has been teaching music at Concord Academy since 1923.

June Perry has been engaged in public nursing for five years.

Marion Selden is secretary of the Young People's Department of Trinity Church, Boston.

Margaret Allison has been instructor in Household Arts at the House in the Pines, Norton, since the fall of 1925.

Dorothy Dann is policy clerk in an insurance company in Mansfield, Ohio.

Agnes Grant is assistant to the director of the Handwork Shop at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

Louise Kimball is teaching voice in Concord. She has been soprano soloist in the Corelli Trio since 1925.

Ruth Laton (Mrs. Creesy) is in Haiti. Her husband has been transferred to the American Legation at Port au Prince.

## 1917

Married: Banczyk-Brown. December 24, 1925, Phyllis Estelle Brown to Andrew Banczyk. Address: 436 Loma Vista St., Huntington Park, Calif.

Married: Burnell-Yeakle. In Norristown, Pa., March 9, 1927, Mary Catharine Yeakle to Dr. Max Ronald Burnell. Address: 1610 Crescent Drive, Flint, Mich.

Born: October 2, 1926, a son, Manning Seth, to Mr. and Mrs. Seth M. Chellis, (Miriam Bacon).

Marian Bartram is organist in a church in Lakeville, Conn., and has a number of piano pupils. She started this work in 1923.

Frances Cartland has been teaching first grade classes in Dover, N. H., since 1919.

Gertrude Goss is assistant professor of Hygiene and Physical Education at Smith College.

Lucy Lane is now Mrs. Oliver K. Church and lives at 69 Spadina Parkway, Pittsfield.

Mrs. Marion Willson Boothby is State Visitor at the Girls' Parole Branch of the Massachusetts Training Schools.

## 1918

Married: Crandall-Colbath. May 3, 1924, Virginia Lee Colbath to Horace Cushman Crandall. Address 517 Fellsway East, Malden.

Married: Rogers-Campbell. September 4, 1924, Margaret Campbell to George Henry Rogers.

Married: Stainton-Taylor. June 19, 1926, Margaret Elizabeth Taylor to Robert Sheldon Stainton. Address: 10801 Prospect Avenue, Chicago.

Married: Heberton-Sutro. On February 5, 1927, Frances Wheatley Sutro to Robert Miller Heberton. Address: 522 Cresheim Valley Road, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Born: A son, Louis Bevier, March 5, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bevier van Dyck (Helen Meigs).

Sally Eddy has married Albion E. Tripp, and lives at 401 West Patterson Street, Flint, Michigan.

Dorothy Bushnell is editor and publisher of a children's magazine entitled "The Buddy Book".

Mary Kunkel is a registered nurse, having graduated from St. Luke's Hospital, New York City.

## 1919

Married: Parsons-Emery. August 29, 1925, Mary Whipple Emery to Roland Dexter Parsons. Address: Kennebunkport, Me.

Married: Taylor-McClintock. October 2, 1926, Doris McClintock to Alson Proctor Taylor. Address: 775 Myrtle Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

Married: Dow-Lane. Kathryn (Beck) Lane to Kenneth Cushman Dow. Address: 11 Rockledge Road, Newton Highlands.

Born: February 1, 1927, a daughter, Anne Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Noble (Grace Kepner), of White Plains, N. Y.

Born: A daughter, Helen Edwards, on October 23, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Otis (Virginia McCauley), of New York City.

Died: In New London, Conn., March 19, 1927, Catherine H. Danforth.

In June of last year Louise Clement began making "Seaside Sweets" — homemade chocolates — appropriately named, since her home is still in Belfast, Maine.

Gertrude Lombard is teaching Social Science at the High School of Commerce in Springfield.

Mary Martin is 'cellist in a string trio which plays for clubs and teas.

Gladys Merrill is society editor of the Portland (Maine) *Press Herald*.

Elizabeth Newton is with the Cambridge Gas Light Company, as director of the Home Service Department.

Marian Nichols is a secretary in the McGraw Publishing Company in New York City.

Nadine Scovill has been assistant reference librarian in the Bronson Library, Waterbury, Conn., since 1925.

## 1920

Engaged: Margaret Ackroyd of Nassau, N. Y., to Stephen Webber of Boston, a teacher at Dummer Academy.

Engaged: Elizabeth Hawkes to Carl Miller of Detroit, brother of Paula Miller.

Carolyn Grimes is an assistant in Physiology and Hygiene at Goucher College. She has announced her engagement to Benjamin Lincoln Whittier, Williams, 1920.

Married: Bates-Allen. On February 18, 1927, Hope Allen to Chester Alley Bates. Address: 110 Cole Avenue, Providence, R. I.

Married: Kurth-Sutherland. In Lawrence, February 22, 1927, Isabel Bremner Sutherland to William Waters Kurth. Address: Aberfoyle, Shawsheen Village, Andover.

Married: Barrett-Schwenk. In Brattleboro, Vt., March 26, 1927, Dorothy Anna Schwenk to Harry Clark Barrett.

Married: Marshall-Fisher. In Brockton, April 23, 1927, Miriam Keith Fisher to Warren Albert Marshall.

Married: Parsons-Walker. In Andover, April 30, 1927, Helen Bancroft Walker to Talcott Parsons. After a summer spent in Heidelberg, Germany, they will live in Cambridge. Mr. Parsons will teach in Harvard University.

Gertrude Hoffman reports her marriage to Arthur Bliss, and gives her address as 3 Redcliffe Square, London, S. W. 10, England.

Susan Platt was married in 1924 to Richard Dana Cutting. They have a son, Robert Platt, thirteen months old. They are living in Ann Arbor, Mich.

Born: A son, Henry Walter, 3rd, March 15, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Barnes (Miriam Rowell).

Julia Abbe has been teaching English in the Deerfield High School this year.

Mary Bushnell is studying Physical Therapeutics at the Harvard Medical School and the Children's Hospital.

Catherine Greenough has been Field Representative of the American Red Cross for Western Missouri for two years.

Katherine Hamblet is instructor in Physical Education in the Illinois Woman's College.

Martha Morse is assistant librarian in the Public Library, Kewanee, Ill.

Paula Miller is taking a graduate course in the Critical History of Italian Painting with one of the professors at New York University.

Agatha Wade is children's librarian at the Memorial Hall Library, Andover. In the remodelled building there will be a separate room for the children.

#### 1921

Engaged: Lydia Kunkel to Donald McGregor Eldredge.

Married: Udall-Underwood. April 30, 1927, Alma Louise Underwood to Richard Maurice Udall.

Married: Cook-Stevens. May 12, 1926, Elizabeth Stevens to Ogden Cook. Address: 1315 Oak Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Virginia Camp tells of her marriage to Dudley W. Moor, Jr. Her address is 2253 Glenwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Born: A daughter, Eugenia Knowlton, on October 30, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Orville A. Houg (Ruth A. Crossman).

Born: A son, John Burr, March 6, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Waldo Fairchild (Margaret Burr Day), of Glen Ridge, N. J.

Engaged: Dorothy Virginia Martin to Albert W. Kelsey, Princeton, 1922, of Long Island, N. Y.

Dr. John E. Williams, who was killed March 24th at Nanking, China, was the father of Faith, Dorothy and Mary Williams. Faith was in China but has returned to America with her mother and brother. Mary is working in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Dorothy is at Wellesley.

Elizabeth Bulkeley is director of Religious Education at the First Church of Christ in Fairfield, Conn.

Clara Louise Cleveland is in the Public Relation Department of the Denver Yellow Cab Co.

Julia Guild is head nurse in charge of the women's medical ward at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

Mary Harrison is secretary of the Cornell Nursery School.

Sylvia Nicholson began secretarial work with the Greene and Hurd Law Offices, New York City, in September, 1924.

Eleanor Noyes is at Miss Niel's Kindergarten Training School, Boston. She entered in October, 1925.

Mildred Peabody writes of interesting work in connection with the Service Department of the Boston Filing Equipment Bureau.

Carol Perrin has been acting in stock company in Buffalo this year. She is also studying voice and teaching French.

Helen Roser is a student nurse in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City.

Sally Bartlett is with the Henry St. Visiting Nurse Service in New York City.



## 1922

Sarah Bodwell is graduating from Simmons this year.

Engaged: Janet Warren to Gordon Brown Winslow. They are to be married May 28.

Engaged: Helen C. Knight of Reading to Albrow Newton Graves of Providence, R. I.

Elizabeth Hutchinson was married to Archibald Foster Graham last year. Her address is 186 Euclid Avenue, Hackensack, N. J.

Born: A son, Edwy Brown, on November 22, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. George T. Lee (Isabel Brown), of Dallas, Texas.

Phyllis Bankart, Peggy Hopkins, Marion Rugg and "Phil" Hinckley (1921) went abroad together, taking a two months' cruise through the Mediterranean to Norway. On their return, two of them visited Florence Matile Bishop (1920) at her lovely home in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Tateo Kanda (Taye Hirooka) visited Abbot in February. They were on their way to Oxford, England, where Mr. Kanda is to pursue his specialty of Greek in studying for a degree in Philology.

Rachel Boutwell White is hostess at the John Alden House in Duxbury.

Ruth Dewey is a teacher of second grade in Providence, R. I.

Katherine Gage is an assistant in the Department of English Literature at Wellesley College.

Beatrice Goff is assistant in Biblical History at Wellesley College. She is studying for an A.M. in Biblical History.

Barbara Goss has been supervisor of Physical Education in the public schools of Melrose since 1925.

Ruth Keener is with the Princeton University Press, doing advertising and editorial work.

Mary Mallory is at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in New York City.

Marian Rugg is librarian in the Geology Library of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Elizabeth Whittemore is assistant director of Girl Scouts in Kanawha County, W. Va.

Anne Winery is studying in the Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

Alexina Wilkins is at the Katharine Gibbs School in New York City.

Barbara Baker graduated from Burdett College in January.

Rosamond Davis has been a kindergarten teacher in Manchester, N. H., since September, 1925.

Lois Kirkham is a senior at Wells College.

Louise Mount is taking a course in Literary Criticism at New York University.

Kathryn Rounds is finishing the two-year course in Secretarial Training at the Katharine Gibbs School in New York.

Since January of this year, Alice Tower had been engaged in secretarial work with a banking concern in New York City.

## 1923

Engaged: Mary Louise Taylor to Benjamin M. Ellis, of Boston.

Engaged: Helga M. Lundin to Allan Winfield Buttrick of New York, brother of Martha Buttrick.

Engaged: Elizabeth C. Adams of Springfield, Mass., to Mr. George Hewes Ross of Chicago, Illinois. Elizabeth Adams is a member of Gamma Phi Beta Sorority and will be graduated with the class of 1927 of the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Ross is a member of Chi Phi Fraternity and was graduated as a Chemical Engineer at the University of Wisconsin last year.



Married: Keefer-King. In Woonsocket, R. I., August 7, 1926, Dorothy Mildred King to Jackson Millimen Keefer.

Married: Little-Krum. November 25, 1925, Doris Trenberth Krum to Franklin Irving Little. Address: 268 Ashland Street, North Adams.

Married: Schroeder-Allen. July 17, 1926, Jane Allen to Wainwright Schroeder. Address: 33 Doane Avenue, Providence, R. I.

Married: Blackmore-Van Patten. In Davenport, Iowa, January 17, 1927, Emily Van Patten to Major Philip Guillou Blackmore.

Laura Lakin sends word of her marriage to Jack A. Fleck. Her address is 205 Second Street, Bismarck, N. D.

Born: A daughter, Suzanne, August 22, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cory (Martha Stevens) of Evanston, Ill.

Helen Goodale is local director of Girl Scouts in Pontiac, Mich.

Ruth Holmes is employed by The Betty Phillips Greeting Card and Personal Stationery Company.

Charlotte Hudson is studying Library Science at Simmons College.

Barbara Cutter is a "Montessori Directress" in New York City.

In this year's graduating class from Wellesley are Elizabeth Flagg, Edith Damon, Dolores Osborne, Elizabeth Maxwell, Sally Finch, and Rose Lobenstine. From Smith are to be graduated Dorothy Taylor and Elizabeth and Miriam Thompson.

Raymah Wright is in the graduating class at Wheaton College.

Mary Elizabeth Rudd is attending business school in Ilion, N. Y.

Eleanor Warren is a senior at the University of Wisconsin.

Esther Craig is at the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word.

Natalie Bartlett has recently been appointed head of the advertising department of Jays, Boston.

Alice Nelson is at Barnard College, class of '28.

Elizabeth Thomas has been engaged in secretarial work at Harvard University since 1924.

#### 1924

Engaged: Katharine W. Boyce to George T. Kephraan, Jr.

Married: Talman-Bottomley. April 16, 1927, Sybil Bottomley to Edward Golder Talman.

Born: A son, Robert Edward, Jr., April 28, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Loomis (Lois Babcock), of Westerly, R. I.

Polly Bullard has been elected next year's President of Student Government at Smith.

One of the highest academic honors at Wellesley was given to Constance Twichell. She was named a "Wellesley Scholar."

Alice Hobart has been in medical social work for two years.

Helen Keating is studying at the Western Reserve School of Library Science in Cleveland. After September she will be children's librarian of the Free Public Library of Mansfield, Ohio.

Madelyn Shepard is at the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston.

Marjorie Wolfe, who studied voice for some time at the Cincinnati Conservatory, is now continuing that study in San Diego, California.

Florence Allen is at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.

Harriet Cheney began a three-year course of training in child nursing at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital last September.

Shirley Fowler is beginning the Nurses' Training Course in the Newton Hospital.

Beatrice Joerissen is at the Cumnock School of Expression in Los Angeles, Calif.

Maud King is studying voice at the New York Institute of Musical Art.

Lucile Mold is at the Lowthorpe School for Landscape Architecture.

Kate Potter has been at the Curry School of Expression in Boston for two years.

Patty Price is studying in Boston University at the College of Practical Arts and Letters.

Helen Smith is training for the nursing profession at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston.

Dorothy Taylor is doing secretarial work in the New York Museum of Natural History.

Margaret Wilson is studying stage dancing at the Ned Wayburn Studios.

## 1925

Engaged: Hildegard Mittendorff to William L. Seidel. They are to be married June 11.

Talita Jova has been elected second vice-president of the Athletic Council at Wellesley.

Eleanor Bodwell entered Simmons College last fall.

Margaret Caverno made the honor roll for the first semester at Milwaukee-Downer College and ranked twelfth in the Freshman class.

Ruth Connolly and Charlotte Hanna, who are at Smith, have been chosen among those who will spend their Junior year in France. This is a great honor.

Elizabeth Burtnett is studying at the Central School of Hygiene and Physical Education in New York City.

Margaret Hawkes is secretary to the president of the Steuben Brick Corporation in Corning, N. Y.

Evelyn McDougall is studying at the Maine Conservatory of Music in Portland.

Lila Rich entered the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston last fall.

Alfreda Stanley is taking the Liberal Arts course at Boston University. This is her second year.

Virginia Thompson is at the New York School of Applied Design for Women.

Dorothy Bailey is at the Horace Mann School, New York City.

Mary Catherine Blunt is taking her second year in the kindergarten training course at Temple University.

Carol Bridgham is taking a secretarial course at the Pierce School of Business Administration in Philadelphia, Pa.

Elizabeth Butler is at Howard Seminary this year and expects to enter Wheaton College in September.

Jean Fleming has been working at Occupational Therapy for two years.

Josephine Gasser is studying Domestic Science at The Bennet School, Millbrook, N. Y.

Gertrude Holbrook is at the New York School of Applied Design.

Alice Hougens is at the National Park Seminary.

Eunice Huntsman has had her portrait painted recently by the Boston artist, Carl J. Nordell. A reproduction appeared in the *Transcript*.

Rose Lowden is at Burdett College.

Frances Palmer is doing secretarial work in Bangor, Me.

Margaret Warren is at the University of Maine.

Emma Louise Wylie has been in the Dayton (Ohio) Art Institute since the fall of 1925.

Theodate Johnson was recently awarded the Isabella Eastman Fiske Prize for Public Speaking at Wellesley.

1926

Married: Briner-Trimmer. May 4, 1927, Helen Buchanan Trimmer to Ensign Charles Emil Briner.

Saye-Ko Hirooka is now back in Japan. We are sorry to have her leave us after two years at Abbot. She will study Tea Etiquette and says she also hopes to keep up her English and French.

Alice Abrahamson is at William Smith College.

Edda Renouf wrote the Freshman "Step Song" at Smith.

Margery Murray is taking a secretarial course in Lawrenceville, N. J.

Elizabeth Platt entered the Lesley Kindergarten School in Cambridge in October, 1926.

Carlotta Sloper is taking a correspondence course in agriculture through Columbia University.

Gertrude Craik writes, "I have been to Parliament! It was at an exciting time, too, as there was a great argument over the Trades' Union Bill. Just beneath me sat Austen Chamberlain; he has the most cultured and interesting voice I have ever heard: a typical Oxford gentleman. On the Liberal side was Lloyd George looking very old and tired. Lady Astor blew in — the only word which really expresses her coming in. She seemed to add life to the whole House." Gertrude is staying in Yorkshire this year and hopes to go to the Continent in the fall.

# School Organizations

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## Senior Class

<i>President</i>	SYDNA WHITE
<i>Vice-President</i>	FLORA SKINNER
<i>Secretary</i>	KATHARINE KEANY
<i>Treasurer</i>	HARRIET SULLIVAN

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<i>Vice-President</i>	JEAN SWIHART
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<i>Treasurer</i>	RUTH CUSHMAN

## Junior Middle Class

<i>President</i>	ALICE BUTLER
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH MCKINNEY
<i>Secretary</i>	DESPINA PLAKIAS
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## Junior Class

<i>President</i>	MARJORIE WATSON
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<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH PERRY
<i>Treasurer</i>	KATHERINE BLUNT

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<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET NIVISON
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<i>Vice-President</i>	MARGARET CREELMAN
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN DYER
<i>Treasurer</i>	LOUISE DECAMP

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<i>Tennis</i> . . . . .	HARRIET NASH
<i>Riding</i> . . . . .	BETTY LEE BURNS
<i>Walking</i> . . . . .	RUTH NASON
<i>Clock-Golf</i> . . . . .	VIRGINIA GAY
<i>Croquet</i> . . . . .	JOSEPHINE PARET
<i>Baseball</i> . . . . .	MARY ALICE McINTOSH
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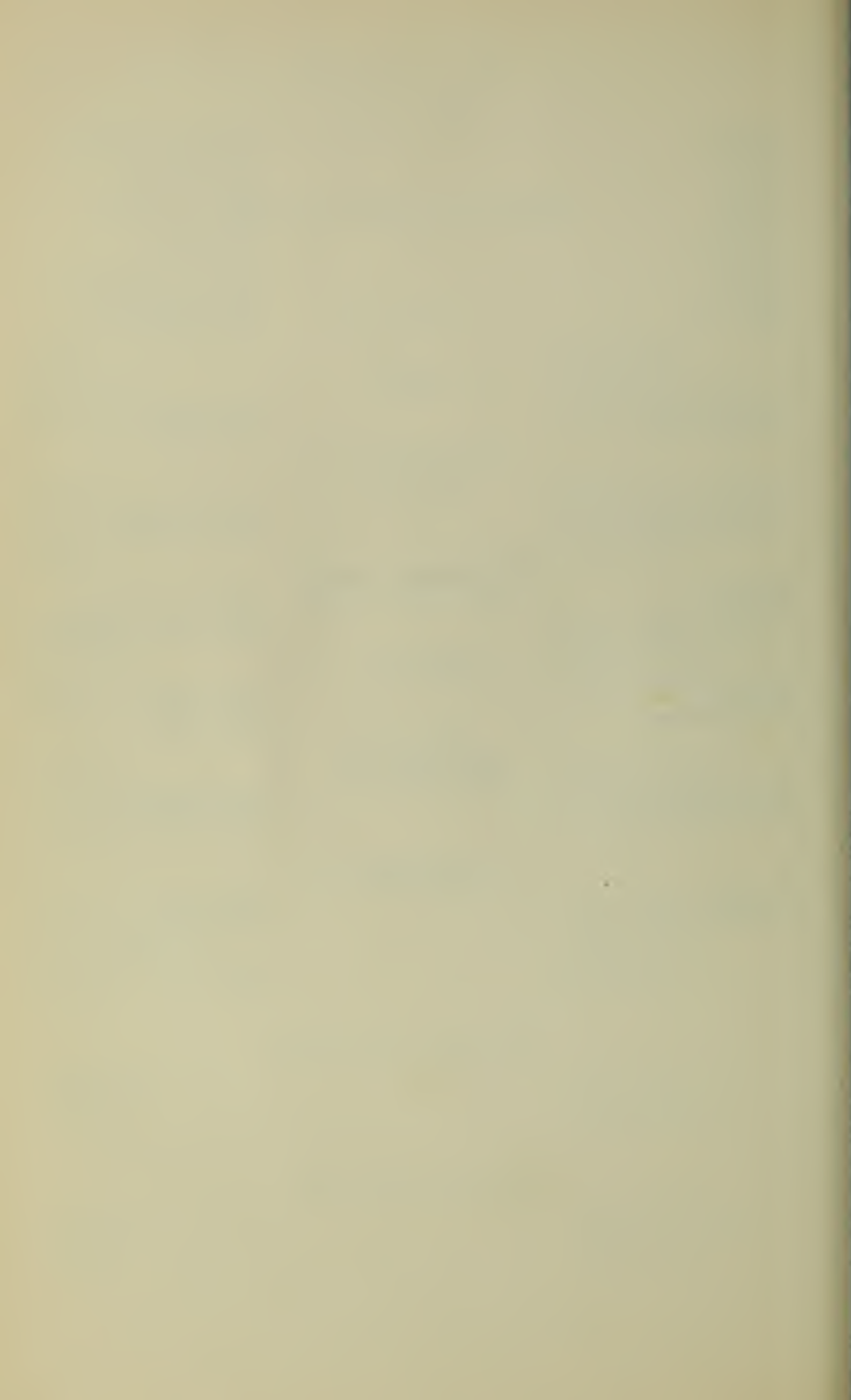
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# The Abbot Courant

January, 1928

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY



JANUARY — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND  
TWENTY-EIGHT

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THE  
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LIV, No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.  
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1928

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A GALLANT LORD COMES PRANCING —

# THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. LIV

JANUARY, 1928

No. 1

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## A Rhyme of Chivalrie

In darkened lyne across a page of light  
A gallant Lord comes prancing with his train.  
Afar, a gloomy castle's towered heighte  
Frowns on a sea that washes sunny Spaine.  
What gentle Ladye sighs within those towers?  
What wasting dragons lurk beside the path?  
Within that land what cruel tyrant lowers,  
Destroying peace and plenty with his wrath?  
Darkness and light have warred since they were made:  
Bright Honor with harsh tyranny and wronge.  
Truth answers evil's challenge, unafraide.  
So Chivalrie, the Hero of my songe,  
    With head held high, for all the world to see,  
    Rides from the gloomy wood to victorie.

K. T. Fox

## Poems and Vignettes Chosen from the Courant Contest

### Autumn

Glorious splashes of colour,  
A faint blue smoky haze,  
And the smell of damp dead leaves —  
O these are the happiest days!

The earth is a patchwork quilt,  
Where the trees have shed their best.  
The whole sky bursts with colour  
As the sun sinks in the west.

And the smoke from the fragrant fires  
Twists up to the blue, blue sky.  
Down yonder among the pumpkins  
The crow gives his raucous cry.

There are long, low roadsters that speed,  
And a big fat harvest moon;  
O that nights like this might last!  
But they all go by so soon.

Drowsing before the fire,  
A dog asleep by my chair,  
A sparkling glass of cider,  
And I dream without a care.

Glorious splashes of colour,  
A faint blue smoky haze,  
And the smell of damp dead leaves —  
O these are the happiest days!

*Elizabeth Hollis, '28*

**Dunes**

O powerful Sand-dunes,  
Ever-moving,  
Ever-shifting,  
What treasures lie buried  
Beneath your mighty hills?  
Have black pirates of the past  
Hidden their caskets of gold  
Under your great domes?  
What priceless jewels —  
Pearls and rubies —  
Lie waiting,  
Waiting?  
Your graceful curves  
Stretch upward,  
Ever-hoping,  
Ever-striving,  
To reach the blue above —  
Then falling,  
Falling,  
To the level  
Of the cool green waters  
At your feet.  
Look —  
A storm is coming,  
For the sea is black  
And thunder booms  
Across the darkening sky!  
The pure white gulls  
Soar upward,  
Upward —  
Then descend  
To find protection  
Among the sail boats  
Of the bay.  
You seem unmoved,  
O Dunes,  
But no —



A whirl of wind  
Turns the air  
Into one mass of flying sand!  
One awful  
Zigzag of lightning  
Hurls across the sky,  
And thunder dies out  
In the distance —  
The storm is ended —  
And, as the ocean calms,  
You fall back  
Into your former serenity.  
Something glitters  
On your further slope —  
Perhaps a sapphire  
Or a diamond?  
O Dunes,  
What treasures lie buried  
Beneath your ever-moving,  
Ever-shifting,  
Sands?

*Elizabeth Osborne, '29*

**Korean Work Rhyme**

In the cold  
And crispy morn,  
Husky voices  
Chant along,  
"Ee yung chigi,  
Ee yung cha."

On the hill-road  
Into town  
Native farmers  
Tug along  
Their wares,  
On market day.

Firmly stepping,  
Rhythmically,  
On each beat  
The farmers chant,  
"Ee yung chigi,  
Ee yung cha."

On the hill road  
Into town,  
A pyramid of  
Ripe persimmons,  
Gleaming orange  
In the sun  
Wends slowly on,  
This market day.

The farmers grunt  
Still huskily,  
Stepping firmly,  
Rhythmically,  
"Ee yung chigi,  
Ee yung cha."

*Marianne Hirst, '29*

## Azaleas and Jade

At the head of a stream in the Little Diamond Mountains is an old Buddhist temple. The water near which it is built bubbles up at the back of a deep cave and slides out over one side of the cave floor, to shoot over a twenty-foot cliff into a deep jade-green pool. Here in April a cloud of pink azaleas is mirrored. The temple is so old that the once red paint is now peeling off in rusty scales. The paper windows and doors are broken and rotted. Moss makes the flag-stones and wide overhanging tiled eaves as green as the jade pool.

Mustiness and gloom dwell inside the temple. It is a long, low room and one can easily touch the heavy red rafters. On two sides are musty tables on which to place the offerings and ornaments. At the head of the room the painted wooden Buddha, now wormy with age, sits in deep abstraction.

*Marianne Hirst, '29*

## Nürnberg

Quaint little city  
Under the stars,  
You are still safe,  
Secure,  
Behind your double walls.  
The new age has built outside.  
Its smoking chimneys  
Are not a part of you.  
Your little windows,  
Flower-filled,  
Your sagging tiles,  
Moss-covered,  
Still are unmolested,  
Are yours to keep.  
Still your high castle  
Watches over you,  
Still looks beyond the walls  
From its high hill  
At the unromantic now.

*Ruth Cushman, '28*

### Tyrant Night

The sky was rose and turquoise as the day  
 In solemn mystic sadness crept away  
 Across the swaying trees.  
 The twilight breeze,  
 Sprung from the icy north,  
 Chilled and killed the world as it came forth  
 With sobs and heavy sighs,  
 As if with frozen tears in its brimming eyes.  
 The gentle day gave place to cruel night,  
 But in its flight  
 It brushed against the framework of the sky,  
 Staining the cloudy beams with rose and blue.  
 But night came by that lofty highroad, too,  
 And sweeping the pink away,  
 Tore from the helpless earth its last faint glimpse of day.  
*Ruth Cushman, '28*

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### A Soul — Neglectful

The slender pillars and the arches rare  
 Support no vaulted roof: the missiles of the air  
 Fly, unrebuked, into the silent aisle:  
 The carvings quaint  
 Of flower, beast, and parable, and saint,  
 Are worn with rain, and, like unanswered prayer,  
 The shattered windows lie —  
 Forgotten jewels, from a casket dropt  
 In haste across the dusty floor.  
 The altar stone is open to the sky.  
 The traceries of reredos and rail  
 Are in a web of mosses wrapt.  
 No ringing anthems soar,  
 No chants of praise rise from the ruined choir:  
 Snuffed out forever is the candle-light —  
 But, in the quiet watches of the night,  
 A radiance fills the place — a heavenly fire —  
 For — all alone — our Master watches there.  
*K. T. Fox*

*On Every Side*

## I

I saw a long and rugged coast,  
Great rocks and foam and brine,  
And dark against a golden sky  
One tall majestic pine.  
I saw green waves advancing  
To crash against the shore,  
And hiss with foaming fury  
In this, their constant war.

## II

I stood on brown pine needles,  
Filtered sunlight on the ground,  
A hermit thrush's notes broke  
The stillness so profound.  
I knelt beside an amber pool  
Alive with darting trout,  
And watched the little golden leaves  
Go drifting in and out.

## III

Enchanted hills, a lake at night,  
Soft waves upon the shore,  
Against the moon a human face  
Carved out of rock I saw,  
Beneath this work of no man's hand  
My eyes could faintly trace  
The droop of birches silver white,  
Which glorified the place.

## IV

And commoner things I've noticed,  
You may pass them every day.  
I wonder why it is I stop  
So often on my way,  
To gaze and gaze and wonder  
At water, sky, or sod.  
I think it must be just because  
I know I'm seeing God.

*Doris Seiler, '30*



### State of Mind

I'd rather be cold and romantic  
Than warm and wrapped in a sweater!  
They say that unless I'm more careful  
My cold just won't ever get better.

I'm sure if I'm wrapped up and "comfy"  
I never could look at the moon.  
Now if I am happy when chilly  
Why won't I get well just as soon?

*Josephine B. Paret, '28*

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### The Statue

The statue seems too big for the dirty little city park, but the children, playing about the feet of this gawky figure, love the face and try to scramble up onto the large feet clinging to the bagging trousers. The monument is more than life-size, cast in bronze. The features of the man's face are generous, the eyes, deep set with little furrows below, look kindly on the baby-men and women. His left hand is fingering his coat lapel, and the other hangs loosely at his side. He once united a dissenting nation, and loved it more than life.

*Gwen Jones, '29*

## Tumble-weeds

In the fall, in the western part of the United States, are seen what are known as tumble-weeds. These tumble-weeds are plants which dry up and break away from their roots. They are very light, and whenever the wind blows it carries a number of them along with it. When there is a high wind the tumble-weeds become piled up against fences and hedges, and only a few are left in the fields. These always seem to me to be alive. They seem like the little midgets which are seen on the stage. A field where there are weeds piled against the fence reminds me of an open-air theater. Those weeds against the fence are the audience, while the few left in the open field are the acrobats. Several come skipping onto the stage, and if two happen to touch they skit along together hand in hand. Then the acrobats turn forward somersaults across the stage, and when they hit a rough place they turn and begin backward somersaults. These acrobats also run and jump. Many are very wonderful high jumpers. But there are oftentimes accidents, and then the performers come flying into the audience, or they jump too hard and land off stage.

*Virginia Drake, '29*

## Hawthornden or Drummond's Heaven

. . . . .  
—The winds all silent are,  
And Phoebus in his chair  
Ensaffroning sea and air  
Makes vanish every star:  
Night like a drunkard reels  
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels:  
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue  
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;  
Here is the pleasant place —  
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas.

One may understand a little what inspired William Drummond of Hawthornden to write his beautiful sonnets and madrigals when one looks, as I did, on his estate. This was called by a scholar named Ruddiman "a sweet and solitary seat, very fit and proper for the muses." So it is!

The iron gate today swings open into a well-wooded park, guarded, as you would wish it to be, by a comfortable porter's lodge. My visit there was on a drizzling day. The magnificent old trees on each side of the long drive, winding its curving course slightly downward, were even greener than usual. I do not wish to give an impression of smug land, well kept; all was the more romantic for being slightly wild and overgrown. The present house stands at the end of the drive in a little wooded hollow — to be properly Scotch, a glen. It is an appropriate Elizabethan stone house, presenting a rather regular oblong front. The southern wall is, marvelous to relate, part of the ruined castle of the Drummonds of long ago. This house William Drummond rebuilt in his middle age, for he was very fond of Hawthornden and spent all his life here after his father died and he, as a young man, returned home from Paris, where he had been studying law. It is a house one might suppose to have a winding stone stair, deep fireplaces, comfortable window nooks and flagstone floors strewn once with rushes from the rushing mountain stream that roars in a ferny canyon behind the house.

Is not the imagination fired to know who came, at one time or another, to this distinguished, secluded place in the parish of Lasswade? That huge oak before the door is pointed out as the place where Drummond met Ben Jonson, who (biographers like to say) walked from London to Edinburgh to meet Drummond when he was beginning to be talked about in the polite circles of London town. Picture Drummond a young man about thirty, Jonson near forty-five. It is in the reign of King James. They are discoursing learnedly on literary affairs.

There is a woody path which leads from this tree to a rock-hewn seat which faces the leafy foliage on each bank of the gully and gives glimpses of the stream beneath. This was a favorite spot for the poet to sit and write in. Follow the path a little further and we shall come to a rocky promontory known as the Pulpit of John Knox. It is said that Knox preached there to a congregation on the other bank. This was for safety's sake.

One might think that the surroundings of the old Drummond house have already their share of historic association. There are still more romantic things to be told! In that dark, cool cellar dug into the hillside close at hand who knows but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots took refuge in her desperate flight? Beneath the ruins of the castle the artificial rock caves for fugitives have remained. Their name is, just as one would dare to hope, coupled with that of Robert the Bruce!

Wonder of wonders! All this is private now and to rent! How I have blessed that porter for letting us in, and his many children tumbling about the lodge for the favor their father did! To lease it and live there would seem perfect to me, but everyday I should feel myself touched on the shoulder by the fingertips of awe, I think.

*Theodora Talcott, '28*

## Boston and Philadelphia

It is interesting to compare the customs, characteristics, and conventionalities of two parts of a country as displayed by the audience at a theatre. I am always amused to notice the different effects a play has upon Philadelphians and Bostonians.

Before the play commences at a Boston theatre I may observe the clothes and expressions of my neighbors, if I am very careful not to commit the unpardonable sin of turning around to gaze at new-comers. Two elderly ladies on my right wear very modest evening dresses, keeping scarfs over their shoulders after their cloaks are removed, and gazing critically through perfect opera glasses. They observe in loud tones what a pity it is all the boxes were taken before they secured their tickets. In front of me a very cool young man assists a very cold young lady, who turns out to be his wife. She gazes boredly at the side door, which is closed and therefore uninteresting, for the fifteen minutes before the play, and her husband gazes at the chandelier for the same length of time. On my left a scared little girl in starched gingham stares and blinks.

In Philadelphia I see beside me two merry old ladies who are out on a real "spree", and show it. In front I can't see the stage very well because of two heads very close together. There is much whispering and excitement and laughing in that direction. And the little girl beside me chatters to everyone, including myself, and makes ten friends in ten minutes. All five people eat between acts, the old ladies "life savers", the young couple chocolates, the little girl lemon drops. And, strange to say, no one is shocked.

After the Boston play, all eyes are dry, all faces composed, all words critical. The old ladies observe, "Charming, my dear, wasn't it? But a trifle too radical for my taste. Really the Boston authorities should be more careful." The couple say not a word, and the little girl trembles and tries not to look sleepy.

After the other play, everyone is tearful, thrilled, dreamy, and quiet. The two ladies wipe their eyes openly and say, "That reminds me of my youth." The young couple hold hands (thinking I can't see!) and forget the chocolates. The little girl is asleep.

Boston audiences undoubtedly know how to conceal their emotions better — if they have any — and certainly are quicker in securing their composure — and a taxicab.

*Josephine Paret, '28*



## A Princess Visits the Buddha

It was raining softly in the garden — a very long time ago — and the peonies lifted up their faces to drink it in. Inside a little red-lacquer pavilion, sheltered by the pendulous branches of an ancient willow, sat an old man, a Princess, and two peacocks, listening to the tinkle of the tiny silver bells hanging from the up-tilted eaves. The rain drops were falling with a subdued patter on the grass, and the Princess ate a pomegranate. It was a warm evening and the fragrance of the lotus flowers was almost overpowering. Presently the old man spoke, "My dear, it has been a great many years since any one of my family has visited the Buddha. I dreamed last night," the mask-like face softened, "that the Buddha himself came to me, and blessed me."

"Oh, most honorable grandfather, would you let *me* go?" And she lifted pleading eyes to him, as soft and deep as a fawn's eyes in spring-time.

"But it is a three-weeks' journey," he protested, "and I am needed here."

A week later she started. Lying on the deck of a stately dragon-shaped boat, with sails of heavily-embroidered yellow silk, she watched the fields of rice and maize glide by, and the nameless little villages, charmingly picturesque with small brown houses half-concealed in groves of golden bamboo trees. The slight breeze had dropped and the sails hung limp, glowing in the late afternoon sunshine, while many little fishing boats passed them, drifting slowly homeward with the current.

The next day they came to the temple hidden away in a grove of camphor trees. It was an old temple, and a very beautiful one, of richly-veined marble; and two enormous dragons, carved out of the solid stone, twined around each of the numerous pillars which supported its roof.

Inside, the high, richly-decorated room was heavy with a super-sweet incense, and many generations of worshipers had worn smooth the marble floor. A statue of the Buddha stood at one end. The calm beautiful face of this figure was majestic in its dignity, and full of the mystery and brooding of the Orient. There, in the rich gloom,

accentuated by the bars of mellow golden light that descended from the high western windows, the Princess felt peace and a strange sweet happiness steal over her.

The dusk had gathered and the stars were coming out when she finally left the temple. She heard the water lapping the shore, and the black hulls of many sampans showed indistinctly against the growing shadow. The moon rose slowly and glittered with many broken reflections on the black water, and not a breath of air stirred in the quiet oppression of the night as the Princess sailed slowly homeward.

*Mary Roys, '29*

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### The Wraith

O spirit of December,  
How gentle art, how kind!  
Who with thy little snowings  
And simple frosts hast made  
The earth so white and sweet;

Who hast with sparkling crystals  
Made false or turned to song  
The dullness of November,  
And art the winter's spring  
In grace and loveliness;

Whose fingers faintly whitened  
Prepare me lovingly  
For harsher winds and coldness —  
O sweet December's self,  
How pitying thy thought!

*Jean Frederick, '28*

## The Smelt Run

One day every fall the Columbia River Highway is black with cars moving as a funeral procession. All are headed in the same direction, and after a tedious ride in the unaltering line of machines, they arrive at the Sandy River. It is the first day of the Smelt Run, and everyone wants something for nothing.

A smelt is a small salt-water fish, from three to seven inches long, and every fall hordes of these fish come up the Sandy River from the ocean to spawn. In the morning of the first day of their journey they make the river seem fairly alive with their quick movements, but only a very few ever get to the spawning grounds. The larger fish eat a few of the smelt, but for the greater part they are cheated of their chance by men. People, all kinds and ages, go to the river with nets, buckets, and any available fishing apparatus, and bail out the fish by the hundreds. The smelt are so plentiful that you can not put your hand in the water without touching them, and the more daring persons catch them in their bare hands. By the end of the day barely a smelt is to be seen in the river, but baskets on the banks are piled high with the catch of the day, which are carried to town and sold for a paltry price, sometimes for less than thirty-five cents a basket.

*Gwen Jones, '29*

## Some of the Tricks of a Wee Black Doggie from Scotland

This little black grizzly dog's name is Sandy McGregor. We have had him since he was six months old, so I suppose we are to blame for all the naughty things he does, because we have spoiled him. He is so small and so homely and out of proportion that he is just adorable. He knows it, I think, although at times he is most humble. He is a very philosophical little creature and accepts all we do for and to him with an air of dejected submission. He is impartial as to his friends. Anyone will do who feeds him.

Of all the chairs in the house Sandy loves best Daddy's Morris chair in the library, because he can put his hind legs on the arm and stretch over to the window and look out. The nice soft cushion also makes a very comfortable bed. Every time he gets up he scratches the window-sill with his claws and leaves little foot-marks on the mahogany arm. We had spanked him again and again and thought we had cured him, but one day when Mother went to fluff up the cushion, she found a little warm spot right in the middle of it. Sandy was under the chair, apparently peacefully sleeping. Then one brown eye opened. His conscience pricked him. He couldn't bear it any longer and he slunk out of the room in shame.

He is so funny when something turns up that is new. He seems half afraid of it at first. Then he begins to jump at it and make little short barks and perhaps picks it up gingerly and shakes it. He is out for murder when he finds any bugs or mice, and he teases us every night to take him out on the piazza and let him play with the June bugs that are flying around the light.

He is the happiest and yet at the same time the most pathetic little dog I have ever known. He has a few tricks which he has learned, and he would even shake hands if he could, but he topples over when he tries to stand on three legs. It seems to me that he is cutest at meal time. He goes from person to person, sitting on his hind legs with his little front paws fixed so cunningly, and looks straight at each one for a long time.

The other day he decided he would go off on a journey all by himself. We can't imagine how he escaped, but he did and there was nothing to do but to hunt for him. There had been a three-inch

snowfall that night and we could see that he had taken great pains to fool us. His tracks went around in big circles and little circles until finally they went down to the Mill Store, where he probably got something to eat. Then he went back up the hill, poking into every dooryard on the way. At last we ran him to earth in someone's yard playing with a Police dog puppy and having the time of his life. He gave us one look out of his little brown sparkling eyes, that looked like two pieces of coal stuck in a snow bank, for he was all covered with snow. Immediately he became a most crestfallen doggie and, poor thing, followed us demurely home.

*Margaret Nivison, '28*

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### At Night

Softly, serenely, silence is sleeping  
On the tangled tops of pines;  
Branches, lazily, time are keeping  
With the swaying tops of pines.

Faintly, rustling, the reeds are dancing  
By the water clear and cool;  
Subtly, fragrant, a breeze is glancing  
Through tall willows by a pool.

Calmly, sweetly, the moon is gliding  
Down her peaceful, star-strewn halls;  
Sadly croons an old owl, in hiding  
And silence, soft as a curtain, falls.

*Mary Roys, '29*



## Fishermen's Wives

*Place:* The interior of a fisherman's hut in Scandinavia.

*Time:* Early evening.

*Characters:* Lona Alving (Olga's Mother)

Olga Stefenson

Mr. Borg

A Neighbor's Son

*Scene:* A room furnished with the bare necessities of life. There is a window at the back of the stage, and at the left end of it a fireplace. A little to the right of the stage centre are three stools arranged around a small table, which is partly set for the evening meal. To the right of the window are some shelves for dishes. Beside the fireplace is a chair (with a back to it), in which Olga's Mother sits. The room is lighted by a crude oil-lamp, which stands in the centre of the table. There is a door at each end of the stage.

The curtain rises to show Olga's Mother sitting in the chair by the fire crouched over her knitting, which she does slowly and painfully. Olga is busying herself with the supper, carrying things back and forth from the table to the fireplace to cook them. Outside the house a terrific sea storm rages. Gusts of wind and the rattling of hail on the window are heard from time to time.

LONA ALVING (*slowly*): The wind seems to be blowing through the house; it must be a very bad storm.

OLGA STEFENSON (*nervously*): Yes, Mother, it is. Do you want another shawl?

LONA ALVING (*wearily*): Yes, its warmth would be comforting.

(*Olga gets the shawl from a hook on the wall, while her Mother rocks herself back and forth in her chair.*)

OLGA STEFENSON (*putting the shawl about her Mother's shoulders*): There, perhaps you won't feel the winds blow through now.

LONA ALVING (*rather absently, while laying her knitting in her lap for a moment*): Yes, it must be full forty years since your Father set out in his boat early one bright morning, waving what was to be his last "good-bye" to me. I stood on the shore with you in my arms and watched him go. That afternoon the clouds came

up all at once, and we had one of the worst storms I can recollect; this storm seems much like it. Yes, it was a terrible storm and many were the boats that came ashore in pieces; there were many new widows that night, and I was one. (*a pause*) 'Tis a hard life we women lead, loving a man and then watching the sea take him — our bread earner — leaving us poor widows and children to get along as best we may. (*Takes up knitting*)

OLGA STEFENSON (*laughing nervously*): Ah, but my Henrik is a clever boatman; all the others say so. He knows the sea and all the weather signs. You recall that bad storm we had last year when he not only saved himself but others.

LONA ALVING (*sadly*): Yes, but the sea is treacherous.

(*There is a heavy knock on the door at the right of the stage.*)

OLGA STEFENSON: Come in.

(*Enter Borg, closing the door with difficulty. He is dressed in oil skins, sou'wester and rubberboots.*)

BORG (*pleasantly*): I stepped to see if "Rik" could come over to the Life Boat House; a few of the fellows aren't in yet, so we're goin' to get the boat out in case of trouble and we want a crowd of able-bodied men to stand by her.

OLGA STEFENSON: I'm sure Henrik would go if he was here, but he went out this morning and he hasn't come in yet.

BORG (*surprised and with a note of alarm*): Why, he told me just last night he wasn't going out today.

OLGA STEFENSON: First he thought he wouldn't, but with the big school of herring off the reef, he thought he'd better get all he could. It was fair when he started this morning.

BORG: Yes, this storm came up awfully quick. (*turns to go*) I hope he gets in all right — he always has — *he* knows how to handle a boat—(*faces them*) Goodnight.

OLGA and LONA: Goodnight.

(*Exit Borg, again having difficulty with the door*)

LONA ALVING (*slowly and with some agitation*): Henrik ought to be here by now; it's past his time. Go to the window and see if he's coming.

OLGA STEFENSON (*going to the window and peering out, then turning*): I do not see him, but he'll be here soon (*turns away from the window*) I'll go out and fetch some more wood for the fire; its

warmth will feel good to him this night. (*She reaches for a cape which is hanging on a peg in the corner near the left door and goes out the left door. A long pause follows.*)

LONA ALVING (*stops knitting, and looks up musingly, listens as the wind gives a particularly loud shriek, and hail dashes against the window.*) No, I do not like a wind of that sound — nor hail like that. (*a pause*) He has not come and it is late. (*pauses*) He may never come. (*A knock upon the door opposite Olga's exit is heard.*)

LONA ALVING (*sbrilly*): Come in!

(*The door bursts open and a neighbor's son heavily clothed and carrying a lantern slides in, pushes against the door to get it shut and advances a few steps. He is much excited and, though he snatches off his cap, he forgets the proper salutation and rushes immediately to the window.*)

NEIGHBOR'S SON: O Mrs. Alving, Mr. Stefenson's boat has capsized! You can see him from this window; he's out on Devil Fish Reef! The men are trying to launch the Life Boat! (*Mrs. Alving rises slowly, and unsteadily crawls to the window, where she stands beside the boy looking out.*) See! (*The boy points out the window to show her*) They are rolling her down the beach, now she's in the water — O what waves, and how small she seems beside them! They've got to wait and go between them. (*A pause, during which both watch intently.*)

NEIGHBOR'S SON (*suddenly, in an alarmed and excited tone*): O look at that whopper big wave on the reef! (*breathless pause; Mrs. Alving turns away from the window; her face is white and drawn*) He is still there. (*in awe*) He held on while it broke. (*in admiration*) My, but he's strong! They'll get him yet, they've gotten the boat beyond the shore-breakers. O hurry! (*Mrs. Alving turns and looks out of the window again.*) They're signaling to him; look! There's another big wave coming toward the reef; they've got to hurry! (*almost shouting with excitement*) It's breaking! Hold on! (*A tense and long pause.*)

LONA ALVING (*appearing calm, but her voice shakes*): Is he still there?

NEIGHBOR'S SON (*in a doubtful and scared tone*): I — I don't see him — yet. The Life Boat is almost there, but another breaker is coming so they can't get any closer now to the reef. (*with tense*

voice) It has broken; they are staying right where they are; it must be that they don't dare to go closer. (*The wind howls.*)

LONA ALVING (*turning toward the window again and looking out*) I don't see him; do you?

NEIGHBOR'S SON (*alarmed*): No, I don't, and there comes another wave. (*a pause, in surprise and horror*). The men are turning back. (*Mrs. Alving crawls back to her chair by the fire and sinks wearily into it, gazes into the fire, and nods her head absently.*)

NEIGHBOR'S SON (*excitedly*): I'm going out on the shore to meet them. I'll come back and tell you what they say.

LONA ALVING (*very sadly*): No, my boy, you need not come back; it would be of no use. (*stonily*) I know all there is to know.

NEIGHBOR'S SON (*at the door; seriously*): You'll let us know if there's anything we can do for you? (*Mrs. Alving nods*) Goodnight, marm.

LONA ALVING (*sadly and bitterly*): Goodnight.

(*Exit neighbor's son, hail and sleet blowing in through the door as he shuts it, and an especially dismal howl of wind being heard. Twilight is coming on.*)

LONA ALVING (*drawing her shawl closer about her, and taking up her knitting*): It is as I thought.

(*Enter Olga with an armful of wood. She sets it down by the fireplace, stirs a kettle on the fire and goes to the table with a brand from the fireplace to light the lamp. She then starts to finish setting the table, humming the while.*)

LONA ALVING: The Krogstead's boy came here while you were out.

OLGA STEFENSON: I thought I saw him going down the waterfront as I came in. What did he want? (*She keeps on with her work at the table. There is quite a long pause.*)

LONA ALVING (*knitting steadily and speaking very calmly while staring into the fire*): The sea has taken another son to her bosom tonight, Olga.

OLGA STEFENSON (*rather sadly*): These storms always make some woman a widow. (*more cheerfully*) Henrik has been getting a big haul, that's why he's late; he's not the man to let a storm hinder him. (*clasping hands in ecstasy as she faces audience*) Soon, soon, shall we see him come rolling in with a big wave astern to



beach the boat. (*a pause*) And O the haul, and the money it'll bring!

LONA ALVING (*turning and staring hard and meaningly at Olga*): I said the sea has taken another son tonight.

OLGA STEFENSON (*nervously laughing*): O Knudsen maybe, — he's not as young as he once was. (*Looks toward Mother for first time and starts*) Mother! why do you look at me so? (*confidently at first*) Nothing's happened to — (*growing more alarmed and stepping nearer to her mother, her sentence ending in almost a shriek*) to — to Henrik! (*She stands stunned for a moment as her Mother nods, then in a panic she rushes to the door, opens it and looks wildly about as the wind blows sleet through the opening. After a minute or two she closes the door and turns toward the table.*)

OLGA STEFENSON (*putting her face in her hands as she walks slowly toward the table*): My Henrik, my Henrik! And even now Mr. Borg is headed here from the village to tell us! (*She sinks down on a stool behind the table and puts her head on her arms. She does not cry as she did at first, but sobs occasionally in an almost tearless grief. There is a long pause, during which the violence of the storm is noticed and the darkness settles down faster. During this time her Mother stares into the fire shaking her head.*)

LONA ALVING (*stirring with noticeable uneasiness in her chair, finally turning around and looking at Olga, who rouses herself, slowly raising her head and staring with set lips and silent despair straight ahead, with a sigh*): I could drink my coffee now. Is it ready?

(*A knock at the door is heard.*)

Curtain

Priscilla Whittemore, '29



## Borers

The eighteenth floor below the Equitable Building was a busy center of exchange this evening. A big project had to be put across by three in the morning, which would be either the making or the breaking of the Rat and Trap Bond Company. A pool of important bond houses of the underworld of Manhattan had agreed to finance the plan to bore a small opening through the Hudson Tunnel. This plan was originated with the idea to prove to the mechanical geniuses that the animal kingdom was more powerful than these mighty structures. Prominent in this pool was the Rat and Trap Company and its bitter rival, the Blind Moles and Sons. On this day the Rat and Trap Bond House was going to use every device known to shrewd financiers to corner the market. By cornering the market they would buy up all the stock they could find and in this way obtain control not only of the underground world of New York but also of the great upper world, two very vital centers.

This evening the whole office staff was in place and quite a few actually seemed eager to begin work. This would test rat wit against the intellect of blind moles. The buyers and sellers sat with their sharp little teeth on the cables, taking in and rounding up all the available stock. By midnight they had control of exactly three-eighths of the whole pool. Now came the real work, with each rat of the office staff functioning as one whole. The big boss, fat and pudgy though he was, knew the ropes better than any other manager in the underworld. His office with its private cable (this cable was the main trunk of the Western Union buried these twelve thousand feet below street level) had first-hand information on every bit of business transacted in the city.

"Yes, sir, the Blind Moles have the other three-eighths control of the Hudson Tunnel, bidding higher every second," so ran the report of the head buyer to the manager, Cy Sharpe.

"Come, come," snapped Sharpe. "This can never go on. Overbid! Out-bid! No matter if we have to sell the fur on our backs, don't let them control!"

"They are bidding 149 this minute," came back the report.

"Hm!" Sharpe's eyes darted around as his mind groped for a way out. "I have it! Those simple moles will fall for our Brooklyn Bridge

Stock. Put it on and see if we can't work around the Hudson Tunnel."

The Brooklyn Bridge Stock financed the project of undermining that structure so as to make it cave in at the northeastern corner. It had caused quite a stir in the underworld and, as usual, the Rat and Trap controlled. A few days before the stock wasn't worth half its original price because of a strike of the under-miners in Brooklyn. This being the case, it would be impossible to work on the Brooklyn Bridge, but, on the other hand, this change of affairs was not generally known. Aha! Now the Rat and Trap could prove its mettle. Would not the Blind Moles buy this worthless stock? Just put this across and the Hudson Tunnel would belong to the Rats!

"A 94 was bid on the Brooklyn Bridge for five hundred shares," reported the seller.

"Drop to 90 and you may sell the thousand," directed Sharpe.

Five minutes later:

"Blind moles have withdrawn their bid on Brooklyn Bridge but have their Hudson Tunnel on the market," came in the report, and of course the Rat and Trap bought it up. They now had a two-thirds control of the city of New York, since they had the power over this great transportation center. The city clock struck four A.M. and all was well, with the Rat and Trap on top.

What was that? Sharpe came out of his private office in a black rage. "All up for us! We are trapped!" The ticker-tape (that is the telegraph cable) announced that New York had abandoned its underground communication and transportation in favor of the air. No longer would the underworld hold the reins and to no avail their borings and intricate designs of destruction. Modern mechanics would hereafter use the great open air for their fields of construction. Down with the dark tunnelled underground!

*Jean Swihart, '28*

## A Hunting Expedition

All my life I have been fascinated by tales of jungle life. In books and magazines I searched for stories of wild beasts and men in the wilds of Africa, and pictures of elephants tramping under thick foliage. I would dream of tigers and leopards, approaching, ready to spring almost upon me; and then a shot, and they were dead — killed by my valiant hand! Then I would wake up and remember I was really in America, far from the jungles across the sea.

And then to my delight I was appointed to go on a hunting expedition, in search of a live grasshopper. It was a difficult task, but I was young and fond of adventure. The next week I spent in searching for material about grasshoppers. I hunted for information about where these animals had their lairs, whether they attacked man on sight, or if they allowed him to make advances, if they concealed themselves in darksome places, ready to spring without warning, and most important of all, how to obtain them.

I set out carrying a green box and glass salt-shaker, for I had heard somewhere that "—can be caught by sprinkling salt on their tails." I wasn't sure whether it pertained to butterflies, birds or grasshoppers.

Suddenly I realized I was in the woods surrounded by trees and overhanging foliage, like the pictures in the National Geographic. There was not a beast in sight, not even a grasshopper. I searched under every bush, and every twig. Then I heard a rustle. I turned, and there on a leaf was a beautiful grasshopper. He was so pretty I couldn't capture him. I must. Picking up the salt-shaker I sprinkled salt on the small tail. Nothing happened. I must try more effective means. The creature jumped to another blade and was by. Over hill and dale I pursued it, in a mad chase. At last it paused and I picked it up. My fingernails must have been too long, for it began to emit a substance like tobacco juice. I thought this meant, "Please put me down! You hurt." I couldn't hurt it. The deed was too horrible. My conscience triumphed over my lust for hunting. I put it down. In a moment it was gone. I don't know where, or why, or how. What mean dispositions grasshoppers have!

Since then I have come to the conclusion that I was not born to be a hunter. It requires a cruel, merciless person, and, as I am kind by nature, I don't believe I can ever adapt myself to being a hunter.

*Elizabeth M. Bowser, '29*

### Autumn Flowers

They say that not a flower blooms in fall,  
That all the stems in haste their buds recall —  
But when the yellows of the autumn leaf  
From summer's greenness mount, as from the sheaf  
The rose is sprung, and wear a tint so clear,  
So purely gold that, as one wanders near,  
There seems a light, a warmth 'neath the leaden sky, —  
Then sure I feel that blooms of autumn lie  
Incarnate in a leaf, as summer's powers  
Are moulded in the radiance of its flowers.

*Jean Frederick, '28*



## Editorials

### GRIFFINS AND GARGOYLES!

When the Griffin and Gargoyle clubs were organized last spring perhaps some of us didn't realize how intensely exciting they were to be. The school was divided equally — according to athletic ability — and the clubs formed contend in all major and minor sports. The ardent spirit of the Griffins and the Gargoyles is proving an important factor in our life this year. At every game — no matter whether it be hockey, basketball, tennis, archery, clock-golf or croquet — the sidelines are swarmed with exultant, vivacious rooters, and each team fights loyally and keenly for its club. The club that wins is triumphantly victorious, while the defeated club is acutely disappointed but zealous with determination to develop a game that will prove it conqueror in the next meet. Each girl comes to practice with an eagerness to train herself to play and to sing her best for her team and her club. The clubs have proved themselves a great success and have developed in the keenest sense a sportsmanlike enthusiasm.

"Make a habit of success" is given as the first of the "Five Rules for Rational Living," in a recent *America*. The author goes on to state that some people have formed the habit of failure, — that is, they have failed so often that it has become second nature to them, and they expect to fail, they count on failing, — and so they *do* fail. In the same way those of us who will set our minds on success, expect to succeed, and count on succeeding, *will* succeed. It acts like a snowball, gathering volume as it goes.

Even in our grouchiest moods we cannot help admitting that there is one place where teachers work *very* hard, and that is at table. For so many of us girls sit stiffly at the table, waiting for some one to entertain us, and how sorrowful we look when no one does! Some others are too shy to talk, or too reserved; others — many others — talk to their next-door neighbor and to no one else. So very few are left who *will* talk and draw in the whole table. The



burden usually falls on the teacher or on the table senior, who has learned by harsh experience that if we want a good table we ourselves must make it. But it is not fair to let one or two persons do all the work. If only some others would tell a funny personal experience, would give excerpts from little sisters' letters, or ask questions which would lead to a good conversation! One might almost say that table spirit is "Abbot spirit" — a desire to help and entertain others, a dislike for sitting back and not entering into everything.

Some time ago when a class here at school was discussing the three stages in a civilization — the beginning simplicity, the golden middle splendor, the final degeneracy — and the teacher asked what state we, America, were now in, nearly all that class answered, "Degeneracy." This attitude sounds very like a reflection of the pessimistic sermons delivered everywhere, sermons telling of the wickedness and sin, the materialism and soullessness of our generation, sermons we have heard since we were old enough to go to church. We wish now to object strongly to this practice of pessimist preachers because we feel, with many other girls here at school and everywhere, that it discourages youth and makes it cynical, that it destroys our necessary confidence in our own generation. For the young people to whom pessimists tell their morbid tale do not naturally believe that America is now degenerate. We believe firmly in modern science and progress, in our Americans, Helen Wills and Lindbergh. But since we have heard it so often the word "degeneracy" slips most easily to our minds. Perhaps if there were fewer who preached that word, there would be far fewer who held it in the back of their thoughts — or of their actions.

The current idea is that youth, daring everything, braving many things, struggles upward toward a bright future whose gate is misted over by the prejudices of a previous generation of conservatives. This may have been true once, but today we find ourselves in a marvelously free age. For every mouth that condemns us, there are two who say: "I believe in our young people. Though they want their good times, they will come out on the top." Nevertheless we, who pride ourselves on our broad minds, have an enemy.

That enemy is our own insistence on standardization of our thoughts, dress and actions. She who scowls on the individual who separates herself from the crowd is nothing but a conservative. Let us overcome this attitude and be a truly broad-minded group.

Most of us are intelligent, a few of us are clever, but all of us can be pleasant. It requires a little effort at times, to be sure, but most of what we call charm is only this quality of friendliness. A pleasant person is some one who is almost always tactful, sincerely friendly, and courteous in word and action. Also there is likely to be a streak of philosophy in pleasant people, a certain reserve of optimism to draw on in cases of annoyance and worry, that is very stimulating to their friends. Above all, any one who would be consistently pleasant must conquer the petty inclinations to annoyance that beset so many of us. Therefore, altho' somewhat difficult to acquire, it should be sought after diligently, for there is no quality so highly prized in a friend as genuine pleasantness.

How often we see wreaths of smoke rise in the air and dissolve into space! Yet how often, too, we think not at all of the possible origin of these unwinding spirals. Every atom of smoke must have some source and this source perhaps would never be known except by its herald — smoke.

Perhaps it is the tiny spiral wreath rising from the campfire of a happy boy, frying his savory bacon; or the smoke of a beacon fire of gypsies; or it may be the small ringlet encircling the end of a cigarette nonchalantly smoked by a blasé college man. A mad shriek of sirens, dense black clouds reek from a tenement house and fierce flames fight their arch destroyer — water. The boom of a roaring cannon, the crack of a spiteful rifle and smoke ascends reverently to Heaven in repentance for the dear lives destroyed.

Each spiral of smoke has its life and each life has its smoke. May our smoke continue to rise from our kindled fires — kept glowing and radiant with light. And may they never be snuffed out and covered with charred ashes.

On June 10, 1927, just at Commencement time word came from Phoenix, Arizona, of the death of Mary Elizabeth Kelsey Barney.

Girls who were in the Smith Hall family during the three years from 1892 to 1895 when "Miss Molly" had the care of it always remember her cheery presence, her bright, delicate humor and her unfailing readiness to make life comfortable and happy for all the family.

In the passing, on the last day of the old year, of Mrs. Mary Aiken Ripley, Abbot Academy has lost a loyal and constant friend. Her recollections of the old school went back to the days of Principal Farwell in the early fifties, and she enjoyed telling stories of the pranks she played in those early days.

When, after a residence in Lowell, she returned to Andover in 1869, she was to establish shortly a quite different relation to her old school, as the dignified wife of a Trustee of the Academy, Colonel George Ripley. Colonel Ripley was for thirty-seven years a member of the Board of Trustees of the Academy. During all this time, he and his wife showed in every way their helpful interest in the school, making thoughtful and generous contributions to its welfare. Their home was hospitably opened to the members of the school on many delightful occasions and they proved themselves staunch friends. At Colonel Ripley's death in 1907, he left a legacy as a library fund, the income of which was to be used for the purchase of books. A few years ago, in 1922, Mrs. Ripley presented to the school securities, amounting to \$2000.00, the income of which was to be used for the same purpose.

Although the increasing burden of years has of late kept Mrs. Ripley from taking active part in the life of the school, her interest has remained constant. She inquired often concerning its activities and she liked to be informed as to its affairs.

She has indeed grown old gracefully, letting go, one by one, the many absorbing interests of her more active days, and accepting with sweet serenity the limitations of age. Her mind was eager and alert. She kept in touch with the doings of the world outside, as well as with those of a large circle of friends. Always she was thinking of kind things to do for others. The record of her generousities will never be known.

It is a happiness to all who loved her to remember the joy of her last Christmas-time. It is a fitting climax to a life so full of love and service.

# School Diary

## SEPTEMBER

Thursday, 22 —

We had our first Chapel this morning. How lost the new girls felt, and how glad the old ones were to see each other! And last year's Senior-Mids took the very frontest seats!

Saturday, 24 —

Miss Bailey talked to us at Hall Exercises and helped us all, old girls and new, to grasp the real meaning of being an Abbot girl.

Sunday, 25 —

Tonight at Chapel Miss Bailey told us what real "success" is — it's having your ideals so high that whatever others consider your success you consider your failure.

Tuesday, 27 —

Everyone got a chance to know each other tonight at the old girl-new girl dance; for while we waltzed, or ate our apples and doughnuts together we got very well acquainted.

## OCTOBER

Sunday, 2 —

At evening Chapel Miss Bailey talked on God the Father as Christ knew him. We realized why Christ's thought of the fatherhood of God is so beautiful.

Tuesday, 4 —

This was the night of the Seniors' Picnic. They went to Haggett's Pond; and had the pine grove, the lake and the little new moon all to themselves. When they came back they sang to the underclassmen, who were having a "bridge dance," and then aloofly went off to their turned-down beds.

Sunday, 9 —

Dr. Burnham took Chapel tonight and talked on the three great beacon lights of Christianity.

Tuesday, 11 —

We had Corridor Stunts in Davis Hall tonight. There were glimpses of the screen direction of "Wild Nell, the Pet of the



Plains'', a burlesque on the story of Cinderella, and a very funny circus.

Thursday, 12 —

Miss Bailey had to give us a terrible lecture this morning, because it was simply *pouring* and nobody wore rubbers.

Saturday, 15 —

Dr. Littlefield gave us a hygiene lecture today, which Miss Bailey said we needed badly because of our attitude on the rubber question.

Tonight Marie Sundelius of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang in the George Washington Auditorium on the Hill. Quite a few of us went and enjoyed her lovely voice.

Sunday, 16 —

Mr. Stackpole told us tonight in Davis Hall why going to morning chapel was so fine a custom.

Monday, 17 —

The Alumnae Committee came to visit us today. We tried hard to appear intelligent when they came to inspect our classes, and trembled lest they should ask to see our rooms.

Tuesday, 18 —

Mr. Howe gave a splendid organ recital tonight. His program was as varied as the intricate tones of the organ, and surely as beautiful.

Thursday, 20 —

The Loyalty Endowment Fund Committee, who have come to visit us for a few days, told us in chapel the exciting news that the Loyalty Fund was over \$95,000!

Friday, 21 —

This was a very full day. The new-born Athletic Clubs had their first pitched battle; and every Gargoyle just cheered herself hoarse when the Gargoyle basketball team beat the Griffins by a tremendous advantage.

Tonight William Beebe, who led the famous Arcturus Expedition and is a very great scientist, lectured on the Hill. Those of us who went to hear him were thrilled by his talk and by the undersea movies he showed.

Saturday, 22 —

This afternoon the Seniors showed the whole school how to



manage class meetings by themselves conducting a "model class meeting." "The meeting will please come to order—Will Miss W— please put her desire in the form of a motion? Miss B— is out of order."

Sunday, 23 —

Some of us went to the South Church this afternoon to hear Miss Margaret Slattery speak on "Teaching Prejudices to Children." Her talk was most stirring, and prepared us somewhat for her talk here tonight. How searchingly she asked us, "What are your 'loyalties'? Are you loyal to 'they' — the 'they' who dictate all fashions, good or bad?"

Tuesday, 25 —

For the masquerade party this evening there was a great mysterious surprise. We went in at the Corrective Room door, were led through dark chambers, made to walk the plank, and were clutched by black mysterious hands. When we finally reached the "upper air" we danced and ate; and saw with satisfaction the prizes given to an old organ grinder, and three football heroes who were strenuously fighting for a pink balloon.

Wednesday, 26 —

Miss Kate Friskin and her brother James Friskin gave a wonderful two-piano recital in Boston tonight to which some of us were able to go. In addition to a very striking Ravel waltz and Sonata by Mozart, the Friskins played a Bach Concerto that was splendid. They were accompanied in this Concerto by a string orchestra made up of Miss Nichols's young pupils, one of whom was Susan Ripley.

Thursday, 27 —

The concert which Miss Friskin and her brother gave last night in Boston they repeated tonight in Davis Hall for us and Andover. Those of us who had heard the recital before declared afterwards that they could hear it a third and even a fourth time, so wonderful it was.

Friday, 28 —

Miss Bailey told us this morning that because of a few cases of infantile paralysis in town we should have to be quarantined a short time.

Saturday, 29 —

Dr. Littlefield delivered her second hygiene talk this afternoon.

Sunday, 30 —

Tonight Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Warner brought us some very interesting movies from China and Japan. They themselves had taken these movies of the Eastern mission schools and their picturesque, eager pupils. "Between reels" both Mr. and Mrs. Warner told us of the splendid work of our missionaries "out there."

## NOVEMBER

Sunday, 6 —

This evening Miss Kelsey told us much of what she knew about Abbot's founding and early development. Abbot life means so much more when we know even a little of its dear and honorable past.

Monday, 7 —

The first Gargoyle-Griffin hockey game was held today. The Griffins certainly made up for whatever defeats they had suffered in basketball; for they played wonderful hockey and gained a clear victory over the Gargoyles.

Tuesday, 8 —

This evening's corridor stunts were very lively. The mystery of a faculty meeting was at last explained in a priceless take-off, one corridor's stunts were very cleverly derived from magazine ads, and parts of Mrs. Newcomb's *Abbot Journal* were acted out with wonderful success.

Wednesday, 9 —

Today was the great Gargoyle-Griffin Day. A full account of it is given in the special Gargoyle-Griffin section. (page 41)

Friday, 11 —

Armistice Day. Most of the present Abbot girls know of the Great War only by echoes; yet when, for two minutes of full silence we gathered in chapel to think of that war, it seemed too real, too awful, too *wrong*.

Saturday, 12 —

Dr. Littlefield gave her third health talk today.

Far away at Exeter this afternoon was held the Andover-Exeter game. How great was our disappointment when we heard that the score was 0-0, and knew that Phillips would not have its torch-light and pajama parade on our circle.

Dr. Barbour, who for so many years has come to us the night of the Andover-Exeter game — which he came miles to see, — gave us a very fine talk on the "Joy in Religion."

Tuesday, 15 —

We had a Poverty Party tonight; and every one had a chance to wear the old clothes she's ashamed of yet hates to throw away. Prizes were given to the one who looked most poverty-stricken — an urchin in rags, and to the funniest — Miss Moses! Refreshments were served later for the benefit of the A. C. A. fund.

Thursday, 17 —

Just one week from today is Thanksgiving!

Friday, 18 —

This evening the *Odeon* and *Courant* Societies were privileged to go on the Hill to hear Louis Untermeyer speak on American Poetry. Several people thought he talked Untermeyer's rather than America's poetry, but most liked him pretty well.

Saturday, 19 —

The first Pupils' Recital was given this afternoon. It is good to feel that our own friends can play or sing as well as they did.

This is the day of the Harvard-Yale Game! How we envied the few lucky girls who went! We who stayed home clung devotedly to the radio, and heard, instead of saw, Yale make its touchdowns.

Sunday, 20 —

Mr. Henry, who is rector of Christ Church in Andover, spoke to us tonight on the mission Christ gives us.

Wednesday, 23 —

Today at noon we go away for Thanksgiving! Excitement fills all the corridors. We shall have a Thanksgiving service in Abbot Hall just before we leave; it is a beautiful service both to take part in and to hear.

Friday, 25 —

We came back tonight at six. So much excitement and tellings of where you went and what you did and whom you met! We have to go to bed early in order to calm down a bit.

Saturday, 26 —

Miss Ethelynde Smith, a soprano, gave a lovely program this afternoon. She sang charming folk songs and lyrics, and perhaps

her most beautiful piece was "One Fine Day" from *Madame Butterfly*.

Sunday, 27 —

Miss Bailey led the Thanksgiving vesper service tonight in Davis Hall. Her talk on "Thankfulness" was inspiring; and the way in which we sang the Thanksgiving hymns later showed how much we had taken her words to heart.

Tuesday, 29 —

Davis Hall witnessed a Harvard-Yale-Dartmouth-Princeton-Army Navy game tonight. The whole school was divided into the aforesaid colleges, and amid great cheerings competed in relays, obstacle races, and other games; the whole affair ended in a wild snake dance led by the victorious Army.

Wednesday, 30 —

There was a Gargoyle-Griffin Hare and Hounds race today. Little paper slips trailed after the elusive Hares, and the Hounds followed hungrily after them. After twenty minutes of strenuous running and dodging, the Gargoyles, scarlet-faced and breathless, came in victorious.

## DECEMBER

Sunday, 4 —

We were given the most wonderful treat this evening. Mr. Ellsworth, whom we look forward to every year, gave an illustrated lecture, "The Story of the Bible." There were lots of beautiful slides, showing the illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, and incidents from the lives of the Bible's translators.

Monday, 5 —

In chapel this morning Mr. Ellsworth talked inspiringly on the *Jays of Writing*. He told many stories of authors, Stevenson and others, whom he had met in his work at the Century Publishing Co., and ended by giving many helpful suggestions on writing, on keeping a journal. We were much inspired and went with far greater cheer to our English classes.

With the aid of colored slides and an enlightening talk Mr. Ellsworth this evening made the *Age of Queen Anne* very vivid to us. He told of and illustrated the lives and works of Steele, Addison, Pope, Defoe and Swift; and we learned why, although Queen



Anne was stupid, her satirists, poets, essayists and pamphleteers were brilliant.

Wednesday, 7 —

The History of Art class spent the morning in the Boston Art Museum under the direction of Miss Hammond. As the class had been studying the art of Egypt, Greece, Rome and the Orient, they were chiefly interested in mummies, Grecian marbles and the exotic sculptures from India and China.

Saturday, 10 —

A Christmas Party was given today for the Andover children. After an hour or so of games, behold, Santa came and distributed presents to each one! A choir sang Christmas Carols and it was lovely to hear the little children all join in singing them.

Sunday, 11 —

Christmas is drawing near! Tonight in Davis Hall was held the traditional and beautiful Christmas service. Miss Bailey told us that Santa Claus is real, for kindness is real, and Santa Claus is the spirit of kindness. At the close the choir sang a beautiful anthem in which the whole school joined; and Christmas seemed to have really begun.

Wednesday, 14 —

Tonight, the last night before Christmas vacation begins, was celebrated as Miss Bailey's Birthday Party, a fete filled with the spirit of Christmas. We gathered in the drawingroom to sing carols in Latin and French and German in honor of Miss Bailey and Christmas.

After the party we went to enjoy in the gayest possible manner the once-a-year privilege of staying up till eleven o'clock and of being able to go from floor to floor after lights.





## Griffin === Gargoyle Day

Fall Field Day

(Wednesday, November 9th, 1927)

It was a cold, gray day and the sun, although not in the sky, shone in the faces of many girls. What a sight to behold! The gray trees of the grove made a perfect background for the brilliant spectacle that met one's eyes as they looked from the hockey field to the grove. Girls in orange, singing lustily "O we're the Griffins, O hail us, hail us!" came parading along the path toward the hockey field. Not far behind girls in vivid green appeared, singing equally heartily "O we're the Gargoyles, the Gargoyles, we never give in." Even the great trees seemed to sing and sway with the songs. The air fairly vibrated with spirit, sport and life. Flashes of green and orange ran up and down the field. The game was on. Song after song filled the air. The blow of whistles, shrieks of joy from the victors, songs of praise from the vanquished ended the first Gargoyle-Griffin day.

*Isabel Bartlett*

## RESULTS OF THE DAY

Tennis Singles won by Gargoyles.

Croquet won by Griffins.

Archery won by Gargoyles.

Clock Golf won by Griffins.

Basketball, first team, won by Gargoyles; second team, won by Griffins.

Hockey, first team, won by Griffins; second team, won by Griffins.

Gargoyle-Griffin contests in basketball and hockey were held during the fall. The spectators supported their respective teams with fine spirit and spurred them on with club songs. The results of the contests are as follows:

October 21 — Basketball, second team, 32-9 in favor of Gargoyles; first team, 30-10 in favor of Gargoyles.

October 27 — Hockey, second team, 3-0 in favor of Griffins; first team, 0-0.

October 28 — Basketball, second team, 14-5 in favor of Gargoyles; first team, 22-22.

November 3 — Hockey, second team, 5-1 in favor of Griffins; first team, 1-0 in favor of Griffins.

## Athletic News

After dinner on Gargoyle-Griffin day numerals were given out by Miss Bailey to thirteen girls who have won a full hundred points during the time they have been at Abbot. Six A's were awarded, bringing with them admission to the A Society. Seven girls received one or more chevrons, each marking their fine progress towards a blazer, the Abbot athletic goal.

Two inter-club hare and hound races were held during the fall. Each girl returned full of enthusiasm for the next race, undaunted by briar scratches and muddy shoes.

At the beginning of the school year each girl was given a student's hand-book printed by the Athletic Association. This explains the new point system and gives useful information on every sport as practised at Abbot.

## School and Faculty Notes

Three members of the Academic Advisory Committee were able to accept Miss Bailey's invitation in October to visit the school. They were Mrs. Marcia Richards McIntosh of the class of '96, Mrs. Clara Hukill Leeds of the class of '07, and Sydna White '27. These delegates made a thorough investigation and left several valuable suggestions behind.

Miss Coats, the recent principal of Bradford Academy, has become the principal of the Sarah Lawrence school in Bronxville, New York. Her successor at Bradford is Dr. Denworth. We are still looking forward to making Dr. Denworth's acquaintance, since on account of the infantile paralysis in Haverhill, Bradford-Abbot day was necessarily postponed.

In view of the recent increase in the tuition fee ten scholarships for the school years 1927-28 and 1928-29 were established last spring by the trustees. They are divided as follows: five scholarships of three hundred dollars each may be awarded to pupils entering the Junior-Middle or the Senior-Middle Class. Five scholarships of two hundred dollars each may be awarded to returning pupils who are to be in the Senior Middle or the Senior class. These scholarships are to be awarded only to pupils of excellent ability and of high personal qualities.

By the will of Mrs. Stephen Phillips of Salem (Margaret Duncan of the class of 1868) a scholarship fund of five thousand dollars was established in memory of her father, the Honorable James Duncan of Haverhill. This fund is to be used to aid worthy students, preferably descendants of Mr. Duncan, or other students of New England ancestry.

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Mrs. Frank Gunby, who was Miss Ruth Marceau and a teacher of Latin at Abbot for eight or nine years, is now living in Winchester with her husband and little girl.

Miss Chickering is not living at school this year. She and her sister have bought the very attractive old house at 72 Central Street, where they are glad to receive visits from the Faculty, Alumnae and girls.

Abbot welcomes one new member to its teaching staff — Miss Jean James, who taught in the mission schools of India last year.

Miss Mathews is using the winter to travel in Spain and in the Holy Land, where her principal interests lie. She will return to Abbot next September with much interesting information.

Last summer Miss McDuffee went on a Student Friendship tour. The leader was Miss Ann Wiggin, and the party consisted of college undergraduates, graduate students, faculty and student secretaries. They visited the principal countries of Europe, officially representing American students at the sixth Annual Conference of the International Student Service of the World Student Christian Federation, which was held at Schiero, Switzerland.

In Jordan Hall, Boston, on October 26th, Miss Friskin gave a joint recital with her brother, Mr. James Friskin. Boston music critics gave this a very favorable criticism. We were fortunate to hear the greater part of this extremely fine concert repeated for us on the following day.

Perhaps a number of girls sitting at Madame Craig's French table came to feel that French was more than a text-book subject when they heard Madame Craig speak French to the waitress at that table, who is a French Canadian.

Professor Edward Y. Hincks, who died in Cambridge on December 22, was an interested friend of Abbot Academy during the years when he was at the Theological Seminary at Andover. His readings of poetry and his inspiring Saturday evening talks will long be remembered. His four daughters, Anne, Sarah, Elizabeth and Caroline, were all Abbot girls.

Mrs. Mary P. Cowles Cummings, who died in Woburn on December 23, 1927, was a teacher at Abbot from 1859 to 1862. She was a daughter of Professor John Cowles and Eunice Caldwell, both prominent in the early history of women's education in the United States, representing Ipswich, Wheaton and Oberlin.

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## Honor Roll

### First Quarter

Jean Frederick	92
Ruth Cushman, Helen Leavitt	91
Barbara Lord, Katherine Ross, Elizabeth Schuh, Vivian Southworth, Jean Swihart	90
Gwendolen Cochran, Millicent Smith	89
Elizabeth Bowser, Elaine Burt, Grace Castle, Charlotte Chamberlain, Winifred Dudley, Lois Dunn, Dorothy Field, Elizabeth Perry, Susan Ripley, Helen Simpson	88

# School Organizations

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## Senior Class

<i>President</i>	JEAN SWIHART
<i>Vice-President</i>	CHRISTINE BLISS
<i>Secretary</i>	MARY PIPER
<i>Treasurer</i>	RUTH CUSHMAN
<i>Posture Representative</i>	MARGARET NIVISON

## Senior Middle Class

<i>President</i>	MILLCENT SMITH
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN HURLBURT
<i>Secretary</i>	CORNELIA GOULD
<i>Treasurer</i>	CATHERINE BOWDEN
<i>Posture Representative</i>	DESPINA PLAKIAS

## Junior Middle Class

<i>President</i>	JEANETTE QUIMBY
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELEANOR THOMPSON
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN SIMPSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	BARBARA LORD
<i>Posture Representative</i>	PRISCILLA PAGE

## Junior Class

<i>President</i>	EMILY BULLOCK
<i>Vice-President</i>	CAMILLE SAMS
<i>Secretary</i>	FAITH CHIPMAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH SHARP
<i>Posture Representative</i>	BARBARA GRAHAM

## Student Government

<i>President</i>	FRANCES GOULD
<i>First Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE ROSS
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH HOLLIS
<i>Day Scholars' Vice-President</i>	MARGARET GRAHAM
<i>Secretary</i>	SUSAN RIPLEY

### Abbot Christian Association

<i>President</i> . . . . .	CONSTANCE RUNDLETT
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH WHITNEY
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH McALLISTER
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	LOUISE ANTHONY

### Abbot Athletic Association

<i>President</i> . . . . .	KATHERINE WILLAUER
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	KATHERINE ADAMS
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	VIRGINIA GAY
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	LOUISE HYDE

### Athletic Council

<i>Hockey</i> . . . . .	MARGARET GRAHAM
<i>Basketball</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH HOLLIS
<i>Tennis</i> . . . . .	JEAN SWIHART
<i>Hiking</i> . . . . .	KATHERINE ROSS
<i>Riding</i> . . . . .	MARY EATON
<i>Clock-Golf</i> . . . . .	MARJORIE ELLIS
<i>Croquet</i> . . . . .	HELEN RIPLEY
<i>Archery</i> . . . . .	PATTY SNELL

### Griffin-Gargoyle Club

<i>Captain of the Griffin Club</i> . . . . .	MARIAN SMITH
<i>Secretary-Treasurer of the Griffin Club</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH SCHUH
<i>Captain of the Gargoyle Club</i> . . . . .	MARY ALICE McINTOSH
<i>Secretary-Treasurer of the Gargoyle Club</i> . . . . .	MILLCENT SMITH

### Song Leaders

<i>School Song Leader</i> . . . . .	ISABEL BARTLETT
<i>Song Leader of Griffin Club</i> . . . . .	ANN MILLER
<i>Song Leader of Gargoyle Club</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH McALLISTER

### Odeon

<i>President</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH WHITNEY
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	ELIZABETH RYAN

**G. C. D.**

<i>President</i> . . . . .	VIRGINIA GAY
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	PATTY SNELL

**Abbot Dramatic Society**

<i>President</i> . . . . .	MARY ALICE McINTOSH
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	DESPINA PLAKIAS

**Philomatheia**

<i>President</i> . . . . .	MARIAN SMITH
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	CATHERINE BOWDEN

**Les Beaux Arts**

<i>President</i> . . . . .	KATHERINE STEWART
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	RUTH CUSHMAN

**Aolian Society**

<i>President</i> . . . . .	SUSAN RIPLEY
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	MARGARET NIVISON

**"A" Society**

<i>President</i> . . . . .	VIRGINIA GAY
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	LOUISE HYDE

## Alumnae Notes

1854

Died: In Andover, December 31, 1927, Mary E. Aiken, wife of the late Colonel George Ripley, sister of Jane Aiken Snow, 1864, mother of Sarah Ripley Cutler, 1880, and Mary Ripley Shipman, 1886, grandmother of Frances Cutler Knickerbocker, 1905, Mary Shipman, 1917, and Susan and Helen Ripley of the present school.

Died: In Dorchester, August 2, 1926, Ellen J. Foster, wife of the late Lewis Whitaker.

1855

Died: In Haverhill, June 11, 1926, Catherine M. Ayer, wife of the late Farnham P. Grant.

1856

Died: In Brookline, June 14, 1927, Helen Adams, wife of the late Howard M. Ticknor. Mrs. Ticknor was an accomplished musician and linguist. She and her husband entertained Dickens when he visited Boston in 1868. For ten years Mr. Ticknor was American Consul in Italy, at Naples and at Rome, and their home was a center of literary and artistic life.

Katherine Adams, daughter of Mrs. Caroline Plimpton Adams, has been for three years president of the Constantinople Women's College. She is in the United States this winter making addresses at colleges and elsewhere. One of her subjects is "International Relationships on the College Campus."

Died: In Longmeadow, February 8, 1927, Martha B. Cooley.

1857

Died: February 1, 1927, Martha A. Chamberlin, wife of Charles H. Moore.

1859

Died: In Dorchester, December 19, 1925, Sarah Maria Abbott, wife of the late William H. Hardy.

1865

Died: In Hampton Falls, N. H., October 27, 1927, Ellen L. French, wife of the late Newell W. Healey.

1866

Died: May 16, 1927, Lucy E. Montague, wife of the late William W. Brown. She was a beloved teacher at Abbot Academy from 1873 to 1879.

Died: In Pittsburgh, Pa., May 28, 1927, Harriet E. Manning.

1867

Died: In Brighton, December 12, 1927, Emma Chandler (Mrs. Samuel A. Kelley).

Died: In Peabody, August 13, 1927, Mary Ellen Giddings, wife of the late Charles Sewall Osgood.

Died: April 6, 1927, Florence C. Shaw, wife of the late Arthur R. Brown.

1868

Died: In Easthampton, June 7, 1927, Elizabeth S. Colton, wife of David B. Spooner. Mrs. Spooner was widely known as a linguist, being familiar with fifty-seven languages and dialects. She studied at Radcliffe, Yale and in Berlin, specializing in the Oriental tongues. She had lived for many years in India.

Died: In Pasadena, California, May, 1927, Cornelia Goodrich, wife of John M. Kirkpatrick.

Died: In Belfast, Me., May, 1927, Caroline Knowlton, wife of Charles P. Hazeltine.

Died: In Southern Pines, N. C., March, 1927, Ellen G. Burnap.



Died: In Newton, May 26, 1927, Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., husband of Harriet E. Abbott. Through the expansion of the Christian Endeavor movement, its founder, Dr. Clark, had become a world figure, known and loved in many lands. The press notices especially emphasize the unassuming and sincere character of this able organizer and leader, and his ability to promote unity in Christian work by subordinating details of belief and method to essentials. He believed thoroughly in giving young people opportunities for initiative in the direction of their own affairs. In all his efforts, however far afield they led him, Dr. Clark has always been aided at every turn by his wife, practical, large-hearted, untiring. Abbot Academy honors her and mourns with her.

1869

Died: In Bedford, June 1927, Elizabeth Knowles, wife of the late William H. Wood.  
Died: In Yarmouth, December 30, 1925, Mary Ida Hamblin.

1873

Charles Dwight Marsh, husband of Florence Wilder (1873) received from Amherst College in June, the honorary degree of Doctor of Science. He is physiologist of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

1874

Died: In Los Angeles, California, May 21, 1927, Emma S. Wilder, wife of the late Rev. George H. Gutterson. Mrs. Gutterson's life was full of rich and unusual experiences. Whether in South Africa, India or America, she kept her spirit free and courageous, helping her husband in missionary work, or bringing up their large family of children. There was a flavor of originality that made her always interesting as a companion. Five of her daughters belong to the Abbot circle.

1877

Died: In Boston, October 17, 1927, Elizabeth J. Wilmarth, of Attleboro, sister of Ruth Wilmarth Clap (1898). Miss Wilmarth was active in church and civic work, being called on to fill responsible positions because of her excellent judgment. She was a trustee of the Attleboro Public Library.

1878

Died: In Andover, November 30, 1927, Caroline P. Blunt, wife of the late John Tyler Kimball.

1880

Died: In Andover, December 22, 1927, Mary Alice Abbot, class secretary, sister of Elizabeth (Mrs. Pratt), 1874. Of strong personality and dignified, commanding presence, Miss Abbot has been an outstanding figure in the Andover community for many years. Although she loved the town and her own old family homestead, and delighted in preserving in various ways the old traditions, her practical interest in people and events, her unusual understanding of the spirit of youth and her strong sense of humor kept her vitally in touch with the life of the present. Her convictions upon live topics were decided. It has been noted that she was the first woman to speak from the floor in an Andover town meeting. She was an able and beloved leader in the South Church, having been for twenty-five years the president of the Woman's Union. Markham's lines about Lincoln were fittingly quoted in regard to her, describing the "great cedar" that in falling left "a lonesome place against the sky."

1882

Mrs. Emma Phillips Voswinkel, who has been living in Seattle, is now in Oakland, California, at Hotel Oakland.

Died: In Lowell, November 8th, 1927, Carolyn M. Hall, wife of Jude C. Wadleigh.

1884

William S. Kenyon, husband of Mary Duncombe, is U. S. Judge of the Circuit Court of Appeals. He was for some years U. S. Senator and has been otherwise honored by the Government.

1885

Rev. William A. Tyler, husband of Ella Kimball, is the Nebraska State Superintendent of Congregational work.

1888

Died: In Andover, May 24, 1927, Lois M. Cummings.

1889

Katharine Barnett is auditor in an Indianapolis Insurance Company.

1891

Died: In Lawrence, November 29, 1925, Henrietta Bingham.

1895

Mrs. Alice Purington Holt was the presiding officer at a large meeting of the so-called "Presidents' Conference," held in November in the parish house of the "New" Old South Church, Boston. Representatives were gathered from local Congregational church societies of this state to discuss practical methods of supporting missionary work. Mrs. Holt has held various important organizing and administrative positions in local, district and state missionary organizations.

1896

Died: In Manchester, N. H., June 17, 1927, Ella M. Dowst.

1897

Died: In Pasadena, California, June 17, 1926, Lucy M. Byington.

1902

Mrs. Lulu Avery Clifford is librarian in Winthrop, Me.

Lauretta McCabe has the position of master's assistant at the Emily G. Wetherbee School, Lawrence.

1903

Married: March 4, 1914, Marjorie George to Frazer Lee Ford. Address: 2820 Lovers' Lane, Saint Joseph, Mo.

1906

The following business card was recently received by the editor:

Miss Elizabeth O. Deeble

Travellers' Assistant.

Care of Banco Anglo-Sud Americano

Plaza Cataluna

Barcelona, Spain.

Long or short tours in Spain arranged or conducted.

Elizabeth writes from Barcelona:

"I am now living here, I hope permanently, for I love it. Perhaps some of the old-timers may come by this way, and give me a dish of gossip. Best of luck to the school and the COURANT. I may drop over for the Centennial, but not surely, and quite surely not sooner."

1907

Married: Alice Lowry Dodge to George Schuyler Schaeffer. Address: Ancon, Canal Zone, R. P.

Mary A. Howell has returned from a ten months' trip to Europe and is now in Richmond, Virginia as executive secretary of the Richmond Children's Aid Society.

1908

Married: June 12, Marion Frances Allchin to Paul Rowland. Address: Sofia American College, Sofia, Bulgaria.

1909

Bertha Ewart is executive secretary of the Cleveland Y. W. C. A.

## 1910

Deborah Algie is now Mrs. Ernest G. Crawford and is living at 39 LaFayette St., Ogdensburg, N. Y.

## 1911

*The Literary Digest* refers to a review in the British Medical Journal, published in London, of the thesis prepared by Elizabeth Hincks, discussing disabilities in reading and its relation to personality. This study was published in the series of Harvard Monographs in Education. Miss Hincks is now connected with the Juvenile Court in Detroit.

Edith Johnson Donald is teaching in the Shawsheen Village School near her home in Andover.

## 1912

Married: Elizabeth Petherbridge to Jarvis Lamson. Address: 1212 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Barbara Sutcliffe is now Mrs. H. Scott Pattee. Her address is 220 Prospect St., Manchester, N. H.

Died: In Wareham, March 15, 1927, Mabel L. Boyd.

## 1913

Born: In Lowell, October 28, 1927, a daughter, Caroline Martin, to Mr. and Mrs. Ercell E. Teeson (Marion Martin).

Frances Surette of Reading is teaching pianoforte.

Rosamond Gens is now Mrs. Ferdinand Lehnert, Jr.

Barbara Hadley is now Mrs. James V. Piersol. Address: 1320 Cadillac Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

In the *New York Times* of September 23, 1927, is an autumn poem by Helen Danforth Prudden, "Fire Hazard."

Ethel Rand is Principal of Junior High School, Spelman College, Atlanta, Ga.

## 1914

Marion Atwood is now Mrs. Harrison G. Waldron and lives in Farmington, N. H.

Jessie Lumsden is now Mrs. Glenwood J. Sherrard and is living at 41 Clifton Ave., Clifton.

Born: February 22, 1927, a son, Charles Dennett, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dennett McDuffie (Katharine Elizabeth Selden) of Lawrence.

Lillian Conroy, a graduate of the Mawson Editorial School of New York and Boston, has accepted a position as literary editor with a New York Syndicate.

Dorothy Bennett is Senior assistant at the Pasadena Library.

## 1915

Married: In Methuen, December 3, 1927, Gertrude May Shackleton to Edward Prince Hacker. Address: 414 Woodfords St., Portland, Me.

Born: November 30, 1927, in Fall River, a daughter, Eleanor Bartlett, to Mr. and Mrs. David Atwater (Eleanor W. Bartlett).

Born: August 15, 1927, a daughter, Amy Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. James Harold Osmer (Martha Lamberton) of Berkeley, California.

## 1916

Engaged: Marion A. Selden to William Baldwin Nash, Harvard 1913, of Boston.

Born: September 29, 1927, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. MacLatimer Baker (Helen Warfield), of Utica, N. Y.

Born: December 7, 1926, a son, Ralph Stohn, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Larrabee (Emma Stohn).

## 1917

Janet Davis is now Mrs. Herbert L. Wierman. Address: 1970 Grape St., Denver, Colo.

Born: June 12, 1927, a son, Timothy George, to Mr. and Mrs. Timothy E. Holden (Martha Swalm) of Danville, Ill.

Katherine Chen is assistant in Medicine at Peking Union Medical College.

Emily Thompson has been living in New York this winter, where she is studying at the Traphagen School of Design. She received a prize for a costume design in a contest held by the Arnold Constable Company in celebrating its one hundredth anniversary.

Sophia Chrysakis of Athens, Greece, who is a nurse by profession and served in the army in Salonika, took upon herself a new responsibility after her brother's death in taking charge of a dairy plant.

#### 1918

Married: August 13, 1924, Mildred Anna Fuller to Raymond Melville Duerig. Address: 119½ North Alexandria Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Married: April 23, 1926, Anna Lincoln to Wyllys Pittman Ames. Address: 93 Cooper Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.

Born: November 9, 1927 a daughter, Margaret Morris, to Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Clausen (Margaret Morris) of Philadelphia, Penn.

Born: April 18, 1927, a son, Winthrop Peirce, to Dr. and Mrs. John Russell Carty (Mary Peirce) of New York City.

Dorothy Stalker is secretary to a patent attorney.

Lois Lindsay is doing stenographic work for the General Electric Company of Schenectady, N. Y.

Alice Ethel Thompson sends the news of her marriage to Ennis Birney Mallette. Address: Torrington, Conn.

Ruth Allen has recently returned to this country after a year of study and nursing in Europe. The last part of the time she was in Florence, Italy.

Dorothy Bushnell is editor and publisher of the "Buddy Book," an attractive magazine for children from four to ten years of age. She has been giving a percentage of each subscription from friends of Abbot to the Loyalty Endowment Fund. She sent a circular letter to Abbot Alumnae in December, making her offer and inclosing a pretty, bright Christmas gift card to be sent to the recipient. The design on the subscription blank, which she uses also as a letter head, pictures a little boy's dreams of pirate ships and life on the ocean wave. This is, doubtless, a promise of the interesting and exciting things to be found every month by the children. The office of the "Buddy Book" is 93 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston.

Married: At Newburgh, New York, December 17, 1927, Harriet Balfe to Mr. Thomas Alexander Nalle. At home, Fairfield, Connecticut.

#### 1919

Married: March 29, 1923, Helen T. Locke to William Robert Macleod. Address: 75 E. Katherine Ave., Washington, Pa.

#### 1919

Married: In Hampton, Va., October 8, 1927, Marian Maude Nichols to Michele Marco Aurelio Fiore.

Married: Helen Aldrich Dole to J. Harold Keleher of Jamaica Plain. Address: 164 Aspen Rd., Swampscott.

Married: November 17, 1925, Amelia Hartel to La Forest Rich Burns. Address: Friendship, Me.

Married: In Andover, June 25, 1927, Frances Torrey Thompson to Allan Vanderhoeft Heely. Emily Thompson was maid of honor and Elinor Sutton was one of the bridesmaids. Mr. Heely is an instructor in Phillips Academy.

Born: September 2, 1927, a daughter, Jo-Ellen Noyes, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howard Pettit (H. Kathreen Noyes) of Newton Center.

Born: December 18, 1927, in Portland, Maine, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. L. Dean Jenkins (Grace Francis).



Programs and flattering press notices from French newspapers about Marguerite Morgan's work have been sent by Mrs. Anne Gilbreth Cross (1878) of Providence, who has been following her musical career with great interest. She and her two sisters have many engagements to play as a trio in France and elsewhere.

## 1920

Married: In Beverly, June 2, 1927, Rosamond Patch to Harold Scott Pym.

Married: In Westmore, Vt., June 20, 1927, Elizabeth Stanley Hawkes to Charles Willard Miller. Address: 301 West State Street, Trenton, New Jersey.

Married: In North Andover, August 31, 1927, Muriel Moxley to Beverly Raymond Hubbard. Address: 116 Sutherland Road, Brookline, Mass.

Married: In Portsmouth, N. H. September 3, 1927, Helen Garland Donald to Edward Hamlin Coupe.

Married: In Lawrence, September 7, 1927, Carolyn Rutter Grimes to Benjamin Lincoln Whittier. Address: Allston Apts., Charles and 32nd Sts., Baltimore, Md.

Married: In Detroit, Michigan, September 17, 1927, Paulina Miller to Talbot Patrick, Yale 1918, son of Dr. Hugh T. Patrick of Chicago. Address: 1 Middagh Street, Brooklyn Heights, New York City.

Margaret Ackroyd writes the news of Jean Lyon's marriage to Donald McConnell. Her address is 250 East 105th Street, New York City.

Born: February 8, 1927, a daughter, Elizabeth Baalack, to Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Leland Martz (Elsa Baalack), of Calumet, Michigan.

Born: At Green Bay, Wisconsin, November 26, 1927, a son, James Donald, to Mr. and Mrs. William A. McCorkindale (Lucy Ford).

Frances Dunn is now Mrs. William Shaw Montgomery, Jr., and lives at 8004 Winston Rd., Chestnut Hill, Phila., Pa.

Engaged: Mary Florence Williams to Mr. William Cochran.

Elizabeth Harriette Sharon reports her marriage to Robert D. Blake. Address: La Jolla, Calif.

## 1921

Engaged: Miriam Bickford to Ensign Joseph Robert Haskin, Jr., of Los Angeles, Calif.

Engaged: Marian L. Parker to William E. McClaren of Detroit.

Married: In Gardner, April 30, 1927, Alma Louise Underwood to Richard Maurice Udall.

Married: In Harrisburg, Pa., June 25, 1927, Lydia Kunkel to Donald McGregor Eldredge.

Married: In Torrington, Conn., October 1, 1927, Mary Adell Talcott to Dwight Kerr Luster.

Married: In Bridgeport, Conn., November 5, 1927, Sylvia Thomas Nicholson to Rev. Valentine Smith Alison.

Married: At Great Neck, L. I., N. Y., on January 10, 1928, Frances Joan Gasser to Richard Kitson Stover. Address: after March first, 160-10 Sanford Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

Helen Baker is doing secretarial work in Albany, N. Y.

Born: May 27, 1927, a daughter, Jessamine Rugg, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hill Patton (Jessamine Rugg) of St. Louis, Mo.

## 1922

Married: In West Roxbury, May 28, 1927, Janet Warren to Gordon Brown Winslow. Address: 47 Pinewood Rd., Needham.

Married: In Reading, June 4, 1927, Helen Chadbourne Knight to Albro Newton Graves. Address: Wayland Manor, Providence, R. I.

Married: In Andover, June 25, 1927, Gertrude Anne Franklin to William Plummer Lowell, Jr.

Married: In Worcester, October 1, 1927, Sarah Marjorie Bickford to Kimball Dearing Sprague.



Sarah Bailey is now Mrs. John Richard Hart and lives at 2507 North Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Born: September 5, 1927, a daughter, Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Lee Carl Overstreet (Mary Elizabeth Polk), of Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Anne Pettit Vanderslice has recently been appointed to work in the Public School Libraries in Los Angeles by the Board of Education. Her address is 1005 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, California.

After graduating at Connecticut College, Sarah Bodwell studied last year at Simmons, majoring in Home Economics. She now has a position at Schraft's in Boston.

Florence Phillips has been spending a year travelling in Europe and studying French in France.

#### 1923

Married: In Wilmington, Delaware, June 17, 1927, Florence Elizabeth Prickett to Robert Otey Yancey Warren.

Married: In Elmira, N. Y., June 18, 1927, Mary Catharine Swartwood to William Walker Sinclair.

Married: June 30, 1927, Catharine du Bois Miller to Lt. Newton Farragut McCurdy. Address: Fort Riley, Kansas.

Married: At Asbury Park, N. J., October 28, 1927, Virginia Wallace Gilmore to George D. Pyle. Address: Bendermere Ave., Interlaken, N. J.

Married: in Guilford, Me., October 29, 1927, Charlotte Frances Hodson to John Powers White. Address: Guilford, Me.

Married: In Springfield, Mass., November 15, 1927, Elisabeth Cooley Adams to George Hewes Ross. Address: 550 Gooding St., LaSalle, Illinois.

Married: In Chicago, Illinois, November 17, 1927, Lillian Wheeler to John Gage Tyner.

Mary Newton graduated at Wheaton last June, and is now taking a training course at the Newark, N. J. Art Museum.

Emily Holt has established herself in Hartford. She calls her place a "Studio of the Drama."

Ethel Wade is now Mrs. Boyd E. Bartlett, and is living in Salem Depot, N. H.

#### 1924

Engaged: Alice Hobart to Mr. Edmunds L. Whitney.

Engaged: Julie S. Cross to George Henry Musk of Lawrence, Dartmouth 1923.

Engaged: Elsie Hale Draper to Lee Winslow Court.

Married: In Orange, N. J., June 2, 1927, Katharine Wolcott Boyce to George T. Hepbron, Jr.

Married: In Plymouth, June 29, 1927, Caroline Bates Hall to Lawrence Willis Wason, Boston University, 1925. Betty Harrington was maid of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Wason will live at 131 Audubon Road, Boston.

Married: In Portland, Me., September 3, 1927, Elizabeth Kittredge Bragg to Douglas Ballard McIntosh.

Married: October 6, 1927, Margaret Mary McDonald to Noel Vester in Duluth, Minn.

Helen Hardenbergh was presented at court in London last season.

Judy Judd reports her marriage to Ralph Chapin Hartung. Address: 201 Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Born: May 25, 1927, a son, Julian Willson, to Mr. and Mrs. Julian A. Naetzer (Elizabeth H. Willson) of Dunkirk, N. Y.

Born: October 18, 1927 a son, Wood McKee, to Mr. and Mrs. George Cushing Jones (Margaret Ayres McKee), of Ridgewood, N. J.

Born: October 24, 1927 a son, William Robbins, to Mr. and Mrs. John Barringer (Eleanor Robbins) of Baltimore, Md.

#### 1925

Married: In Baddeck, Nova Scotia, July 28, 1927, Lilian Waters Grosvenor to Cabot Coville. Address: The American Embassy, Tokyo, Japan.

Married: Hildegard Mildred Mittendorff to William L. Seidel. Address: 1407 Delaware Ave., Wyomissing, Pa.

Married: In Texarkana, Texas, August 31, 1927, Annie Dunn Estes to John Wayland Mayo.

Married: September 11, 1926, Marion M. Quain to Harland Andrew Sterrett.

Born: A daughter, Patricia Ann, June 9, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sterrett (Marion Quain). This daughter claims the honor of being the Class Baby for Abbot's 1925 graduating class.

Dorothy Beeley made the dean's list at Smith this year.

Ruth Davies is president of the Women's Division of Student Government at M. I. T. this year.

#### 1926

Married: May 4, 1927, Helen Buchanan Trimmer to Ensign Charles Emil Briner. Address: 12 Wallace Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Mary Sun studied at Cornell last summer and is now taking her second year at Elmira College.

Frances Flagg has been chosen to represent her house on the Student Council at Mount Holyoke.

Gertrude Craik, who has been living with her aunt in England and travelling in France and Belgium, writes of the death of her father in September. Her plans for herself and her mother are quite unsettled as yet.

Adelaide Black is at Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston.

Alice Cole is at the Fanny Farmer School in Boston.

#### 1927

Wellesley claims seven of 1927's graduating class: Margaret Cutler, Persis Goodnow, Jane Graves, June Hinman, Pauline Humeston, Harriet Nash and Mary Belle Maxwell. Five are at Smith: Helen Amesse, Ruth Perry, Gertrude Drummond, Beatrice Stephens and Helen Connolly. Three are at Vassar: Margaret Creelman, Katherine Keany and Mary Roe Knight. Mary Ayers, Priscilla Chapman, Charlotte Chase, Flora Skinner, Harriet Sullivan, Katherine Farlow and Louise De Camp are at Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston. Betty Lee Burns and Margaret Nay are at Erskine. Natalie Cushman and Alice Rogers are at the Fanny Farmer School in Boston. Helen Dyer is attending a Boston school of Occupational Therapy. Ellen Faust is taking vocal lessons in Hartford. Jane Fitch is at Connecticut College, New London. Nancy Kimball and Dorothy French are training for teaching children of "Pre-School" age. Ruth Harvey is at the Curry School of Expression. Miriam Houdlette is at the Boston University School of Journalism. Emily House is at Wheelock School in Boston. Lois Kimball is in the Art League of New York. Marjorie Knowlton is at Martha Washington Seminary. Edna Marland is at Jackson College. Sylvia Miller is taking a Secretarial Course at Wanamaker Institute. Ruth Nason is studying violin, voice, and piano and is teaching violin in Medford. Lucy Sanborn is at Bryn Mawr College. Virginia Smith is at a School of Interior Decorating. Alma Stantal is at Wheaton College. Alice Stonebraker and Ella Stonebraker are at Elmira College. Sydna White is taking a course in dramatic organ. Louise Pope is at Marot Junior College. Dorothy Spear is at home.

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On July 25, 1927, Mary Ella Southworth of Andover died in Corinth, Mississippi. This news was very deeply felt among the girls at school; for besides being the president of the class of '29, Mary Ella had made herself, by her enthusiasm and cheer, a character vital to our school life.

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# The Abbot Courant

June, 1928

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY





JUNE — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND  
TWENTY-EIGHT

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THE  
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LIV, No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY  
1928

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The price of the COURANT is one dollar and a half a year; single copies seventy-five cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.





THE MAD HATTER TEA PARTY  
FROM THE ALICE IN WONDERLAND BAZAAR OF ABBOT'S 99TH BIRTHDAY

# THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. LIV

JUNE, 1928

No. 2

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## Editorials

The spring rains clear our faces of our winter dreams, and a soft spring wind blows away the darkness of the air. All is newness, freshness, sweetness in the spring, and we mortals, not to be outdone, clean up our own backyards. But there has been something very remarkable this year about the usual spring-cleaning in Andover. There is noticeable an extraordinary eagerness with which the raking up, painting up, pruning up and sprucing up are carried on. Indeed can Spring alone and its sweet air of wholesomeness account for all the fresh curtains for the parlor, the new rugs for the hall, and the quantities of beautiful, bright green paint? Ah no! Spring this year has a powerful ally that urges such elegant improvements and cleanliness in Andover—an excitement! *President Coolidge is coming to town!* With him are also coming the presidents of many famous colleges, and celebrities and dignitaries of every rank and kind. For Phillips Academy is having a festival like the Spring; it is celebrating its birthday, its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Is it any wonder Andover “polishes up the handle of her big front door?”



In this time of anniversaries, when all eyes are turned toward the past and toward history, the COURANT would like to publish (privately) the "History of Literature—Abbot Edition." A long time ago, near the very beginning of the school—1835-1838 to be exact—there was a dear little publication called the "Work Basket", written in manuscript and, as history assures us, filled with "lively contributions." In 1853 a weekly appeared called the "Experiment", which indeed it was, for it lasted only through four issues; but in that brief time it managed to publish some worthy material, including a new Mother Goose rhyme and a learned treatise on the Crimean War. Some great literary "sprightliness" and "spirit" was shown by the Senior and Senior-Middle classes of '71, '72, in publishing two rival papers called the "Knife" and the "Fork"; but unfortunately these were considered at that time "too pointed and slashing for permanence."

The COURANT when it first put in its appearance in 1874 was praised by Harvard—and Yale—as "bright, original and feminine," and has ever since tried to keep step with such an opinion. And though perhaps the adjective "feminine" with all its implied "delicacies" is not exactly what would be chosen today as its standard, yet certainly brightness and originality are two qualities on which the COURANT would like to pride itself now, and ones over which it would like to have an even greater and more permanent claim.

What should we or our teachers do if there were no "other division"? Whom should we have to envy or whom would they have to hold before us as an example? The "other division" are usually much more brilliant than we are and they usually know their lesson better than we do. I have often wondered how it would feel to be in the "other division". They are constantly being held up as the model which we must strive to be like, both in intelligence and application. How often we have heard, "Well, we'll leave that for some other time. We must hurry so that we'll accomplish as much as the 'other division' did." And also, "You handed in some very excellent papers Saturday." At that we jump to attention, only to hear her adding, "But I believe they were from the 'other division'." There is one consolation, however, and that is that at times perhaps *we* are the "other division".

"Do it now" is a trite, overworked expression, but it is an excellent motto notwithstanding. The habit of procrastination seems to be creeping in all through the school lately. The teachers are constantly complaining of late papers and work undone. We, the editors, plead guilty to it ourselves. It seems as if the very fact that a time is appointed furnishes a perfectly valid excuse for tardiness.

This is a bad state of affairs. We must stop it and stop it *now*. Let's not put this off but begin at once to break the habit. Get down to work. Get today's job done today, not tomorrow. And watch the results. Marks will be better and the whole spirit of the school will be higher and finer. Be forehanded. Let's do it now.

Wouldn't it be quite discouraging to an aspiring playwright to sit down to breakfast here the morning after the school had produced one of his plays and hear exclamation after exclamation, "O Joan, you were wonderful in your part!" "How did you ever do it?" "You looked perfectly stunning!" Surely he would never write again—for Abbot.

For when a play is given by Abbot girls the excitement of seeing one's friends on the stage and acting well often obscures the play to the audience. So lovely do they look, so unusual are their manners and dress that the play whose magic has thus transformed them is forgotten.

If only one could take the impersonal attitude that one has toward professional plays, where the art, the ideas, the uplift of the dramatist are the chief interest, then, the invigorating inspiration and movement of the play produced here at Abbot will really be ennobling—for after all that is why Abbot produces plays.

We suppose that every generation thinks that it is living in an "Age of Sincerity". Consequently it is perfectly logical for us to think that our generation is sincere. And we do believe this. Mr. Webster states that sincerity is honesty of mind, freedom from pretense. It is very true that the younger generation is doing and saying a lot of things that are sadly lacking in becoming reticence and humility, not to speak of modesty. We are willing to concede this point. But although the oncoming generation has forfeited many

worthwhile things in its larger freedom, it has had less temptation to conceal. Rather than pretend to virtues it does not possess it has allowed its faults and imperfections—and it has many—to lie exposed and to take the consequences, which are at times severe. Our generation lives to reveal, not to conceal.

All of us have to consider often the question of spending our money. The editors would like to present some remarks on the subject which they believe to be of use. Here at school we have the same opportunity for good management of our small accounts that we shall have with more considerable ones later on. Self-control in spending is just as vital to one's self-respect as self-control in eating or in anything.

There are two ways of spending. Ask yourself which is your way. First: to spend thoughtfully every day so that when an unusual occasion comes one will be able to meet it without great effort. Second: to spend everyday a little more than careful planning allows so that one is always a little behind and therefore always poor.

The wise spender will find that he can be at least as generous toward others as he could be if he were not economical, because the best kind of thrift is limiting one's own indulgences and not beginning where it concerns a friend. Shall we "Be canny" with our own particular cream (as a Scotch proverb has it), and let whoever can say that gentle economy is not the most satisfactory policy look to his defenses!

What a fever of hair-growing there is! It seems as though there is scarcely one of us who isn't going through that harrowing process. On inquiring into the motives we find that some are growing it because their parents want them to, some because some one has said they'll cut it, some to save money spent at the barber shops, some because everyone else is doing it, and last but not least, some because they really want long hair. Hair-growing contains a world of thrills. Little shivers of pleasure run up and down your spine when some bright morning you manage, by pulling really hard, to stretch that piece of hair below the tip of your ear, and what thrill is greater than the first time a hair-pin really stays in when you

stick it in? As for the time when your hair actually goes up and stays up for five minutes, well—that's a thrill of a life-time. We feel sure that all the thrills you get make up for the discomforts of hair-growing.

September twenty-second—Chapel. Those few words marked the opening of our first year at Abbot. How different that first Chapel at Abbot was from the first assembly at high school. At high school all was confusion, every one greeting friends, comparing class schedules, speaking to teachers, trying to find seats. The principal had to rap several times to quiet the group. After his opening speech came many announcements. Then followed the cold statement, "You will now report to your first period classes."

Here at Abbot all was quiet after the front door of Abbot Hall was passed. Miss Bailey's pleasant smile and, "Good morning, young ladies" made us feel as if we were really a part of the school. The brief service followed by a few important announcements was a fitting beginning for the day, and Miss Bailey's nice nod of dismissal made us almost want to go to class.

We have come to realize during this year that much of the charm of Chapel lies with us. Whether we are quiet or not, whether we do our part in the service or not are things which make Chapel what it is. Let us always do our best to keep Chapel the impressive and lovely service that it should be.



## Weather Conditions in my Brain

My mind is subject to as many conditions as is the weather. The world is eager to know the climatic forecast, hence the weather bureau, weather-man and prominent space in every newspaper. No one cares especially whether my brain is suffering from the worst storm since 1921 or whether a thick fog has settled over my brain cells.

I am subject to the following climatic changes. Fog is in my brain when the knowledge of a subject reaches its greatest density or dew point. Condensation then takes place on the bits of gray matter. Fog is a menace, for then my knowledge becomes useless and my mind is apt to get as lost as any Londoner in November. If my circulation is poor and my brain a bit cold, this fog may appear as frost.

Next comes rain. This very peaceful condition of my thinking apparatus is most pleasing. Knowledge drops regularly and affects with a cooling sensation everything it comes in contact with. It smooths out the wrinkles in my forehead and leaves a satisfaction unsurpassable.

Again my head is in perfect order. Each thought is in its proper pigeon-hole. My teacher proposes an exam, and with a crash comes a volcano, a tornado, or what have you—a volcano whose ruins are cast upon the composition paper before me, or a tornado leaving in the said teacher's book of marks a big round zero. These two upheavals are most disastrous, as you can easily see.

Sometimes a flurry of facts and ideas drops noiselessly within my headspace. This I call snow. Paths must be shovelled through it in order that the traffic of facts may pass. This flake-like knowledge is acquired without great effort, but it requires an immense amount of energy to melt it. After it is melted the water that is formed may be distilled. The pure truths left behind are small in number, as this snow falls "hit or miss" and results in little data of value.

The Utopian weather, alike for me and Mister Weatherman, is the clear sunny day. My facts of learning and experience are at the



correct temperature for use at any moment. The cobwebs are wiped away and harmony reigns in my "upper story".

My vocal organs are my barometer. This barometer registers for the public the pressure exerted on my brain. My eyes and facial expressions forewarn the world of the temperature within me. When storms are forecasted it is best to beware. My weather reports are relayed hourly and may be ascertained by viewing the outer-ego.

Aren't these forecasts more important than the actual weather warnings? The weather never started a war or brought forth a marvelous invention of its own.

The root of all evil and good is the weather of one's mind.

So, if some day you see me pout,  
Or look most grim and sour,  
Take the hint and get right out—  
A storm is due that hour.

But if I'm looking very gay  
With eyes a-shining bright,  
You'll know that it's a sunny day  
And everything's all right.

*Millicent Smith, '29*

Chosen from the COURANT Essay Contest

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### A Castle by Moonlight

It was old, moss-grown, and crumbly. It stood on the side of one of the steepest little hills in Germany. On all sides stretched the Black Forest, gloomy, sombre, impenetrable. The moon shone on it fitfully, struggling through banks of sullen clouds, lighting up for a brief second the despondent walls, which crouched, smothered with ivy, clinging to an almost perpendicular cliff, as if pondering morbidly on the deafening crash that would be heard if they only leaned a little too far over the edge.

*Mary Roys, '29*

## Janina

Janina is an old Greek town in Epirus, captured in 1913 from the Turks and now one of the pleasantest places in which to live. I found this out for myself; living in this atmosphere of tradition and old customs was indeed fascinating.

My grandmother, who was born in Janina and is still living there, tells me the most interesting stories of the time of Ali Pascha, the Turk, and about his harem and the Turkish weddings and of the capturing of Janina by the Greeks and the first visit of the King. To think that Janina is so small and yet has gone through so many experiences!

When I was there in 1921 I used to amuse myself walking in the streets and I would see many strange sights. The streets were narrow, crooked, and of large cobblestones. On each side were houses of cement of pastel shades.. My grandmother's was of an orange-yellow, surrounded by a wall and entered by a big wooden door. The inside was arranged very much like our houses, but the furniture was old and here in America would be considered antique. I remember when we were there that we found in the kitchen a valuable chest, hand-carved, which was being used for storage for the onions and potatoes. (Shortly after the chest was placed in the front hall.) Back of the house was a flower garden and also a well. Water is much needed, and during the rain graceful pink earthen jars, like huge gold-fish bowls, are put out to collect the rain-water.

Housekeeping in Janina is different, but for a time amusing. In my parents' home, which is typical, we had an old housekeeper, who had been in the family for three generations (now, poor soul, she is dead), a man servant, and an orphan. The housekeeper cooked at our house, but, as there was no oven in our house, when food such as meat, bread and a certain Turkish delicacy was to be baked, it had to be taken to the baker's shop. The little orphan always took the food down and returned for it before the meal. The baker never made a mistake and his shop was always crowded. Very often when we had for dinner the Turkish delicacy called

"Kokoretse", mutton baked on a long spit about three feet tall, grandfather's friends, on seeing our little orphan bringing home the tall spit, uncovered, steaming, smelling and looking extremely juicy—like a long procession following a standard—came to our home to have a little bite or what they called an "appetizer".

In the streets there are many venders, who often knock at your door and are happy if you do them the kindness of merely looking at their wares, which are interesting. The goods have no fixed prices; everything is bargained for and many heated arguments are aroused in this manner, as it is hard to keep these quick minds calm. On the whole, the life of a housewife is easy, or at least so different from the American ways that at first it is a novelty.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the men go to the Café, which is a large square with tables and chairs set out in the open. Here they have their evening appetizer and discuss the questions of the day. It is the common meeting place for the men. The women at this time go calling. When they enter they greet each other affectionately on both cheeks, a younger always kissing the hand of an elder. They sit down in the parlor and usually gossip. Then the eldest daughter or, if there are no daughters, the maid, brings in a large tray, upon which are glasses of fresh cold water. A spoon is laid on the top of each glass and in the center of the tray is a dish of preserve. The girl passes the tray around to the visitors and each as she takes a spoonful of the preserve expresses her wishes for the health of the family. A little later Turkish coffee is passed around to all, sometimes with a dish of dainty Turkish cakes. The visitors leave about six-thirty and as they pass by the Café meet their husbands and return home for supper, which is at eight.

The life in Janina is very quiet and peaceful, and people do not wish to vary it. They are content in their little town; living up to their traditions and doing their work is enough for them. When I think of Janina I always think of old people because, somehow, even the little children seem to have a worried expression on their faces. Janina has been a silent sufferer for many years and has seen many battles, massacres and sieges and has but recently enjoyed freedom and peace. I only hope and wish that Janina will always be a happy town and that its traditions and customs may always live!

*Despina Plakias, '29*

### **The Dancer of Dream**

Her eyes are the gray of the wind-swept deeps.  
There are poppies of flame in her soft dark hair.  
Twinkling stars on her slippers she keeps,  
For they trip it as lightly as wandering air.

The whirl of the music has made her its own,  
Gaily she answers its whispering call.  
To the high Realms of Fairy her spirit has flown—  
She has not been dancing with mortals at all!

If you try to dance with her, the measure is new;  
The steps are a puzzle though simple they seem—  
For of all of the Dwellers of Earth there are few  
Who can lead, to the Panpipes, the Dancer of Dream.

*Katherine Taber Fox*



## A Dingy Shop in the Rue De Saint Jacques

It was cold, damp and very depressing as we clattered over the ancient cobblestones of the oldest quarter of the old city of Tours. Very many of the houses were built in the twelfth century, so you can imagine how old and picturesque they were, set in a background of dark alleys and narrow streets. Everything was dirty, and even the fruit stalls seemed to be tinged with antiquity. The houses seemed to be all ready to topple over and fall in a crumpled mass in the middle of the street. There was that mysterious air of romance that made you feel that d'Artagnan might easily spring out from one of the side-streets with his famous mousquetaires.

We came to an old shop whose exterior did not offer us a very cordial welcome, but in spite of this we bravely entered. The door creaked with a loud noise which announced our arrival. I decided that in such a shop I certainly could never find anything worthwhile, for it was a mere hole in the wall piled with truck, as it were, and I could see nothing but dust and dirt. It was dingy, and before the owner had time to arrive we switched on an electric light which was so old that it offered merely a dim light. At last Monsieur plowed slowly into the room, puffing laboriously with each step. One could easily see that the poor man was seriously afflicted with asthma. We told him that we wanted to see a chair embroidered in petit-point. We waited, patiently standing, for there was no place in the chaos to sit down, while he trudged into a back room in search of the desired article. After some minutes he came back carrying an old chair richly covered in exquisite petit-point. We admired the petit-point but did not care for the framework. He told us he would be glad to sell us the petit-point without the chair. We bought it for a pathetically low price. This seemed to be the only worthwhile antique in the shop, for everything else was either broken or half-broken. Before we left, the poor old man told us that business was very poor and he asked us pitifully to recommend his shop to our friends.

It was a fascinating experience even if we weren't successful in finding all the antiques we desired. None the less, I was thankful to get back to my fresh, clean hotel with not an antique in sight.

*Marion B. Quin, '28*



## From the Underclassmen Contest

### *Impressions*

Have you ever stood on a very wide and very white sandy beach, watching the mighty waves roll in from the ocean?

One beautiful day in midsummer the silver gulls wing their way peacefully over the water. Deep blue and as clear as crystal, it seems almost to be sleeping, so lazily do the waves break upon the sand. There is no wind; everything is hushed. And the sun shines with such graciousness that the sand becomes hot and glares with a glistening severity. If it were not for the inviting coolness which the sight of a great body of water offers, the heat would be oppressive.

We return to the scene a week later. Can this be where we so recently were admiring the calm and peacefulness of a gentle and playful ocean? Now the sky is darkened to a slatish gray, and on the beach each pebble seems to distinguish itself from the others. And now the storm has broken in all its fury. Thunder crashes! Flashes of lightning zigzag across the black clouds!

Rain descends in torrents, and the wind, not to be outdone, lends its force to the elements. The wild discordant shrieks of gulls are now heard but faintly. The waves, sluggish at first, as if unwilling to rouse themselves to such commotion, begin to stir uneasily. Are they still undecided? And then, without warning, a dull thud resounds, and in quick succession follows all the way down the wide curve of the beach. More gray than blue, they mount higher and higher until, with a crash, one colossal wave breaks, its tributaries flow from it, and there is a cross rip. Spit! They meet. White caps dot the water far out, and as each wave crashes, the beach is left covered with shivering white foam, until the sickly green recedes with nauseating rapidity, sucked under and out by mighty force.

*Elizabeth Sharp, '31*

## At Sunset Lodge

The rising bell tolls the break of day,  
And in the trees the birds all sing,  
But Sunset girls in dreamland lay,  
Until the breakfast bell's last ring;  
Then you never saw such flurry,  
Hither and thither we now hurry,  
But we have no need to worry,  
We are early, for we scurry.

Then we came our beds to make,  
"O, Nancy, look in thirty-five,"  
One called, and though just half-awake,  
At Chapel we at last arrive.  
Through the morning we came and went  
To Latin, Bible, and to drill;  
At three we ask, "Have you a cent?"  
"Well, can you change a dollar bill?"

And when from down town we get back,  
A mob of gymnasts then we meet,  
So those who edibles still lack  
Ask, "Have you anything to eat?"  
At six their conversation goes:  
"Shall I wear my green or blue?"  
"What's for dinner do you s'pose?"  
"Fish and ice cream, or what have you?"

At nine we rush and prance about,  
A thing that every one enjoys,  
Except our proctor, who cries out,  
"You have half a merit for your noise."  
But when the last bell rings a warning,  
We dash to put out every light.  
And call, "O wake me in the morning,  
Here comes the proctor, so good-night."

*Ruth W. Dana, '31*

## Sine Mulieribus

### *Dramatis Personae*

LEONTES, a young Greek slave.

MARCELLUS, a once powerful senator

GAVIUS	}	senators
PRISCUS		
TURIUS		
SYMMACLIUS		

DOMITIAN, Emperor

GEMINUS, steward to the Emperor

LICTOR

PRAETOR

SLAVES

*Place and Time:* Rome in the days of Domitian.

### ACT I

*Scene I* The park within the baths

*Scene II* The Tablinum in the house of Marcellus

*Scene III* The dining-room in the house of Marcellus

*Scene IV* The Praetor's office

### ACT II

*Scene I* Peristyle in the house of Emperor

*Scene II* The bedroom of the Emperor

*Scene III* A street

### ACT I

#### *Scene I*

*(Door at left. Door at center back leading to baths, trees and shrubbery placed on right. Enter Gavius and Leontes.)*

GAVIUS: So, boy. I must give you up. For I am deep in debt and, though I need your crafty head, I need to rid me of this troublesome weight. Marcellus will not be harsh and will perhaps receive you instead of money. Watch with me for a tall man of dignity. I know that it is his custom to frequent the baths at this hour.

LEONTES: Master, you have been kind and I dislike to leave you but I will endeavor to be of use to him. Is this not Marcellus coming through the door?

GAVIUS: Yes, go off a little way but be ready when I call you.

MARCELLUS: Gavius, my good friend!

GAVIUS: Marcellus, I rejoice to see you. I hope you can pause a minute to speak with me.

MARCELLUS: Of course, my friend.

GAVIUS: I have a most trustworthy slave, a Greek, young, full of the knowledge of all affairs. In the market he would bring at least one hundred thousand sesterces. If such a man would be of use to you, accept him, I pray.

MARCELLUS: Where is the youth?

GAVIUS: There beneath the tree with Gordelius the Stoic.

MARCELLUS: A fine-looking boy. Well, Gavius, I will accept him and will er—consider that er—small matter between us over.

GAVIUS: Marcellus, you are a true friend. Leontes, here!

*(Leontes runs up and bows submissively before Marcellus.)*

MARCELLUS: Your name is Leontes?

LEONTES: Yes, good sir.

MARCELLUS: Then, Gavius, shall we go on? The day is insufferable and the debate in the court has added to the heat.

*(Exeunt all)*

### Scene II

*(Statues in corners. Scrolls on small table. Marcellus is seated at a desk and Leontes is sitting on a stool.)*

MARCELLUS: Leontes, you know of the insufferable acts of Domitian. I know that you are loyal—but come closer and speak softly, for spies are everywhere.

LEONTES: Ha-ha-ha!

MARCELLUS *(astounded)*: Do you jest at my words?

LEONTES: Master, I have noticed that Claudus, the atriensis *(general chamberlain)* who just passed by had his ears opened a little too wide for a discreet servant, and one cannot be too careful.

MARCELLUS: Be it so. But this cannot go on forever. Tonight you will meet some of my trusted friends and you may hear of a plan to rid us of this tyrant.

### Scene III

*(Nine men are reclining on couches around the table. Slaves have just left the room and the table is covered with food.)*

PRISCUS: Our noble friend Gavius has departed from this life. He

was suspected, but before he was disgraced by Domitian he died honorably by his own hand.

MARCELLUS: Gavius!!!

TURIUS: It is time these dreadful acts stopped.

SYMMACLIUS: I saw Nerva today by the basilica. What a fine Emperor he would make.

MARCELLUS: The time for wishes is passed. Now is the time to act. Gavius once owned Leontes, a bright, faithful fellow. But to settle a debt he gave him to me. Leontes loved Gavius and in memory of him he may help us. If he could gain a position near the Emperor he would be of great use to us.

PRISCUS: Call him and see if he is willing.

MARCELLUS: It would not be safe. My atriensis is a very curious fellow and might overhear us. But I will acquaint him with our plans and we shall see.

#### Scene IV

*(Long bench at one end of room. Praetor stands behind it. Leontes, Lictor, and Marcellus stand before him.)*

LICTOR *(taps head of Leontes with rod)*: I declare this man is free.

MARCELLUS *(turns Leontes round and taps cheek)*: I desire that this man should be free.

PRÆTOR: And I adjudge that this man is free.

*(Exeunt Praetor and Lictor)*

MARCELLUS: And now, Leontes, we part.

LEONTES: But my duty is not yet over. I will go to Domitian as a secretary and some day—

MARCELLUS: That day will be told to you by a messenger. Farewell, Leontes.

#### Curtain

### ACT II

#### Scene I

*(Fountain surrounded with grass and shrubs to right. Marble benches. To left are columns through which part of the atrium is seen. Domitian is reclining on a couch placed at center back. Geminus stands nearby. A slave stands behind Domitian fanning him and two are bringing drinks.)*

DOMITIAN: The fellow is clever, Geminus?



GEMINUS (*bowing*): Clever and witty—also wise beyond his years.

DOMITIAN: When was he made free and to whom was he slave?

GEMINUS: A week ago by Marcellus the senator.

DOMITIAN: Marcellus was once a powerful man. He might still harbor ill feelings toward me.

GEMINUS: Claudus, your faithful servant, although he saw Leontes and Marcellus together often, heard no evil spoken.

DOMITIAN: Then I will see the youth.

(*Exeunt Domitian and Geminus*)

### Scene II

(*Couch covered with pillows and silks is at center back. Tapestries are hung around the walls. A number of lamps and candles are burning. Door at right is partly open showing bit of atrium. Leontes sits on a stool but rises soon after curtain goes up.*)

LEONTES: I have served this fearful, cruel man for six months patiently and still the word from Marcellus has not come; and yet I dare not strike alone. But who is this? (*slave enters, bows, hands letter to Leontes, bows again and backs out*) From Marcellus to the Emperor Domitian. To Domitian? Humph! It is well that I can open such a message. (*breaks seal and unfolds letter*) Ah, here it is! Tonight! 'Go to the wharves past the emporium. Embark on the boat leaving for Mauretania. Return when you receive word from me.' It will soon be done. (*burns letter by wax-candle*) (*enter Domitian*).

DOMITIAN: I think I will rest, Leontes. Later I go to Euanor's. Read me something soothing.

LEONTES: Yes, my master. (*Domitian turns over and Leontes, taking a short dagger from his toga, stabs him twice. Domitian sighs and expires.*) The die is cast.

(*Exit Leontes*)

### Scene III

(*The street is dark. The Palace is lighted and is seen a short way off. Leontes walks quickly down the street. A shriek from the palace is heard. Confused sound is heard. Leontes steps into a doorway as a messenger runs past him. Leontes begins to run.*) Discovered!

There is hardly time for me to escape. (*Turns down a street. Sees members of the praetorian guard. Becomes panic-stricken and runs back.*) The Praetorian guard!! (*Takes out still bloody dagger. Plunges it into his breast.*) My duty is done. If death follow—what matter?

Barbara Lord, '30

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### Spring

Spring! Oh you glorious, glorious thing!

With your wee leaves, your trembling catkins.

How fast your swollen streams ripple along, how blithsome!

How beautiful are your dainty blossoms,

How pure, how fragrant!

Does your own beauty throb through your heart

As it does through mine?

Ann Adams, '32

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*End of Underclassmen Contest*

## A Piece of New York

My first impression of New York's famous East Side I had one sweltering hot night of last August. At first I seemed to see nothing but blankets and bedding, blankets hanging from the fire escapes, the windows, the ragged awnings of the shops, blankets thrown almost directly under a thundering and dirty "L" train. For where inside can the miserably crowded people sleep and not suffocate? I began to notice how very peculiar the street itself was; there was scarcely any room to pass. On the inside of the sidewalk an immense Jewish woman sat behind a counter which was covered with queer-shaped breads—bread in twists and mounds, lumps and long sticks, in loaves and rolls. And, although this stack of breads jutted way out into the street, another merchant encroached from the outside. He sold pickles, apples pickled whole, and slices of watermelon pickled very bitter and soaking in brine, a state in which no genteel American ever sees his pickles before he eats them. We squeezed our way between these two insistent merchants and were nearly upset by a little boy of about six who dashed by biting chunks of a hard roll stuffed with steaming, dripping sauerkraut. "The Hygienic Meal for Children," by Dr. Holt! And yet this boy might become a second Irving Berlin no less proud of his early surroundings than Lincoln. We went on past a store whose front was hung with long strings of dried mushrooms, like garlands of laurel. Another huckster on the street had his pushcart piled high with remnants of silks and satins and brocades, lace curtains, bureau scarves, embroidered cloths. His cart was surrounded with Italian women exclaiming, crying out in pleasure, holding up to themselves and each other the vivid cloths—childish in their excitement over the colors and softness, yet interested certainly in the price.

It is very possible to make a meal for twenty-five cents on the East Side. An old, long-bearded man sells you for five cents a sweet potato baked in his peanut wagon contrivance. A young boy of eleven offers you with an enticing smile a luscious pear for four cents. And bread and pickles—a penny here, a penny there.

One does not feel exactly sorry for the East Sider. He seems so content, so perfectly at peace. He is free to push his cart, to peddle his remnants and pickles and breads wherever he wants. He usually

knows enough about trading to gain, one day, a small rural home where he wants it. He lives on the best—though not the cleanest—of foods. Besides a policeman's warning now and again he is restricted by no legal or social codes. And yet is he not lawless: he is the one gloriously free American. It seems a pity that his unworried, unhectic attitude toward life, even in the midst of his violent struggle for existence, cannot prevail more widely outside his miserable tenements.

*Jean Frederick, '28*

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### Douth

Have Courage!  
Put your face to the storm.  
Let it rip.  
Let it roar.  
Let it whirl.  
Let it soar.  
Laugh in its face.  
It can't touch you,  
Youth!

Have Courage!  
Buck the tide of changing luck.  
Cast away Care.  
Drop Doubt.  
Take on Hope.  
Let Sorrow out.  
Sneer at old Dame Melancholy.  
She can't touch you,  
Youth!

*Margaret Graham, '28*

## On Making a Baby Dress

Ye who have gathered at my feet to hear a learned discourse on the hows, whys, and wherefores of hems, tucks, and inverted plaits may wend your ways, for such is not my purpose. For I am not domestic. I am not the sweet little woman who sits in the light of a lamp darning stockings. I am not the gaunt New England housewife who rises at four-thirty of a cold winter's morning to bake the pies for breakfast. I know nothing of the featherstitch; the Whitehouse cook-book leaves me unmoved; and Aunt Maria disapproves of my dusting. Think you then that I would lead you, innocent, untutored, trusting implicitly in the printed word, into the pathless maze, the hopeless labyrinth from which I myself have but lately emerged—bruised and buffeted by unkind fate, mocked and ridiculed by unkind friends, silenced and saddened by unkind failure? Nay! I rather pronounce the solemn warning, the word to the wise, the prophetic appeal to your better judgment.

Beware, I say first, of pretty babies. Red ringlets and blue eyes caused my downfall. And, above all, think not of their dresses, "How simple! A stitch here and a hem there and 'tis done." Think not, "It will be so nice to have a bit of work to take out under the trees on a hot afternoon. It will lend the domestic note to impress the neighbors—the happy end toward which all my labors tend." Fix not, I say, upon the baby dress as simple and appropriate for such a purpose. Think not to please with a dainty baptismal robe or a 'broidered party dress the little niece so long neglected. Say not, "It will be small and easy to carry about in a tasteful bag slung gracefully over the arm, dainty to bring to afternoon tea, and just the sort of thing to rouse envious exclamations at the bridge club." Think not these things, I say, for this way lies madness.

But perhaps the tale of my own bitter experience will touch you more than mere empty advice. Perhaps the sight of my agony will cause you to reflect on the very brink of the precipice, and to turn back ere it is too late. Should I thus deter you, even for a moment, I would feel that my life had not been in vain. Hear then my tale of woe.

When I had come to my decision to make a baby dress through much the same arguments that you used in bringing yourself to the same point, I went down town to buy a pattern. And here I made my first mistake. I put myself unreservedly into the hands of the clerk. I should have known better. I can only plead my lack of



domestic ability as a reason, not as an excuse. The clerk sent me home with a little envelope. It had beautiful pictures on the outside—which, I confess, misled me—and reams and reams of tissue paper of all shapes and sizes on the inside.

Then I made my second mistake. I went to Aunt Maria, who had taken a wholly uncalled-for interest in my domestic debut, for advice. She scornfully condescended to point out the fact that the pattern included a whole layette and I wanted merely the dress. She even went so far as to tell me which bits of paper pertained to the dress. This, I admit, was fortunate, for I could never have worked it out for myself. Yes, I suppose she did her best for me according to her lights, but she certainly made me the laughing-stock of the family.

I then set myself to cut out the dress. In that sad effort I consumed some fifteen yards of cloth, because I never could remember where the fold came, and most of my dresses had three necks. Of course, Jack suggested that I finish them off anyway and send them to a circus, but I never saw a three-headed baby and wouldn't believe him when he told me he knew of one. You never can tell when Jack is serious. One time—. But I am digressing. To conclude the sad story, I never got any further with the baby dress. I believe Aunt Maria made it up for one of Helen's babies.

The moral of this tale is all too evident. Seek not to make a baby dress! But if you should embark upon the thorny path, observe these precepts:

1. Avoid all clerks.
2. Be sure you do not possess an Aunt Maria.
3. Remember that three holes, or perhaps a double notch, mean a fold. (They both mean something and I can't remember which means a fold, but anyway there is something about a pattern that tells you about the fold, though I never could find it.)
4. Seek not to sew under the trees, for long ere the dress is cut out the chairs will have been brought in, and snow will carpet the ground.

But my best advice, O gentle reader, is this:

*"Buy ye baby-dresses while ye may,  
Clothiers are still a-striking."*

*Gwendolen Cochran, '28*

Chosen from the COURANT Essay Contest

## **My Dream World**

My favorite poet or rather poetess is Amy Lowell, and when I read some of her poems I glide into a world of dreams far removed from this tumultuous earth.

One poem especially gives me great pleasure, and that is the one in which Miss Lowell describes a black cat in a moonlit garden. Picture a dream garden with all your favorite flowers, and still there is something lacking—a black splotch—a cat's silhouette—just the necessary touch. Many times have I wandered in this peaceful garden hidden in the world of dreams to which I always flee whenever I read the poetry of Amy Lowell.

"Opal" brings me to another part of this far-away world where one can meet the queen of ice and fire. Miss Lowell's poem about a chrysanthemum carries me to far-off Japan where I see tiny brownies curl up to sleep in the midst of these pom-pom beds.

The imaginary world I visit most often in Miss Lowell's company is Japan. Here in the mellow sunlight is the lonely maiden waiting beside the pool for her lover who has died in battle in a far distant land. I turn from her sorrowful reflections and decide to visit the Emperor in his gardens. On the road I meet the coolies and beggars and feel with them the glaring heat from the white roads and watch the heat waves shimmer up in front of my rickshaw driver. Out of this oppressive heat I enter the cool gardens of the Emperor, where his miniature Fuji-yama has been covered with white silk in imitation of the sacred mountain's snow-crueted peak. Coming from the red lacquer temple on the hill we see the wise old philosopher in his richly embroidered robes, a great contrast to the simple robes of the Emperor's son who patters beside him and to whom he is expounding some old proverb for which Japan is duly famous. Who could resist the temptation to remain forever with this wise old man and steep himself in the rich legends and proverbs of this ageless country? But we must leave, and as we fly away over the lush green rice paddies I send back a little "au revoir" which floats back on butterfly wings to the rosy cap of Fuji-yama now outlined in the setting sun.

This is the dream world which I visit so often with Amy Lowell. If she had only written about the Vale of Kashmir I could visit and dream there too.

*Betty Ryan, '28*

## Sonnet on Blindness

Sometimes I almost wish that I were blind—  
To smell the subtle fragrance of the rose  
The way one only may when sight will close,  
Or feel the rushing grandeur of the wind  
With love that only sightless eyes can find,  
As on his cheek and through his hair it blows!  
Ah, what a pleasure, strange to me, he knows  
Whose windows of the soul great Jove may bind!  
But what a darkness would flood through my heart  
If I could never see the summer flow'r,  
Behold the leaves in autumn breezes dart,  
Or gaze enraptured on a springtime show'r!  
And so I pray that I may never part  
With blessed vision, even for an hour.

*Josephine G. Paret, '28*

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## The Song of the Linden Tree

In the morning when I dance and flutter,  
Some one is always sure to mutter,  
"Hush! Baby's asleep in the shade."

At noon the world from its cares is resting,  
If I try just a little swaying,  
"Hush! An old man's asleep in the shade."

At dusk, when babes and old men are inside,  
Mother birds shelter their young with pride,  
"Hush! My birds are asleep in your arms."

But then in winter I can dance and swing,  
Old men and babes to their firesides cling,  
Birdies have gone from their mother's wing,  
They have gone too far to hear a thing,  
But then I don't care to dance or sing.

*Frances Anderson, '28*

## Memories

What pleasant memories Maine holds for me—memories of cool, clear days with a strong northwest wind kicking up choppy little whitecaps and filling out the white sails of the "Grayling" so that her decks are startlingly near the water, memories of quiet, damp days with the south wind rolling in great banks of silent fog. Then from far out on the bay comes the boom of a fog horn on some steamer and the clanging of the bell-buoy. Gone is all the wonderful scenery for which Maine is so famous, gone the rocks, the pine trees, the little islands that dot the blue waters of Penobscot Bay. Everything is wrapt in a heavy blanket of fog that almost stifles one by its thickness. Indoors by the open fire all is gay fun, but outdoors we speak in whispers as if afraid of disturbing someone. Through the fog one can hear very clearly sounds that are never noticed on a clear day. One can hear the ringing of the cowbells, the clank of a milk can, the whiz of a sawing-machine, and then a sudden boom makes us jump and turn our eyes seaward. There stealing through the fog like a ghost is the "Pemaquid." Slowly she feels her way along, blowing her whistle at regular intervals. We can hear the echoes even where we stand and we know that on board her captain is carefully counting each reverberation, for it is thus that he steers his little boat. We see her but an instant before she is lost to view, surrounded by her gray veil.

*Carol Upham, '29*

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## Weeping Garden

The pool was molten copper, but the sun has now gone down. 'Tis only filled with umber purple shadows. Just now the goldfish glittered there but they have hid among the rocks, for the sun has gone down. The orchid dusk like faint incense creeps along the lonely garden paths. O trees why are you whispering? They weep for the silvery moon. Their leaves are wet with dew-tears and their drooping branches brush the shivering pool. Out of the night comes the aching call of a softly sobbing Whippoorwill. 'Tis cold in the garden when the sun's gone down.

*Marianne Hirst, '29*



## Seasons

### I

The man of Winter stands alone and great:  
Unaided by the sweetness of the spring,  
The luxury of Summer, the richness of the Fall,  
He molds his beauty from his own deep heart,  
And breathes his music to the rigid air,  
And sows the sullen earth with fancy's flowers.  
O Winter gives him nothing, asks him all,  
And drains his spirit to make sweet the world.  
The great alone may live in Winter, only they  
Can so enrich their lives to find  
Some beauty in the barren trees.

### II

But Spring, whose gentleness suggests to men  
How beauty looks, how flowers move and breathe,  
How sweet a fragrance is, Spring does not need  
A great man's soul; for she awakes  
All loveliness, and whispers tho'ts of beauty  
To the ear; she does not wait till man  
From out himself derives his soul.  
How many live who can discover  
And create, if once 'tis told them  
What is beauty, where it may be found.

### III

Great Summer-time, fair mother of the world,  
Enfolds within her bosom many men.  
She asks no tribute, needs no tithe,  
Supplies all beauty to the world's rich eye,



Exposes love and luxury for all;  
She feeds the hungry, lays a cooling hand  
Upon the feverish brow of men.  
Yet she is far too good, too kind:  
She asks us nothing and we so reply.  
So happy are the Summer's men,  
Who live a life unworried by desires—  
A sweet, an easy and a usual life.

## IV

O give me thy fullness, O Autumn,  
Thy swollen grapes to press, thy oranges and golds!  
O let me pour them on my heart;  
My heart is sombre, silent, cold.  
I need thy richness, thy great joy  
To eke my little spirit out,  
To fill my soul up once again.  
Give me thy plentitude, thy great intoxicating power,  
Thy fruits, thy colors, and thy tanging air.  
O bribe me, Autumn, with thy gold,  
Let not my hollow heart be seen;  
Let me not lie, as in November I have lain,  
So dull, so lifeless, grey and still!

## V

O let the man of Winter be thy star:  
He fills the ugly places with his soul.  
But love the man of Springtime,  
Of the Summer, of the Fall,  
For they are all our brothers  
In this world of many men.

*Jean Frederick, '28*

## Through the Pickets

When I was very young many were the times that I had a mad desire to squeeze through—for I was too small to climb over—the pickets of the fence between our yard and our neighbor's. When let out to play I would trot to the far end of our garden, sit down next to the high old picket fence and peek through.

What queer sights I did see! Our neighbor's yard wasn't at all like ours and for this reason it fascinated me beyond all measure. There was a space of about two hundred feet between the backs of two houses. There was no grass in this space. All was either dirt or ashes. On the opposite side from me was a small plot where I had seen a little lame boy hoe and plant little maple trees. I never could understand why they didn't grow. He seemed to take such good care of them! From time to time a woman with white hair and a dirty apron would come out of one of the houses, slam the door and yell at the poor little lame boy. He would leave his gardening and begin to pick up sticks and stones and tin cans and kindling wood. Near the nursery for little maple trees stood an old, old automobile which probably hadn't been running for ten years. It was one of those Franklins with a sloping hood. There were always several men and boys tinkering around it, thinking, I suppose, that if they tinkered long and hard enough the old bus would go. But to this day it stands, not having moved an inch since I peeked through and saw it eleven years ago. Near the other house two boys with mitts on played catch. Hour after hour the ball went from one to the other, touching the ground only very seldom. A dirty white cat wandered around seeking shelter from the scorching sun but found none.

I must have done a lot of thinking, if I was old enough to think, after peeping between those pickets. All those people were apparently busy, yet they accomplished nothing. The little boy couldn't make his maple trees grow, the men couldn't make the Franklin move, the ball went aimlessly from one mitt to the other, and the dirty cat found no shelter. They must have been working just for the pleasure of working, not for the pleasure of accomplishing.

*Elizabeth Schuh, '28*

## Home Influence

The family breakfast was over. It had been a big breakfast with fish-balls and buttered toast. There was an unspeakable chandelier of cemented diamonds of green glass which cast a peculiar olive light over the remaining food. The family pushed back their Empire chairs from the massive round table and passed from the stately dining-room darkened with heavy leather portieres at the windows—the kind studded in patterns with brass nails—under the illuminated “God Bless Our Home” sign into the living-room for morning prayers.

There the order of events unchangeably followed this formula: a responsive reading led by grandfather, a breathless rendering of the selection for the day from “The little child at the breakfast table” by the child, a stereotyped prayer by his father, and on many occasions, an invocation for a blessing by grandmother. Prayers were always in the living-room because you felt more humble there kneeling before an old stuffed chair than in one of the more formal rooms of the house!

When the after-breakfast work was done—for everybody had their share in those less lavish days—one was permitted to use the other rooms. Grandfather might establish himself in the library during the forenoon. After luncheon the south parlor was used to receive visitors. But the “parlor”! This was unlikely to be disturbed except by the child peeking in, fascinated as much as ever before when he had received his spanking for saying that Heaven might be as splendid as the south parlor, but it could never be as splendid as the Parlor, he was sure! There the white and gold “Louis” furniture reigned in grand and lovely state. It admired its reflection in framed mirrors that formed two sides of the room and thanked its stars that it was vastly superior to the frescoed ceiling which was only painted in yellow and pale blue.

The solitary child in this house would climb up into the cupola to be alone and dream hazy dreams of the unreal future that must unfold when he should go to school and out into the world in future years. He grew up and went out. In the face of ultra-modern existence he was never able to duck the subconscious influence of a collective religious family life, received at an impressionable period long before.

*Theodora Talcott, '28*

## Laughter in the Laundry

### A Lamentable, but True History

A slim young lady, attired in correct sport costume, sailed into the laundry behind a most practical young lady in apron and gingham dress. Both were armed with bags, but one was bulging and the other quite thin.

SLIM YOUNG LADY: "Do I use a tub or one of those dishes?" pointing to a large bowl.

PRACTICAL YOUNG LADY: "You—you usually wash clothes in a tub, dear."

There was a great rush of water and clouds of steam wreathed about our heads.

SLIM YOUNG LADY: "That's the hot water, I think."

The rushing ceased.

"But it's all going away? What's the matter?"

"You forgot to put the stopper in, I think."

"Oh—"(putting her hand down) "Ouch! I guess I need some cold water now."

The steam vanished abruptly.

"Now it's too cold, isn't it?"

"You wash silk in luke-warm water, unless you want it to fade."

The slim young lady carefully took from her bag six chiffon stockings and looked at them helplessly.

"They're all one colour. They won't stain each other, will they?"

"I don't think so."

She dropped them into the tub, one by one.

"I need some soap. Do I use this funny brown cake?"

"Mercy, no! You do silk in soapsuds."

"I use soap always, I think."

"You'd better try soap flakes. It saves time in whisking up fluffy suds."

"Where do I find some? In that bottle?"

"There ought to be some in the box."

"But there aren't!"

An amused laundress opened a new box for us.

"Now do I put it in the water? It doesn't look fluffy at all! Goodness, this water's icy! Where are the soapsuds?"

Very gently we took the box away, and showed her how to fix her tub, to melt the flakes in hot water first and make a fluffy froth of soap bubbles. The tub was nearly over-flowing and her dress was soaked before she got the suds made, but of course that didn't matter. Six very bedraggled stockings were rescued from the cold water and splashed about in the suds.

SLIM YOUNG LADY (*repressing a shriek*): "Why, one has gone down the hole! I can't find it."

Great clouds of foam flew in all directions.

"O, here it is. I had it in my hand!"

She rubbed it most industriously for several minutes. Then she sighed.

"Don't you think it's done yet?"

PRACTICAL YOUNG LADY (*rinsing her sixth pair*): "I really think so, my dear."

"Do I rinse them in hot water?" asked the Slim Lady, plaintively. "I hope not, my hands are getting tired."

The practical young lady repressed a smile, for she had great self-control, but the rest of us looked the other way. At last the six stockings were washed. We started to count the rinsings, but when it reached five, we gave up.

SLIM YOUNG LADY: "Now for the ironing. I do so love to iron. It's much more fun than getting boiled like a lobster in that steamy water."

At this we collapsed. Six rinsings could be borne, but not ironing. Giggings and sputterings were heard on every side, and when we looked at her astonished face, now ruddy, dripping, and surrounded by a halo of limp, uncurlly hair, we laughed again.

"How do you dry them?" she asked, with a courtesy that shamed our mirth. "They always come out of the box so smooth and fresh, you know."

Katherine T. Fox

Chosen from the COURANT ESSAY Contest



## Bicycles

When great-grandfather went to college, he rode a bicycle. It was a monstrous and a wonderful affair, and it still resides in our attic, covered with the mellow dust of years. Sometimes it descends from its hiding place and takes part in a parade. On these occasions it has the most startlingly dignified air I have ever seen in a bicycle, with its large front wheel decorated with crepe-paper, and its tiny rear one looking fatigued under the strain of supporting so much grandeur. Mounting this structure is a great feat, for the perilous little leather seat seems miles away from the ground, but when I am once on top I can imagine how great-grandfather felt in his youth, pedaling merrily to classes.

A few years ago, if you were the grand possessor of a bicycle, you didn't feel so badly about not having an automobile, but nowadays people are not so much addicted to this pleasant form of exercise. There are still a few devotees, however. Professor C— and his wife both have bicycles, which are not quite as ancient in style as great-grandfather's. They belong to the gay nineties, as do the Professor and his wife. Long swirling skirts and picture hats laden with ostrich plumes are a novel sight, and one well worth seeing, on a lady who rides a bicycle. She and her husband always ride side by side down the elm-lined streets, surveying the world as they go. Nothing hurries them, and nothing worries them, and although automobiles may come and go in giddy curves around them, they ride placidly on—forever.

*Winifred Dudley, '28*

### Abbot's Barber Shop

I had not returned to Abbot since my graduation several years ago. As I went in the school entrance, the same old bulletin board confronted me. There was the schedule for weekly classes, the honor roll and many other familiar notices. I breathed a sigh of relief. At least the bulletin board seemed familiar to me. As I started down the corridor, I noticed that a slip of paper had fallen. I stooped to pick it up, but as I returned it to its place, I glanced at it and was amazed at what I read: "Please Sign for Hair Cuts." I read on: "Wednesday morning, 9:15, 9:30," and so on. This surely was something new, and as new things always interest me, I decided to probe deeper into the matter. At that moment the door swung open and a student rushed in, like a hurricane.

"Stop!" I said to her excitedly. "What is the meaning of all this?"

And I shoved the notice under her eyes.

She stopped short. After a minute she regained her composure and said, "That means that those who desire to have their hair cut this morning should sign for the time that they wish. A barber sent from the shop down town comes on Wednesday mornings occasionally and he cuts the girls' hair in the Corrective Room, which as you probably know is in McKeen Hall. If you are interested, perhaps you would like to see this new aspect of school life?"

"I should be delighted," I said. When we reached McKeen Hall I decided I would remain outside the room and secretly survey this new kind of barber shop. As I looked in, I thought that this resembled the barber shops of Rome where the barber spread abroad the news of the day, although here, as I noticed, the barber was silent while the girls and the chaperon exchanged the most interesting news of the school. One girl was studying in the corner. The girl in the chair was trying to arouse interest in a recently published and much talked-of novel. The chaperon was doing some fancy work, while a girl nearby looked over her shoulder and tried to get some information about sewing.

This Wednesday morning barber shop at Abbot seemed to me, an onlooker, to be a place where the girls become better acquainted with their schoolmates and teachers, a place where topics of common interest are exchanged, a place where valuable information is derived, and last and least of all, a place where hair is cut. That was least of all, I noticed, because there was only one mirror and consequently the girl did not know if her shingle was going to rack and ruin. Probably she cared more for the news of the day, as the old Romans did, than for the process of cutting hair. So as I gazed silently through the door of the Corrective Room I thought that Abbot's barber shop was a social success.

*Louise Hyde, '28*

Chosen from the COURANT ESSAY Contest

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### **To Miss Chickering**

When I consider all the time I've spent  
In painful searching for elusive thought,  
To write a theme that you might be content,  
Or worse, some pleasant poem that you sought,  
(If you but knew the agony it meant,  
The hours I've passed with heavy thinking fraught,  
When both my shoulders ached from being bent  
Above my vacant pad while I grew hot!)  
I heave a sigh and shed a tear or two  
And shake my weary head with mournful moan,  
In vain I try, I know it will not do.  
So for your gracious pity now I sue,  
Cast not this hard-wrought work aside with groan,  
It's poor, but still I did it just for you.

*Elizabeth Hollis, '28*

### Heard at the ???

"Say, is the mail up?—No you really didn't!—But, my dear, I didn't know. You don't mean to say we were to go to her at five o'clock? Well there goes another merit. Look in box No. 68, will you. Wouldn't read a letter if I did get one. Personally I don't see much sense in receiving letters anyway. You only have to answer them and what a bother. By the way—O hello! Your hair looks awfully cute. What'd you do to it? A new dress too! Of course to-night is callers' night. That's another waste of time—callers—well of course I always dress up a little. We have ice cream for dinner. Done your Latin? Sure, it's easy. I did it in an hour and a half. French? Why there's nothing to it. Why I'm not bright either. Not a bit. Of course I do get an "A" once in a while. Where did she get that outfit? Has she worn it before? Well I've never seen it. Any mail in No. 68? Now I ask you, isn't that just like me? I know I haven't any mail. Look at that, will you. How many? Two?—Humph, same writing—What's the name of the hotel this time? Say, he must be a millionaire or does he just do that for effect? Wonder if that telegram's for me. I wrote home a couple of weeks ago for something, perhaps it's an answer. I knew it couldn't possibly be for me. Going out for dinner?—Good-bye—have a good time. Don't eat too much. A hundred twenty-four pounds! Why dear I thought you were fatter, you'd better begin to reduce. Yes, I weigh five pounds less—u-huh? Oh er-a one hundred twenty-two pounds. Why I'd die absolutely if I had to give the news—not really—Do you think so? Ouch! that was hot! Close that door. It's cold. Isn't it about time for the bell? What notice? Not really? Again? No, I like sword-fish best.

*Isabelle Bartlett, '28*



## The Metamorphosis of Percival

Lo and Behold! Some magician touches Percival and off drops the skin of modesty and bashfulness and out steps Percival in a rakish Panama and clothes considered by himself quite collegiate. But the real reason for this radical change is that Percival bought quite the cutest Ford for \$25, and with four new tires, a screeching horn, and some battleship grey paint, he made it look like an expensive foreign model. To this he annexed the name of Peter—and then—well, Percival felt somehow he didn't fit in with his snappy car, so there had to be a radical change in himself. At first it seemed hard, but it is only getting used to it. He developed the most formidable line, which always began by, "Aw, don't call me Percival, call me Toodles!" "Percy" crowded as many cigarettes and swear-words into every day as he possibly could. He cultivated a passion for dancing, and although I could still see the beads of perspiration gathering on his brow, every now and then he would pull out a gaudy silk handkerchief and whisk them carelessly away. Percival is cultivating a thoroughly wild character. Girls are his hobby. He talks to them, eats with them, plays golf with them, swims with them, rides with them and showers them with hard-thought-out compliments. The boys look at him and laugh and tell each other he's the worst apology for a boy they ever saw. He races up the road in Peter and once in a while stops and runs in. But he paces nervously around like a caged lion and finally dashes out with a look of worry spread over his whole countenance as if he had somewhere to get to at a certain time and he didn't quite know what the place or the time were. He really hasn't anything at all to worry him, though. His day consists of golf, swimming, or rather beach-lounging, riding, dancing and eating. Well, his mother says "Percy" works so hard at Harvard he needs a real rest in the summer or he'll be so worn-out by September he won't be fit to enjoy himself running around Cambridge in the winter time. That's the life of a hard-working man, though.



Saddest of all, Percival's books are growing dusty and his piano rebels against Percival's new accomplishment—jazz. I may be mistaken but I suspect that deep in his heart, underneath his dashing exterior, is a secret longing for his old pursuits and pastimes. Sometimes you catch him unawares with a book of philosophy in his hand, but it is quickly dropped behind his chair when he catches sight of you. And once in a while in the dark, when all is still, I fancy he steals back to his beloved piano and relieves his nervous, reckless self on those familiar keys.

*Elizabeth Bowser, '29*

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**On the Difficulties of Getting a Partner for the  
Senior Prom at Abbot**

O, Spring, you cheat us on a day like this  
With wind and sleet and rain and even snow.  
And with the season are my thoughts amiss.  
They are as dark and bitter as that hoarse old crow  
Sitting upon the fence. And underneath my breath I seem to hiss.  
I rave at fate that she does treat me so.  
For me there is no longer any bliss  
Although today there is a Promenade, you know.  
Alas! it is a partner that I lack.  
I've tried and tried but every time in vain.  
And do not think that I have e'er been slack.  
I asked and asked with all my might and main.  
Excuses only every time come back,  
And so I stand disconsolate in rain.

*Louise Hyde, '28*

# School Diary

## JANUARY

Thursday, 5—

The first chapel of the new year was held this morning, for vacation is over and 1928 begun.

Sunday, 8—

Some of us heard Jascha Heifetz play this afternoon at Symphony Hall. His technique was perfect, but one wished he felt more what he was playing.

Dr. Charles H. Cutler chose for the topic of his chapel address tonight the "Adventure of Religion". One explores the North Pole and the African jungles—why not religion? One would find as many amazing and splendid things.

Tuesday, 10—

The Abbot Dramatic Society (A. D. S.) can boast of some very good members this year, for in the two plays which they gave tonight, *Suppressed Desires* and *The Ghost Story*, the difficult roles were easily played and went over very well. Mrs. Gray, our dramatic coach, deserves a great deal of credit for the evening's success.

Thursday, 12—

The famous Flonzaley Quartet played tonight at Phillips. Their music was so perfect that it seemed almost too easy to listen to.

Sunday, 15—

Dr. J. Edgar Park, head of Wheaton, strongly advocated a college education in his talk tonight; for, he said, if one wishes to erect a real building instead of a henhouse one takes care to have a firm foundation, and that in life is—education.

Thursday, 17—

The Joint Recital of the Music Faculty came tonight. Miss Friskin, Miss Nichols, Mr. Potter and Mr. Howe again showed us that music is a fine art and that they are firm believers in it.

Saturday, 21—

The Hart House String Quartet, which came here this afternoon, was enjoyed by some even more than the Flonzaleys last week. It seemed to be more lively and deep-feeling, and had less absolute and inhumanly perfect technique.

Sunday, 22—

A breath and a glimpse of the Near East was brought to us tonight by Mrs. John H. Wells, who has been a professor at the Constantinople's Women's College.

Tuesday, 24—

Three wonderful plays were given tonight by the Senior-Mids in honor of the Seniors. The first satirized the supposedly different character of the love affairs of the modern and the 15th century girl; the second was one of Barrie's, *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals* and was beautifully acted; the third was the "true story" of the old rhyme, *The Knave of Hearts*.

Saturday, 28—

Foreign affairs were made very much clearer this afternoon by Mrs. Lewis J. Johnson of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Society. She told us of the League and the splendid work it is doing toward world peace.

Sunday 29—

Miss Bailey led our evening service tonight. "If, in life, we accept sorrows as lessons from God", Miss Bailey said, "our joy in life is unbounded; but if we resist experience as though it were a punishment, our soul becomes narrowed and closed in."

## FEBRUARY

Thursday, 2—

Mid-year exams began today. Miss Bailey sought to encourage us in chapel with a short talk on taking exams in the "ask me another" spirit; and we left chapel feeling cheered—somewhat.

Saturday, 4—

A large number of Abbot Alumnae—among whom the present Seniors were by privilege included—went this noon to the annual joint luncheon of the Boston Abbot Club and the Alumnae Association. Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason were especially honored. Miss Bailey and President Marshall of Connecticut College addressed the meeting, and between speeches our Abbot choir gave some lovely songs.

Sunday, 5—

Rev. Markham W. Stackpole told us tonight that in religion, as in all things, tradition is a basis, not a stopping point.

Monday, 6—

This morning the Seniors left for Intervale, New Hampshire. They are to stay there till Thursday, tobogganning, skiing and snowshoeing in the mountains. Lucky Seniors!

Tuesday, 7—

There was a Day Scholars' Party tonight, where charades and dancing and good fun prevailed.

Thursday, 9—

Tonight amid a raging snowstorm the Seniors came back from Intervale. They sang their jolly Intervale songs, and were welcomed by songs in return; and then every one rushed to hear *everything* that had happened between times!

Sunday, 12—

Rev. S. C. Beane, of the Unitarian Church of North Andover, came tonight as a new and much enjoyed speaker.

Tuesday, 14—

Mrs. Gray, our teacher of dramatics and elocution, gave a very interesting reading tonight of dramatic monologues, chiefly those of Browning. Her interpretation made Browning at once clear and enjoyable even to those of us who had been most puzzled.

Wednesday, 15—

Because of the lovely spring weather, and gentle rains, no Winter Carnival was held today. We hope to have it soon, however impossible this spring air makes that seem.

Pablo Casals, whom Kreisler calls the world's greatest master of a stringed instrument, played at Phillips Academy tonight. His music seemed removed and spiritual, and transported us all.

Friday, 17—

About eight o'clock tonight was heard a rustling of silken evening wraps, many gasps of admiration, and six Abbot girls were off to the Phillips Prom.

Saturday, 18—

Today there was a dreadful blizzard, but the Griffins gave such a wonderful party to the Gargoyles that no one minded staying indoors.

Sunday, 19—

Rev. Ralph Harlowe told us tonight of the splendid work of the International Student Friendship Association. It was Mr. Harlowe

who took a group of American students, including Pauline Humeston and Jerry Miller of Abbot, abroad last summer to acquaint them with European colleges and students.

Monday, 20—

Since Saturday's blizzard has left just enough snow for snowshoeing and skiing, the snow events of the ill-fated winter carnival were run off this afternoon. A full account of this delightful event is given on page 51.

Tuesday, 21—

The brief vacation we have so longed for has arrived—*Washington's Birthday!*

Saturday, 25—

Miss Raymenton told us many interesting details of the work of the Consumers' League.

Sunday, 26—

A very special treat was given us this evening at Davis Hall when a talk by Miss Bailey on the "Meaning of Life" was followed by a violin recital by Susan Ripley and a very fine young Boston pupil of Miss Nichols, Axel Magnusson.

Monday, 27—

This morning the thermometer was down to zero; and since the Athletic Association doubted whether this opportunity for winter sports would knock more than once, they held the ice events for the Winter Carnival this afternoon.

Tuesday, 28—

Mr. Potter, that member of the Abbot Music Faculty who usually keeps himself very much out of sight, appeared tonight in a piano recital so excellent that he will have trouble avoiding compliments.

Wednesday, 29—

Today is Leap Year's Day, and in honor thereof the Senior-Mid class had a tea dance. At four o'clock immaculate Phillips boys gathered in Davis Hall and met their Senior-Mid hostesses. Great was the curiosity and envy of all the rest of us.



## MARCH

Saturday, 3—

Professor Baumgart, who lectured here on astronomy two years ago, gave another inspiring talk tonight. Egypt, born in the fertile Nile, Babylonia, Greece and its glory, Rome, and the Mohammedan Empire came before our eyes as Mr. Baumgart spoke and showed us his colored slides.

Sunday, 4—

Miss Kelsey's talk on the "Chief Figures in Abbot History" tonight gave us many examples and thoughts to follow.

Monday, 5—

Madame Craig's class of French IV went this afternoon to a French convent, Emmanuel College in Boston, to hear Monsieur André Morize, French professor at Harvard, speak on *Cyrano de Bergerac*. His "à la fin de l'envoi, je touche!" still rings in our ears.

Tuesday, 6—

The Radcliffe Choral Society, assisted by Charles Atwater, tenor, and directed by the famous Dr. Davison, gave us tonight a perfect example of inspiring tone—and final t's.

Friday, 9—

Today the Philomatheia Society and Miss Mason's Survey of Science class went to a lecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and heard, by means of a very special apparatus, the noise the frolicsome atoms make in bumping together.

Saturday, 10—

The Music Students' Recital this afternoon was very fine. So many of us are really *good* musicians that we are all encouraged by them.

Sunday, 11—

Dr. J. A. Richards, who was one of the fine speakers last Commencement, fulfilled our expectations tonight by a talk on Lincoln and Lindbergh. We pride ourselves on their American qualities, but how many Americans have these qualities?

Tuesday, 13—

A full Music Faculty Recital was given this evening. This time the rich contralto of Mrs. Burnham and the deep voice of Miss Master's cello were added to the violin, organ and piano tones of

the last Faculty Recital. Several of the selections were Schubert's partly because his Centennial is so near, and partly because he is —Schubert.

Sunday, 18—

Today it poured all day long and made a lovely restful Sunday. Dr. Bigelow of the South Church conducted chapel service in the evening.

Tuesday, 20—

The mysterious and imposing Senior Play, "Twelfth Night", was given tonight. It was mysterious because we weren't supposed to know what play it was, and imposing because Shakespeare wrote it and the Seniors gave it. Besides the glorious costumes and fine music, the interpretations were wonderfully done and everywhere noticed.

Saturday, 24—

Professor Kirtley Mather of Harvard gave us this afternoon the most stirring talk we have had for some time. He spoke on evolution as revealed by geologic discoveries and showed also the dignity of the evolutionary, or "growing", process.

Sunday, 25—

A Lenten vesper service held tonight by Miss Bailey inspired us all with the spirit of Easter and its joy.

Tuesday, 27—

On Tuesday nights we don't usually study, but because vacation comes the day after tomorrow, who minds studying now?

Thursday, 29—

Classes are over today at 10.20, and then we take trains for home, and spring vacation.

#### APRIL

Wednesday, 11—

Everybody is back again! The circle seems lots greener than when we left, the twenty-ninth of March.

Thursday, 12—

We had our first chapel in the spring term this morning. Miss Bailey told us that it was Mr. and Mrs. Scannell's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. After dinner the Seniors sang to them under the library windows.

Friday, 13—

Friday the thirteenth! But it didn't affect us in any way.

Saturday, 14—

This afternoon in Hall Exercises Mrs. S. M. Woo played and sang some Chinese music for us. Mrs. Woo is a graduate of Bradford and Radcliffe. She played the dulcimer and "the seven-stringed harp" for us and told us about China and her music.

Saturday, 15—

We had our Easter service this evening. It was lovely, of course. Miss Bailey told us that Easter is the triumph of life, and her talk gave a new meaning to the day.

Tuesday, 17—

The Day-Pupils presented "Down Petticoat Lane" this evening. It was a fashion review which showed "Fashions of Yesterday," hoopskirts, bustles, and a "Gibson-girl," and "Fads and Fancies of Today," girls in every imaginable costume of today.

Wednesday, 18—

Spring really seems to be here. The robins and bluebirds are here in full force and we have sunlight in the dining-room for dinner.

Thursday, 19—

This is Patriots' Day in Massachusetts and there are flags out all over Andover.

Saturday, 21—

Instead of Hall Exercises this afternoon we enjoyed the first concert of the Aeolian Society. The Aeolian Society, our newest club, gave us a very pleasant Schubert recital which ended with a "Kinder Symphonie" which was highly amusing.

Sunday, 22—

In chapel, Mrs. Paul Appasawny of Madras, South India, told us about the position of Indian women and particularly about the school for girls which she runs there.

Tuesday, 24—

Miss Friskin gave us another lovely recital. We have so enjoyed her concerts this year and we are all sorry that this is the last.

Wednesday, 25—

The Gym demonstration took place this evening. The meet was won by the Gargoyles with a score of 77 to the Griffins' 62. After

the meet there was a tumbling exhibition by the girls who have been attending Miss Carpenter's tumbling class.

Thursday, 26—

The Rhythmic classes were open to the public this afternoon. It was very interesting to those of us who knew nothing of the work to see what has been done in these classes.

Saturday, 28—

Ring night! The Seniors received their rings today and at dinner they came down together and sang their class-song and their ring-song. And then the Prom! Excitement reigned in Abbot. And when we went over to Davis Hall, how lovely it looked with all the yellow and white balloons and the Japanese lanterns! What fun it was!

Sunday, 29—

We were given an extra hour in bed this morning because of the Prom and Daylight Saving. In the evening Miss McDuffee told us about some of her very interesting experiences abroad last summer. Miss McDuffee was one of a group of American students who represented the United States at the International Student Service Conference.

## MAY

Tuesday, 1—

The May Breakfast! Pie, ham, and beans for breakfast, and in the Town hall at that! What fun it was to get up early, go down town and eat such a strange meal, surrounded by unknown people and all to the strains of a jazz orchestra! In the afternoon outdoor sports started. Miss Nichols gave us another very fine violin recital in the evening.

Wednesday, 2—

The Geology class went to Marblehead on a picnic today. In the afternoon Mrs. Gray gave a tea for the girls of A. D. S., with Miss Kelsey the guest of honor. In the evening we held the annual Song Contest. The two best athletic songs were those by the girls of Sherman cottage and the Day Pupils, Group C. The best school songs were, first, that by the Homestead girls and, second, that by the girls of the fourth floor front.



Thursday, 3—

The Odeon Society held an open meeting for us this evening. They presented three scenes from the first successful American comedy, "The Contrast." The whole entertainment was most interesting and amusing.

Saturday, 5—

The History of Art class went on a sight-seeing tour today with Miss Hammond.

Sunday, 6—

In chapel this evening Miss Kelsey told us about some of the more than five thousand Abbot graduates. She told us of a few who had been writers, some missionaries, and others who had never done anything great but whose influence was felt by all around them.

Tuesday, 8—

For the first part of the Abbot birthday celebration we had a rare treat, Mr. and Mrs. Michitaro Ongawa presented us a most delightful program of Japanese songs, dances, and finally a Japanese play. The program was very interesting and amusing, and withal most instructive.

Wednesday, 9—

The Abbot Birthday! Alice came, bringing all Wonderland with her, to help us celebrate our ninety-ninth birthday. The bazaar in Davis Hall was a gay affair and we all enjoyed it thoroughly.

Saturday, 12—

The music pupils gave their last recital of the year today at Hall Exercises.

Sunday, 13—

Instead of our usual chapel service this evening we had the very great pleasure of a violin recital by Susan Ripley.

Monday, 14—

Much excitement here today. We held the elections for next year's Student Government. Congratulations, you new officers!

Thursday, 15—

This evening the French department presented "Les Précieuses Ridicules" by Molière. Before the curtain rose we had the pleasure of hearing several French songs sung by different French classes.



Thursday, 17—

The Senior officers for next year were elected today by the Senior-Mid class.

Friday, 18—

People are just pouring into Andover today to attend the Phillips celebration. In spite of the rain, we watched a fine torchlight parade go down School Street this evening.

Saturday, 19—

What a funny day! Our first excitement was when Miss Bailey told us that we would have only the first period classes. About ten minutes past nine the bell rang and we all massed outside the gate to wait for the President. It seemed ages till he came, but at last he arrived and we waved with all our might. And then sports in the morning! After lunch we had study-hour until three o'clock and about three-thirty almost all of the school set out for the Andover-Exeter track meet. How it rained! But we had a good time just the same and even more so since Andover won. In the evening the boys had a torchlight parade around our Circle even in the rain. This Saturday certainly was a lot of fun.

Sunday, 20—

Miss Louise Brown and Miss Brannon of the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Industrial Girls told us in chapel this evening about the school and the work it does and the girls who go there.

Tuesday, 22—

This evening the girls of the English V class presented four original dramatic sketches. The first, "O Sing a New Song" by Katherine Fox had for its time 64 AD and its place the Market of a Jewish City. The second was "Fishermen's Wives" by Priscilla Whittemore and took place in the house of a fisherman in modern Norway. "The Home Tie" by Virginia Gay took place in a Maine town in the first scene and, in the second, in "Mrs. Emerson's town house." The last, Jean Frederick's "When We Were Very Young" showed us our own Abbot as it was in 1842. We are proud of our playwrights.

Thursday, 24—

We chose our new officers for the Abbot Christian Association this afternoon. In the evening Q. E. D. held an open meeting in which the members presented Mr. Alfred E. Smith and Mr. Herbert C. Hoover as presidential candidates.

Saturday, 26—

The Special Elocution pupils gave us a most enjoyable recital this evening. Several readings from various authors were given and then the one-act play "The Teeth of the Gift Horse" by Margaret Cameron.

Sunday, 27—

Our speaker at chapel this evening was Rev. F. A. Wilson, D.D. once pastor of the Free Church of Andover. He told us that Memorial Day was no longer a day of sorrow but one of gladness.

Monday, 28—

The new officers for the Abbot Athletic Association were chosen this afternoon.

#### COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS

Rev. Sidney Lovett, Mt. Vernon Church, Boston

Prof. George Henry Nettleton, Ph.D., Litt.D. of Yale University



### Gargoyle-Griffin Winter Carnival

Snow! At last we could have the winter carnival, even if it was only one half of it. So that certain afternoon girls plodded toward the snow-covered hill above the skating pond. With a blast of a trumpet, the roll call, the blow of a whistle, the races were on. Snow flew in all directions. Under tennis nets, through barrels, around chairs went girls on snow shoes. Some on skis made their way to the top of the hill, the reward for scrambling, slipping and sliding being a saltine. Over the jump they glided, some gracefully, some not so gracefully. The snow carnival was over. The Griffins were victorious.

Ice! Now was the chance to complete the carnival. Nothing could have been more exciting, for the score rose evenly for both teams. Many "Ohs" and "Ahs" accompanied each jump. Flashes of green and orange circled around the course. The beginners presented artful ways of stopping on the ice when desiring to go no further. Some swift games made the final close scores. Everyone waited breathlessly for the announcement of the results. The Gargoyles this time were the victors.

## Results of Winter Carnival

### ICE EVENTS

- |                     |                              |
|---------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Peanut Race:     | 1. Ann Adams, Griffin        |
|                     | 2. Mary Piper, Griffin       |
| 2. Game:            | Won by Gargoyles             |
| 3. Dash:            | 1. Kay Foster, Gargoyle      |
|                     | 2. Barbara Smith, Griffin    |
| 4. Relay:           | Won by Griffins              |
| 5. Backward Race:   | 1. Margaret Graham, Gargoyle |
|                     | 2. Elizabeth Dean, Gargoyle  |
| 6. Beginners' Race: | 1. Barbara Elliot, Gargoyle  |
|                     | 2. Rosamond Castle, Gargoyle |
| 7. Jumping:         | 1. Barbara Smith, Griffin    |
|                     | 2. Kay Foster, Gargoyle      |

Total Score: Gargoyles 29, Griffins 21

### SNOW EVENTS

- |                                     |                             |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. 25-yard Dash on Snowshoes:       | 1. Virginia Gay, Griffin    |
|                                     | 2. Susan Ripley, Griffin    |
| 2. Obstacle Race on Skis:           | 1. Barbara Smith, Griffin   |
|                                     | 2. Elizabeth Schuh, Griffin |
| 3. Potato Race on Skis:             | 1. Kay Foster, Gargoyle     |
|                                     | 2. Louise Hyde, Gargoyle    |
| 4. Obstacle Race on Snowshoes:      | 1. Patty Snell, Griffin     |
|                                     | 2. Cleone Place, Gargoyle   |
| 5. 50-yard Dash on Skis:            | 1. Kay Foster, Gargoyle     |
|                                     | 2. Louise Hyde, Gargoyle    |
| 6. Combination Ski & Snowshoe Race: | 1. Barbara Healy, Griffin   |
|                                     | 2. Katherine Ross, Gargoyle |
| 7. Ski Jumping:                     | 1. Barbara Smith, Griffin   |
|                                     | 2. Betty Hulse, Griffin     |

Total Score: Griffins 34, Gargoyles 22

## Gym Demonstration

A great deal more zest was added to the Gym meet this year, for the Gargoyles had to skip their highest to beat the Griffins, and vice versa, and that means something now! The teams were marked on 1) marching and skipping, 2) Danish floorwork, and 3) games; and great was the excitement when Miss Bailey calmly announced: Griffins 62, Gargoyles 77 (1-3)! Then followed some splendid apparatus work, with boom, ropes, and Swedish ladder; a demonstration of the posture of the posture classes, and some splendid tumbling, and human pyramid building.

Number of girls who took 23 walks during the winter term: Gargoyles 43, Griffins 49.

Number of girls who took 12 rides in last term: Gargoyles 12, Griffins 7.

Number of girls who took twelve hours of winter sports: Gargoyles 17, Griffins 20.

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We hear now that one team is one point ahead of the other—and the slender thread whereon hangs this great question (and mystery) is Field Day, May 30.

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## Honor Roll

### FIRST SEMESTER

Barbara Lord	92
Helen Leavitt	91
Elizabeth Bowser, Elaine Burt, Grace Castle, Ruth Cushman, Jean Frederick, Helen Simpson	90
Charlotte Chamberlain, Gwendolen Cochran, Katherine Ross, Millicent Smith, Jean Swihart	89
Charlotte Butler, Lois Dunn, Dorothy Field, Lois Hardy, Eliza- beth Jane Osborne, Carol Upham, Barbara Vail	88



## THIRD QUARTER

Ruth Cushman, Barbara Lord	92
Elizabeth Jane Osborne, Helen Simpson, Vivian Southworth	91
Elaine Burtt, Grace Castle, Jean Frederick	90
Elizabeth Bowser, Charlotte Butler, Charlotte Chamberlain, Virginia Gay, Helen Leavitt, Millicent Smith, Jean Swihart	89
Frances Anderson, Gwendolen Cochran, Winifred Dudley, Lois Dunn, Katherine Fox, Lois Hardy, Elizabeth Hollis, Louise Hyde, Mary Jane Manny, Elizabeth Osborne, Elizabeth Perry, Carol Upham, Barbara Vail	88

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## Items of General Interest

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Miss Caroline R. Fletcher, teacher at Abbot 1893-'95, has been made full professor of Latin at Wellesley College.

Christine McDonald, who recently left Abbot after a term of faithful service of about thirty-five years, died April 2, 1928, at Reserve Mines, Nova Scotia.

Dr. Marion Curtis Littlefield was married to John Semple Clarke, January 30, 1928, in San Francisco, Cal.

Francis Gould, '28 is engaged to William George Mayo of Scarsdale, New York.

Mrs. Sarah Utter Fletcher Colby announces the arrival of a daughter, on April 28.

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On March 26, Mrs. Gray read for the Boston Wilbraham Club at the Annual Reunion of the Wilbraham Academy at the Hotel Statler. She also read at Billerica, Mass. for the Guest Night of the Nineteen Hundred Club on April 5th. On May 3rd she read at a musical in St. Paul's Parish House, Newton Highlands.

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Each week of the spring term a group of riders have been drilling with Captain Mahoney of Lawrence to produce a drill team. They have been practising riding in twos, fours, and eights, cantering, and making a figure eight. The results of their hard work were shown in the Horse Show on Field Day.

During the last few months the special art class has taken up the interesting work of block printing. An appropriate design is made and transferred to a linoleum block. The design is cut out with small wedge-shaped tools. The raised parts are then covered with ink, and the print is made by inserting the block and a sheet of paper into a vice.

Some of the prints were sold for the Student Friendship Fund, and some are also being used for the year-book. A great variety of designs may be carried out in this way, and also the expense of the book will be lessened.

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Two interesting spring sports are Ping Pong and Deck Tennis. These two sports are new at Abbot this year and are arousing a great deal of enthusiasm. The Ping Pong set belongs to the A. A. A., and the Deck Tennis set was given by Dorothy Bigelow, an Abbot girl and a former physical education teacher here.

Ping Pong is a miniature tennis set and is played like tennis. Deck Tennis is played with a rubber ring and across a net which is raised from the ground about three feet. The ring is kept flying back and forth across the net until it drops and some one scores. We are surely indebted to Miss Bigelow and the A. A. A. for giving us two very enjoyable games.

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The following books have been given to the library this year: Richard Halliburton, "The Royal Road to Romance", given by Miss Bancroft.

Charles A. Lindbergh, "We," given by Mrs. Tyler.

Abbot Academy Class Book, 1910, given by Miss Grace E. Hatch.

Margaret Slattery, "Two Words", given by Mr. George Ripley.

Nine volumes of "Encyclopédie par l'Image," given by the French department.

Samuel Colman, "Nature's Harmonic Unity," given by Katherine Stewart.

William A. Quayle, "Book of Clouds," given by Miss Mary C. E. Jackson in memory of Belle Donald Jackson.

Volumes 4, 5, 6 of "Oxford History of Music," given by Mr. James Friskin.

Harriet Chapell Newcomb, "The Journal of an Abbot Girl", given by Mrs. Newcomb, bound by Loyalty Endowment Fund Committee.

James Churchward, "Lost Continent of Men", given by Lois Kimball.

"Fifty Shakespeare Songs" (Musician's Library), given by the Senior Class.

The following magazine subscriptions have also been given this year:

*Theatre Arts Monthly*, given by A. D. S.

*Popular Mechanics*, given by Philomatheia

*Sportswoman*, given by A. A. A.

*L'Illustration*, given by the French department.

*Hygeia*, given by Dr. E. P. Quain.

## Characters in the Plays

### THE SENIOR PLAY

#### *"Twelfth Night"*

ORSINO . . . . .	Eleanor Leech
SEBASTIAN . . . . .	Constance Rundlett
ANTONIO . . . . .	Katherine Borneman
VALENTINE . . . . .	Helen Leavitt
CURIO . . . . .	Frances Gould
SIR TOBY BELCH . . . . .	Mary Piper
SIR ANDREW AGUECHECK . . . . .	Elizabeth Jackson
MALVOLIO . . . . .	Virginia Gay
FABIAN . . . . .	Jean Frederick
FESTE . . . . .	Barbara Wentworth
OLIVIA . . . . .	Marian Smith
VIOLA . . . . .	Dorothea Dow
MARIA . . . . .	Katherine Adams
PRIEST . . . . .	Emily Sloper
SEA CAPTAIN . . . . .	Elizabeth Whitney
LADIES . . . . .	Frances Anderson, Barbara Vail, Elizabeth Hollis
LORDS . . . . .	Christine Bliss, Dorothy Jennings, Beatrice Lane, Susan Ripley
OFFICERS . . . . .	Katherine Willauer, Theodora Talcott

### THE DAY SCHOLARS PLAY

#### *"Down Petticoat Lane"*

ANNOUNCER . . . . .	Rosamond Wheeler
AMERICAN INDIAN 1500 . . . . .	Katherine Roth
PURITAN GIRL 1650 . . . . .	Elaine Burr
CRINOLINE DAYS 1750 . . . . .	Barbara Graham, Marjorie Watson
EMPIRE GIRL AND MAN 1800 . . . . .	Mary Richards, Katherine Blunt
HOOPSKIRT GIRLS 1850 . . . . .	Barbara Folk, Emily Bullock
BUSTLE GIRLS 1875 . . . . .	Emelyn Wright, Priscilla Whittemore
GIBSON GIRL 1905 . . . . .	Betty Southworth
HOBBLE SKIRT GIRL 1910 . . . . .	Dorothy Jennings
SOUTHERN GIRL . . . . .	Hilda Lynde
WESTERN GIRL . . . . .	Margaret Graham
HAWAIIAN GIRL . . . . .	Dorothy Welch
CUBAN MAN AND GIRL . . . . .	Priscilla Page, Mariette Whittemore
MARY JANE . . . . .	Betty Ryan
SCHOOL GIRLS . . . . .	Barbara Healey, Penelope Page
SCHOOL BOYS . . . . .	Elizabeth Perry, Jeanne Harrington
GYM GIRLS . . . . .	Joyce Henry, Mary Angus
DEBUTANTE . . . . .	Elizabeth Southworth
RIDING GIRLS . . . . .	Vivian Southworth, Barbara Lord
AFTERNOON GIRLS . . . . .	Marguerite Neville, Ruth Rockwell
SPORT GIRL . . . . .	Claire O'Connell
COMMERCIAL ARTISTS—Charlotte Osgood, Helen Ripley, Evelyn Folk, Charlotte Marland, Helen Richardson	
BUSINESS GIRLS . . . . .	Olive Warden, Grace Hadley
FLAPPER . . . . .	Ruth Shulze
EVENING GIRL . . . . .	Dorothy Gerrish
BRIDAL	
THE BRIDE . . . . .	Polly Francis
ATTENDANTS . . . . .	Flora Collins, Elizabeth Bigler
FLOWER GIRL . . . . .	Mary Toohey

# School Organizations

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## Senior Class

<i>President</i>	JEAN SWIHART
<i>Vice-President</i>	CHRISTINE BLISS
<i>Secretary</i>	MARY PIPER
<i>Treasurer</i>	RUTH CUSHMAN
<i>Posture Representative</i>	MARGARET NIVISON

## Senior-Middle Class

<i>President</i>	CHARLOTTE BUTLER
<i>Vice-President</i>	GWEN JONES
<i>Secretary</i>	HARRIET GILMORE
<i>Treasurer</i>	ANNE MILLER
<i>Posture Representative</i>	DESPINA PLAKIAS

## Junior-Middle Class

<i>President</i>	VIVIAN SOUTHWORTH
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHIE FELLOWS
<i>Secretary</i>	BARBARA HEALEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELAINE BURTT
<i>Posture Representative</i>	PRISCILLA PAGE

## Junior Class

<i>President</i>	BARBARA GRAHAM
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH SHARP
<i>Secretary</i>	RUTH DANA
<i>Treasurer</i>	ADELAIDE SMYTH
<i>Posture Representative</i>	BARBARA GRAHAM

## Student Government

<i>President</i>	FRANCES GOULD
<i>First Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE ROSS
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH HOLLIS
<i>Day Scholars' Vice-President</i>	MARGARET GRAHAM
<i>Secretary</i>	SUSAN RIPLEY

## Abbot Christian Association

<i>President</i>	CONSTANCE RUNDLETT
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH WHITNEY
<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH McALLISTER
<i>Treasurer</i>	LOUISE ANTHONY



## Abbot Athletic Association

<i>President</i>	KATHERINE WILLAUER
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE ADAMS
<i>Secretary</i>	VIRGINIA GAY
<i>Treasurer</i>	LOUISE HYDE

## Athletic Council

<i>Hockey</i>	MARGARET GRAHAM
<i>Basketball</i>	ELIZABETH HOLLIS
<i>Tennis</i>	JEAN SWIHART
<i>Hiking</i>	KATHERINE ROSS
<i>Riding</i>	MARY EATON
<i>Clock-Golf</i>	MARJORIE ELLIS
<i>Croquet</i>	HELEN RIPLEY
<i>Archery</i>	PATTY SNELL
<i>Baseball</i>	MARIANNE HIRST
<i>Volley Ball</i>	CATHERINE BOWDEN
<i>Track</i>	ALICE BUTLER

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Perception

Not sounds nor harmonies  
 But marching trees  
 Across a hilltop, beating sunset skies,  
 Not tones but golden sweet  
 A field of windblown wheat,  
 My ears are inner eyes,  
 I am not music wise.

Not tremulos but shadows blurred  
 Of cloud-flecked skies to ripples stirred  
 By kisses from the wings of dragonflies,  
 Not tempo but the accented  
 Staccato of a tulip bed.  
 My ears are inner eyes  
 I am not music wise.

HELEN DANFORTH PRUDDEN, '13

## Alumnae Notes

1856

Mrs. Caroline Plimpton Adams, who is now eighty-five years old, has recently visited Bohemia, where many years ago she and her husband were engaged in missionary work.

1861

Death: Julia L. Hastings, wife of the late George Henry Colby at Littleton, N. H., March 19, 1928.

1863

Death: Susan Amelia Adams (Mrs. Wellington W. Pratt) at Framingham, July, 1927.

Death: Sarah G. Poyen (Mrs. Basset) at Brookline, April 28, 1928.

1867

Death: Sarah W. Ellis, wife of William O. Henderson, at Columbus, Ohio, March, 1928.

1869

Death: Sarah Frost Caller, wife of the late Charles R. Waters, at Townsend, March, 1928.

1871

Death: Annie M. Murray, wife of Alexander Conklin, at Newark, N. J., September, 1927.

1874

Two poems by Mrs. Emma Wilder Gutterson, entitled "The Work Shop" and "Maya (Illusions)" have been published in the *Missionary Herald* together with an account of Mrs. Gutterson's life and work.

1880

Death: Clara S. Johnson, wife of the late Loami C. Thompson, at Brookline, April 20, 1928.

1882

Marriage: Lloyd Wilcox Miller, son of Lillian Wilcox Miller of Abbot, Class of '82, married Ruth Richards, May 12, 1928.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Morrison (Marion Locke) of Chicago expect to spend their summer near Oxford, England. One of their sons is at the University of Breslau studying Economic Geography, another is at Princeton and the third is at Dartmouth.

W. Eugene Wilde, husband of Effie Dresser, died April 5, 1928, in Winchester. He had been connected for fifty years with the firm of the W. A. Wilde Company of Boston, publishers of religious books, which was founded by his father. For over twenty-five years he had been president of the Company.

1884

Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm has compiled, with a collaborator, Miss Mary W. Smith, a most interesting collection of rhymes and ballads called the "Minstrelsy of Maine." Most of these are of a homely rustic character, sometimes original, often, as is pointed out, adapted or altered from other songs. Many of them have the flavor of the pine woods, where the lumbermen produced them. A famous one of these is called "The Jam on Gerry's Rock", several versions of which are given. The best example included of a real popular ballad is considered to be "The Slaying of Dixey Bull", a gory pirate song in twenty-nine stanzas. What fun the editors must have had in searching out these elusive bits of spontaneous song-making!

1888

An especially interesting display in the Craftsmen-at-Work Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Boston, in March, was that of Mrs. Ada Larrabee, of Windham, Conn. Colonial quilts of varied designs and colors and of exquisite workmanship were much admired by the visitors. Among the patterns mentioned by Mrs. Larrabee as being in demand were Charter Oak, Jacob's Ladder, Basket and Crowsfoot. Mrs.

Larrabee enjoyed meeting some Abbot people who had seen her name and picture in the advance notices, and sought her out at the exhibit.

1891

Death: Martha Barrows Hitchcock, at Arlington, February 26, 1928. Sister of Maria, 1886 and Alleine, 1893 and daughter of Martha Barrows, 1857.

1898

Dr. C. M. Fuess, husband of Elizabeth Goodhue, has recently published a biography entitled "Rufus Choate, the Wizard of the Law".

1904

Mary Byers Smith is Chairman of the Board of Managers of the Orchard Home School in Waverley, maintained by the Bethesda Society, which has recently been enlarged and improved.

1908

Birth: A son, Sidney, to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lovett (Esther Parker), of Boston, May 1, 1928.

1910

Katherine Ordway Parker has gone to live in Hartford, Connecticut, where her husband is minister of the Emmanuel Congregational Church. Her address is 157 Tremont Street.

Mira Wilson, director of religious and social work and assistant professor in the department of religious and Biblical literature at Smith College, has accepted an appointment as principal of Northfield Seminary. Miss Wilson contributed to a recent number of the Smith Alumnae Quarterly a comprehensive and well-written article on "Religious Opportunities at Smith".

1912

Mildred Chutter has been called from the cataloguing department of Middlebury College Library to a similar position at Ohio State University at Columbus.

Birth: A daughter, Cordelia Elizabeth Bingham, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren MacPherson (Elizabeth H. Bingham), of Cambridge, May 1, 1928.

1913

Mabel Rhodes Manter has recently given to the Trinitarian Congregational Church, Taunton, a stained-glass window in memory of her father, Charles Marcus Rhodes. The subject of the window is Saint Stephen and he is portrayed with an inspiring sincerity and vigor. The colors are rich and deep and the composition decorative. The window was designed and executed by the Tiffany Studios, New York.

1915

Mattie Larrabee Whittemore's latest play "Piggie" was presented at the West Roxbury Women's Club recently.

1916

Vera Allen has been studying this year at Columbia.

Josephine Walker Woodman is moving with her family to her old home in Concord, New Hampshire.

Marriage: Helene Marie Sands to George Nelson Brown, in New York, N. Y., February 8, 1928. Address: 40 Bartley Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.

1917

Elizabeth Graves (Mrs. W. N. Hill) is at her old family home in New London during the long illness of her husband. The little boys, Charles Graves and William Norbert, are aged, respectively, three years and one year.

Marriage: Harriet Hilton Balfe to Thomas Alexander Nalle, December 17, 1928. Address: Benson Road, Fairfield, Conn.

## 1919

Marriage: Elizabeth Caldwell Newton to Harry Osbond King, October 8, 1927. Address: 12 Ashburton Place, Boston.

Marriage: J. Elizabeth Sjöström to Van Zandt Stone, in North Andover, March 2, 1928.

Birth: A son, William, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Knights (Ethel M. Dixon), of Lowell, April 12, 1928.

## 1920

Birth: A daughter, Nancy Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Thompson (Margaret E. Worman) of Newton, April 22, 1928.

Katherine Kinney has been studying at Columbia during the second semester of this year.

Engaged: Hilda Aphthorp Heath to George Sisson Safford, M. I. T., 1921.

Birth: A son, Chester Alley, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Bates (Hope Allen), of Providence, R. I., March 23, 1928.

## 1921

Engaged: Marian Laura Parker to William E. McClaren.

Birth: A son, Richard Pierce, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Udall (Alma L. Underwood), of Gardner, March 2, 1928.

Birth: A son, Bradley, to Mr. and Mrs. Owen N. Price (Helen B. Norpell), of Chicago, March 31, 1928.

Birth: A son, Richard McDougall, to Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Chandler (S. Elizabeth McDougall) of Camden, Maine, March 16, 1928.

Marriage: Elizabeth Thompson to Cameron Winslow, Yale '19, at Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., February 25, 1928.

Marriage: Miriam Bickford to Joseph Robert Haskin, Jr., Ensign U. S. Navy, in Worcester, February 25, 1928.

Carol Perrin acted with William Hodge in "Straight Through the Door" in Boston.

## 1922

Engaged: Dorothy W. Williams to Allen Davidson, Amherst, 1922, Harvard Law School, 1925.

Engaged: Barbara Goss to Robert Ross Habberley.

Birth: A son, Eugene Chadbourne, to Mr. and Mrs. Albro Newton Graves (Helen C. Knight), of Providence, R. I., March 31, 1928.

Engaged: Mary Virginia Bott to Robert Harrison Dale.

## 1923

Engaged: Dorothy Armstrong Taylor of New Rochelle, New York, to Walter Beall Booth, Jr., of Owensboro, Kentucky.

Raymah Wright has a position with R. H. Stearns and Company, Boston.

Engaged: Martha Elizabeth Buttrick to Irving Emerson Rogers, managing editor of the *Lawrence Daily Eagle*.

Marriage: Esther Luena Patten to Thomas Moreland Wetmore in Brookline, April, 1928.

Marriage: Esther Demaris Wood to Dr. Carleton Barnhart Peirce, at Detroit, Michigan, April 14, 1928.

## 1924

The Abbot girls who graduate from College this year are: from Smith, Polly Bullard and Ethel Thompson; from Wellesley, Margaret Bush, Nancy Chamberlin, Elsie Phillips, Lucy Shaw and Constance Twitchell; from the University of Vermont, Laura Bliss; from Radcliffe, Adelaide Hammond.

Engaged: Ruth Hubbard Kelley to Dr. Elwyn Lionel Perry, Tufts, 1923.

Marriage: Julie Cross to George Henry Musk at Andover, May 12, 1928.



Marriage: Marian Shryock to Jack Portman Chesney, at Kansas City, Mo., February 18, 1928.

Birth: A son, Robert Cunningham, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cunningham Macleod (Dorothy M. Hallett), of East Millinocket, Me., March 6, 1928.

Engaged: Kate-Louise Potter to William Frank Kobera, Jr.

## 1925

Theodate Johnson has been chosen Senior song leader at Wellesley for 1929. She took the part of Queen Catherine in the Shakespeare Society play, "Henry VIII" on May 4, 1928. Margaret Bush, Abbot '24, took part of an old woman.

Mary Simpson has left Vassar College for Knox College.

Marriage: Ruth Adelaide Hart to Gustav Adolph Stein, Jr., at Andover, May 12, 1928.

## 1926

Marriage: Alice Maris Cole to Horace Cross in New York City, April 18, 1928.

Frances L. Flagg has been elected Vice President of the incoming Junior Class at Mount Holyoke.

Edda Renouf has been elected to the Alpha Society at Smith and may go to France with the French Unit. She and Patty Goodwillie, Abbot '26, have been asked to serve on the Sophomore Push Committee.

Katherine Clay returned to her home in Methuen, Mass., April 24, after spending two months in Texas with her mother.

Gertrude Craik sends Miss Twitchell a new address, and says she would "love to see any Abbot girls coming to France this summer."—c-o Royal Bank of Canada, 28 Rue du Quatre-Septembre, Paris.

## 1927

Dorothy Spear has been at Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston, but she has recently left on account of her health.

Gertrude Drummond has left Smith and returned to Bronxville, New York, some time ago, after a voyage to South America.

Helen Connolly is Freshman song leader at Smith.



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